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Carl H. Park
from his Aunt
Louise J. Hall
May 28th
1889

THADDEUS

OF

WARSAW.

Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of time;
Samatia fell, unwept, without a crime!

CAMPBELL.

CRITIQUES ON THIS WORK.

"This work has more merit than can be ascribed to the crowd of productions of this class, and inculcates virtuous and magnanimous sentiments. It is inscribed to Sir Sidney Smith, in a well managed address." *Monthly Review.*

"Miss Porter has availed herself of a very interesting period in history for the foundation of her tale. Often have we felt our heart rent by indignation and pity, at the dismemberment of Poland and the cruel fate of Stanislaus. Truth and fiction are blended with much propriety in these volumes; and we have turned with sincere pleasure the pages that praise the valour of Kosciuszko; and recount, though but as a novel, the adventures of Sobieski."

Critical Review.

"Thaddeus is a work of genius, and has nothing to fear at the candid bar of taste; he has to receive the precious meed of sympathy from every reader of unsophisticated sentiment and genuine feeling." *Imperial Review.*

"Historical truth is in these pages made the handmaid of fiction: Miss Porter, desirous of portraying a character, which prosperity cannot intoxicate nor adversity depress, has chosen magnanimity as the subject of her story. No where have the reverses of fortune given more ample scope for the display of this virtue than in Poland, whose unassisted sons struggled valiantly for her independence, and were afterwards doomed to grace the victorious car of their barbarian conquerors. Miss Porter has introduced some of the leading characters and events in the last hapless efforts of that ill-fated country: He who can read the exploits of a Kosciuszko and a Sobieski, without feeling his bosom warmed with the generous emotions of patriotism, would hear the beat to arms in defence of his own shores with a cold and insensible heart."

Aikin's An. Review.

THADDEUS

OF

WARSAW.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Loin d'aimer la guerre, il l'abhorre ;
En triomphant même il déplore
Les desastres qu'elle produit :
Et couronné par la victoire,
Il gémit de sa propre gloire,
Si la paix n'en est pas le fruit.

BY MISS PORTER.

VOL. I.

FIRST AMERICAN FROM THE FOURTH ENGLISH EDITION.

BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY LEMUEL BLAKE.

Lincoln & Edmands, Printers.

1809.

THADDEUS OF WARSAW

IS

Inscribed

TO

SIR SIDNEY SMITH,

under the hope, that as

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY

did not disdain to write a Romance,

Sir SIDNEY SMITH

will not refuse to read one.

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY

consigned his excellent Work to the Affection

of

a SISTER.

I confide my feeble attempt to the Urbanity

of

the Brave:

To the man of taste, of feeling, and of candour;

to him,

whose clemency will bestow that indulgence on the Author,

which his judgment might have denied to the book;

to him,

of whom future ages will speak with honour,

and the present times boast as their glory!

TO

SIR SIDNEY SMITH

I submit this humble tribute of the highest respect

which can be offered by a Briton,

or animate the heart

of his most obedient

and obliged Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

HAVING attempted a work of four volumes,* it is natural that the consideration of so much time and thought, as must have been spent in its execution, should occasion to the author some anxiety respecting its fate; therefore before the reader favours the tale itself with his attention, I beg leave to offer him an account of its plan.

Agreeably to the constant verdict of good taste, I have ever believed the novels of Richardson to be unequalled. Their pure morality, and their unity of design, which might well entitle them to be called epic poems in prose, have equally been the objects of my respect and admiration. I see the trials and triumph of *Chastity* manifested in the person of *Pamela*. With the same trials and triumphs *Piety*, in her brightest garb, is exhibited in the character of *Clarissa*. And in *Sir Charles Grandison*, we have a most attractive and charming example of every christian virtue.

The contemplation of such a model, tempted me to imitation. The pleasure that I found in the employment; the leisure that I possessed to pursue my pleasure; and the eagerness with which the mind prosecutes, and endeavours to accomplish a favourite scheme, gradually, conducted me to the end.

Wishing to portray a character which prosperity could not intoxicate, nor adversity depress, I chose *magnanimity* as the subject of my story. There is a powerful ray of the Almighty, in truly great minds:

* The English edition is in four volumes.

it burns with equal splendour in prosperity and adversity; its purity as well as its ardour declares its divine origin. This is the talisman of those atchievements, which amaze every one but their accomplisher. When the eye is fixed on heaven, "*Ossa seems a wart.*"

What flattered Alexander into a madman, and degraded the high-souled Cesar into a tyrant, I have selected as the first ordeal of Thaddeus Sobieski. Placed at the summit of mortal ambition, surrounded with greatness and glory, he neither shews pride nor vanity. And when, in the progress of his second trial, he is plunged into the depth of sorrow; the weakness of passion never sinks the dignity of his fortitude; neither does the firmness of that virtue blunt the amiable sensibility of his heart.

This being the aim to which every incident in the book ought to tend, it became necessary to station my hero amidst scenes, where events might probably arise, that were proper to excite his valour and generosity; and to put his moderation to the test. Poland seemed the country best calculated to promote my intention. Her struggles for independence, and her misfortunes, afforded me situations exactly fitted to my plan; and preferring a series of incidents, which are true and interesting, before a legend of war fabricated entirely by my own hand, I have made no ceremony of making Truth the help-mate of Fiction.

I have now described my plan; and if it be not approved, let the work be neglected; but if the reader be so candid and generous, as to proceed, I must beg him to peruse the *whole first* volume. He needs not be alarmed at the battles; they are neither frequent nor do they last long; and, I request him, not to pass over any scene as extraneous, which, though it begins like a political paper, or a sermon, always terminates by casting some new light on the portrait of the hero. As the three remaining volumes are totally confined to domestic events, they have none of the afore-men-

tioned prejudices to encounter; but if the reader do not approach them regularly, through all the development of character opened in the first volume, what they exhibit will seem a mere wilderness of incidents, without interest, or end. Indeed I have designed nothing in the personages of this story, beyond the sphere of living evidence. I have sketched no virtue that I have not *seen*, nor painted any folly from imagination. I have endeavoured to be as faithful to reality, in my pictures of morals, and heroic life, as a just painter is (when he draws a landscape) to the existing and engaging objects of rural nature; and on these grounds I have attempted steadily to inculcate, "That virtue is the highest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness; and that vice is the natural consequence of narrow thoughts; which begin in mistake and end in ignominy."

THADDEUS OF WARSAW.

CHAP. I.

THE large and magnificent palace of Villanow, which stands on the northern bank of the Vistula, was the favourite residence of John Sobieski, king of Poland. That monarch, after having delivered his country from innumerable enemies, rescued Vienna, and subdued the Turks, used to retire to this place at certain seasons, and there dispensed those effects of his luminous and benevolent mind, which rendered his name great, and his people happy.

When Charles the Twelfth of Sweden visited the tomb of Sobieski, at Cracow, he exclaimed, "What a pity that so great a man should ever die!" Another generation saw the spirit of this lamented hero revive in the person of his descendant, Constantine, count Sobieski; who, in a comparatively private station, as palatine of Masovia, and the friend, rather than the lord of his vassals, evinced by his actions, that he was the inheritor of his forefather's virtue, as well as of his blood.

He was the first Polish nobleman, who granted freedom to his peasants. He threw down their mud hovels, and built comfortable villages. He furnished them with seed, cattle, and implements of husbandry; and then calling them together, laid before them the deed of their enfranchisement: But before he signed it, he expressed a fear that they would abuse their new liberty, and become licentious.

"No," returned a grey-headed peasant, "when we possessed no other property than the staffs which we hold in our hands, we were destitute of all worldly motive for discreet conduct; not having any thing to lose, we acted on all occasions in an intemperate manner: but now that our houses, lands, and cattle, are absolutely our own, the fear of forfeiting them will be a sufficient restraint upon our actions."

The good sense and truth of this answer were manifested in the event. On the emancipation of these people, they became so prosperous in business, and correct in behaviour, that the example of the palatine was speedily followed by several of the principal nobility.

Encircled by his happy tenantry, and within the bosom of his family, this illustrious man educated Thaddeus, the only male heir of his name, to the exercise of every peaceful virtue, until the beginning of the year 1792; when war began to threaten the life and liberty of a nation, which smiled with content and gratitude.

On the evening of an anniversary of the birthday of his grandson, the palatine rode abroad with a party of friends, who had been celebrating the

festival with their presence. The countess and Thaddeus were left alone in the saloon. She sighed as she gazed on her son, who stood at some distance, fitting to his youthful thigh a variety of sabres, which his servant, a little time before, had laid upon the table. She observed with anxiety the eagerness of his motion, his flushed cheek, and the ardour that was flashing from his eyes.

"Thaddeus," said she, "lay down that sword; I wish to speak with you." Thaddeus looked gaily up. "My dear Thaddeus!" cried his mother, and tears started to her eyes. The blush of enthusiasm faded from his face; he threw the sabre from him and drew near the countess.

"Why, my dear mother, do you distress yourself? When I am in battle, shall I not have my grandfather near me; and be as much under the protection of God as at this moment?"

"Yes, my child," answered she, "God will protect you. He is the protector of the orphan, and you are fatherless." The countess paused.—"Here, my son," said she, giving him a sealed packet, "take this: it will reveal to you who your father *was*. It is necessary that you should know the truth; and all the goodness of your grandfather." Thaddeus received it, and stood silent with surprise. "Read it, my love," continued she, "but go to your own apartments; there you will be more retired."

Bewildered by the manner of the countess, Thaddeus, without answering, instantly obeyed. Shutting himself within his study, he impatiently opened the papers; and soon found his whole attention absorbed in the following recital.

"*To my dear Son, Thaddeus Constantine Sobieski.*

"You are now, my Thaddeus, at the early age of eighteen, going to engage the enemies of your country. Ere I resign my greatest comfort to the casualties of war, ere I part with you, perhaps forever, I would inform you who your father really was: that father, whose existence you have hardly known; and whose name you have never heard. You believe yourself an orphan; your mother a widow: but alas! I have now to tell you, that you were made fatherless by the cruelty of man, not by the dispensation of Heaven.

"Twenty years ago I accompanied my father in a tour through Germany into Italy. Grief for the death of my mother had impaired his health; and the physicians ordered him to reside in a warmer climate: accordingly we fixed ourselves near the Arno. During several visits to Florence, my father met, in that city, with a young Englishman, of the name of Sackville. These frequent meetings opened into intimacy, and he was invited to our house.

"Mr. Sackville was not only the handsomest man that I had ever beheld, but the most noble in manners, and in heart. He was the first man for whose society I found a lively preference. I used to smile at this strange delight, or sometimes weep; for the emotions which agitated me were undefinable; but they were enchanting; and unheedingly I gave them indulgence. The hours which we passed together in the interchange of reciprocal sentiments; the kind beaming of his

looks ; the thousand sighs that he breathed ; the half-uttered sentences ; all conspired to rob me of myself.

" Eight months were spent in these delusions. During the last three, doubts and anguish displaced the fairy reveries of an infant tenderness. The attentions of Mr. Sackville died away. From being the object of his constant search, he now, sedulously, sought to avoid me. When my father withdrew to his closet, he would take his leave, and allow me to walk alone. Solitary and wretched were my rambles. Immured within the palace of Villanow, watching the declining health of my mother, I knew nothing of the real world ; the little which I learnt of society, being drawn from books, and uncorrected by experience, I was taught to believe a perfection in man, which, to my affliction, I have since found to be but a poet's dream. When I came to Italy, I continued averse to public company. In such seclusion, the presence of Sackville being almost my only pleasure, it chased from my mind its usual reserve ; and gradually, and surely, won upon the awakened affections of my heart. Artless and unwarned, I knew not the nature of the passion which I cherished, until it had gained an ascendancy that menaced my life.

" On the evening of one of those days in which I had not seen this too dearly beloved friend, I strolled out, and, hardly conscious of my actions, threw myself along the summit of a flight of steps that led down to the Arno. My head rested against the base of a statue, which, because of its resemblance to me, Sackville had presented to my father. Every recollected kindness of his, now

gave me additional torment; and, clinging to the pedestal, as to the altar of my adoration, in the bitterness of disappointment, I addressed myself to the insensible stone; "O! were I pale as thou art, and this breast as cold and still, would Sackville, when he looked on me, give one sigh to the creature he has destroyed?" My sobs followed this adjuration, and the next moment, I felt myself encircled in his arms. I struggled, and, almost fainting, begged to be released. He did release me, and, falling on his knees, implored my pardon for the misery which I had endured. "Now, Therese," cried he, "all is as it ought to be! you are my only hope. Consent to be mine, else I shall be driven to madness!" His voice was hurried and incoherent.—Raising my eyes to his, I beheld them wild and bloodshot. Terrified at his look, and overcome by my own emotions, my head sunk back on the marble. With increased violence, he exclaimed, "have I deceived myself here too? Therese, did you not prefer me? Did you not love me?—Speak now, I conjure you, by your own happiness and mine! Do you reject me?" He clenched my hands with a force, that made me tremble, and I hardly articulated, "I will be yours." At these words he hurried me down a dark vista, which led out of the gardens to the open country. A carriage stood at the gate. I fearfully asked what he intended. "You have given yourself to me," cried he, "and by the Great Lord of Heaven, no power shall separate us until you are mine out of the reach of man!" Unnerved in body and weak in mind, I yielded to his impetuosity; and, suffering him to lift me into the

chariot, was carried to the door of the nearest monastery, where in a few minutes we were married.

"I am thus particular in the relation of every incident, in the hope, that you will, my dear son, see some excuse for my great imprudence,—in the circumstances of my youth; and in the influence which a man, who seemed all excellence, had over my heart. However, my fault went not long unpunished.

"The ceremony passed, my husband conducted me in silence back to the carriage. My full bosom discharged itself in abundance of tears, whilst Sackville sat by me, unmoved and mute. Two or three times I raised my eyes in hopes of discerning in his, some consolation for my hasty acquiescence. But no; his gaze, vacant and glaring, was fixed on the window; and his brow scowled, as if he had been forced into an alliance with one whom he hated, rather than had just made a voluntary engagement with the woman whom he loved. My soul shuddered at this commencement of a contract, which I had dared to make, unsanctioned by my father's consent. At length, my sighs seemed to startle my husband; and turning suddenly round, "Therese," cried he, "this marriage must not be told to the palatine."—"Why?" murmured I, hardly able to speak. "Because I have been precipitate. It would ruin me with my family. Wait, only for one month: and then I will publicly acknowledge you." The agitation of his features, the sternness of his voice, and the feverish burning of his hand, which held mine, alarmed me. Trembling from head to foot, I answered, "Sackville! I have already erred enough in con-

senting to this stolen union. I will not transgress further by concealing it. I will instantly throw myself at my father's feet, and confess all." His countenance darkened. "Therese," said he, "I have not married you to be your slave. I am your husband. You have sworn to obey me, and I command your silence. Till I allow you, divulge this marriage at your peril." This last cruel sentence, and the more cruel look that accompanied it, pierced me to the heart, and I fell senseless on the seat.

"When I recovered, I found myself at the foot of that statue beneath which my unfortunate destiny had been fixed. My husband was leaning over me. He raised me with tenderness from the ground; and conjured me, in the mildest accents, to be comforted; to pardon the severity of those words, which had arisen from a fear, that by an imprudent avowal on my part, I should risk both his happiness and my own. He informed me, that he was heir to one of the first fortunes in England, he had pledged his honour with his father, never to enter into any matrimonial engagement, without first acquainting him with the particulars of the lady and her family. Should he omit this duty, his father declared, that though she were a princess, he would disinherit him, and never again admit him to his presence.

"Consider this, my dear Therese," continued he, "could you endure to behold me a beggar, and stigmatized with a parent's curse, when a little forbearance on your side would make all right? I know I have been hasty in acting as I have done, but now I cannot remedy my error. To-morrow I will write to my father, describe your rank and

merits, and request his consent to our immediate marriage. The moment his permission arrives, I will cast myself on the palatine's friendship, and reveal what has passed." The tenderness of my husband won my affection and reason to his side; and with many tears, I sealed his forgiveness, and pledged my faith on his word.

"My dear deceived parent little suspected the perfidy of his guest. He detained him as his visitor: and often rallied himself, on the hold which his distinguished accomplishments had taken on his esteem. Sackville's manner to me in public was obliging and free; it was in private only, that I found the tender, the capricious, the unfeeling husband. Night after night I have washed the memory of my want of duty to my father, with bitter tears: but my husband was dear to me, was more precious than my life: One kind look from him, one fond word would solace every pain, and make me await the arrival of his father's letter, with all the gay anticipations of youth and love.

"A fortnight passed away. A month, a long and lingering month. Another month, and a packet of letters was presented to Sackville. He was at breakfast with us. At the sight of the superscription, he coloured, tore open the paper, ran his eyes over a few lines, and then, pale and trembling, rose from his seat, and left the room. My emotions were almost uncontrollable. I had already half risen from my chair, to follow him, when the palatine exclaimed, "What can be in that letter? he seems dreadfully shocked." And without observing me, or waiting for a reply, he hurried out after him. I stole to my chamber, where, throwing myself on my bed, I tried, by all

the delusions of hope, to obtain some alleviation from the pains of suspense.

"The dinner bell roused me from my reverie. Dreading to excite suspicion, and anxious to read in the countenance of my husband the denunciation of our fate, I obeyed the summons, and descended to the dining-room. On entering it, my eyes irresistibly wandered round to fix themselves on Sackville. He was leaning against a pillar, his face pale as death. My father looked grave, but immediately took his seat, and tenderly placed his friend beside him. I sat down in silence. Little dinner was eaten, and few words spoken.—As for myself, my agitations almost choked me. I felt that the first word I should attempt to pronounce, must give them utterance, and that their vehemence would betray me.

"When the servants withdrew, Sackville rose, and, taking my father's hand, said, in a faltering voice, "My lord, I must leave you."—"It is a wet evening," replied the palatine; "you are unwell—disturbed—stay till to-morrow!"—"I thank your lordship," answered he, "but I must go to Florence to-night. You shall see me again before to-morrow afternoon: all will then, I hope, be settled to my wish." Sackville took his hat. Motionless, and incapable of speaking, I sat fixed to my chair, in the direct way that he must pass. His eye met mine. He stopped, and looking at me abruptly caught my hand; then as abruptly quitting it, darted out of the room. I never saw him more.

"I had not the power to dissemble another moment. I fell back, weeping, into the arms of my

father. He did not, even by this imprudence, read what I almost wished him to guess ; but with all the indulgence of affection, lamented the distress of Sackville ; and the sensibility of my nature, which sympathised so painfully with his friend. I durst not ask *what* was the *distress* of his friend : abashed at my duplicity to him ;. and overwhelmed with a thousand dreads, I obtained his permission to retire to my chamber.

" The next day, I met him with a serene air ; for I had schooled my heart to endure, with greater composure, the sufferings which it had deserved. The palatine did not remark my recovered tranquillity ; neither did he appear to think any more of my tears ; so entirely was he occupied in conjecturing what could be the cause of Sackville's grief, who had only complained of having received a great shock, without revealing the occasion. This ignorance of my father surprised me ; and to all his suppositions I said little. My soul was too deeply interested in the subject, to trust to the faithfulness of my lips.

" The morning crept slowly on, and the noon appeared to stand still. I anxiously watched the declining sun, as the signal for my husband's return. Two hours had elapsed since his promised time, and my father grew so impatient, that he went out with a hope to meet him. I eagerly wished that they might miss each other. I should then see Sackville a few minutes alone ; and by one word, be comforted, or driven to despair.

" I was listening to every footstep that sounded under the colonnade, when my servant brought me a letter, which had just been left by one

of Mr. Sackville's grooms. I tore open the seal; and fell senseless on the floor, ere I had read half the killing contents—."

Thaddeus, with a burning cheek, and a heart all at once robbed of that elastic spring, which till now had ever made him the happiest of the happy, took up the letter of his father. The paper was worn, and blistered with his mother's tears. His head seemed to swim as he contemplated the hand-writing, and he said to himself, "Am I to respect, or to abhor him?" He proceeded in the perusal.

"*To Therese, countess Sobieski.*

"How, Therese, am I to address you? but an attempt at palliating my conduct will be of no use; it is impossible. You cannot conceive a viler opinion of me, than I have of myself. I know that I forfeit all claim to honour; that I have sacrificed your tenderness to my distracted passions: But you shall no more be subject to the caprices of a man, who cannot repay your love with his own. *You* have no guilt to torture you; and you possess virtues which will render you tranquil under every calamity. I leave you to your own innocence. Forget the ceremony which has passed between us: my wretched heart disclaims it forever. Your father is happily ignorant of it; pray spare him the anguish of knowing that I was so completely unworthy of his kindness! I feel that I am more than ungrateful to you, and to him. Therese, your most inveterate hate cannot more strongly tell me, than I tell myself, that I have treated you like a villain. But I cannot retract. I am going, where all search will be vain; and

I now bid you an eternal farewel. May you be happier than ever I can be!

"*Florence.* "R. S—."

Thaddeus went on with his mother's narrative.

"When my senses returned, I was laying on the ground, holding the half perused paper in my hand. Grief and horror locked up the avenues of complaint, and I sat as one petrified to stone. My father entered. At the sight of me, he started as if he had seen a spectre. His well-known features opened at once my agonized heart. With fearful cries, I cast myself at his feet, and putting the letter into his hand, clung, almost expiring, to his knees.

"When he had read it, he flung it from him, and dropping into a chair, covered his face with his hands. I looked up imploringly, for I could not speak. My father stooped forward, and raising me in his arms, pressed me to his bosom. "My Therese," said he, "it is I who have done this. Had I not harboured this villain, he never could have had an opportunity of ruining the peace of my child." In return for the unexampled indulgence of this speech; and his repeated assurances of forgiveness; I promised to forget a man, who could have so little respect for gratitude, or his own honour. The palatine replied, that he expected such a resolution, in consequence of the principles which he had taught me; and to shew me how far dearer to him was my real tranquillity, than any false idea of impossible restitution, he would not remove, even from one principality to another, were he sure by that means to discov-

er Mr. Sackville, and to avenge my wrongs. My understanding assented to the justice of all his reasoning; but long and severe were the struggles, before I could erase from my soul, the image of that being who had been the lord of all its joys and sorrows.

"It was not until you, my dear Thaddeus, were born, that I could repay the goodness of my father with the smiles of cheerfulness. He would not permit me to give you any name, which could remind him, or myself, of the cruel parent who gave you being; and by his desire, I christened you Thaddeus Constantine, after himself, and his best beloved friend General Kosciuszko. You have not yet seen that illustrious Polander, whose unchangeable resolution in favour of his country has hitherto kept on the frontiers. He is now with the army at Winnica, whither you must soon go: In him, you will see a second Sobieski; in him, you may study one of the brightest models of patriotic and martial virtue, that ever was presented to mankind. It may well be said of him, 'That he would have shone with distinguished lustre in the ages of chivalry.' Gallant, generous, and strictly just; he commands obedience by the reverence in which he is held; and attaches the troops to his person, by the affability of his manners, and the purity of his life. He teaches them discipline, endurance of fatigue, and contempt of danger, by his dauntless example; and inspires them with confidence, by his tranquillity in the tumult of action; and the invincible fortitude, with which he meets the most heavy strokes of misfortune. His modesty, in victory, shews him to be one of the

greatest among men; and his magnanimity under defeat confirms him to be little less than a god.

"Such is the man, whose name you bear: How bitterly do I lament, that the one, to which nature gave you a claim, was so unworthy to be united with it, and that of my dear father!

"On our return to Poland, the story which the palatine related, when questioned about my apparently forlorn state, was simply this; "My daughter was married, and widowed in the course of two months. Since then, to root from her memory, as much as possible, all recollection of a husband who was only given to be taken away, she still retains my name; and her son, as my sole heir, shall bear no other." This reply satisfied every one: the king, who was my father's only confidant, gave his sanction to it, and no further inquiries were started.

"You are now, my beloved child, entering on the eventful career of life. God only knows, when the venerable head of your grandfather is laid in dust; and I, too, have shut my eyes upon you forever, where destiny may send you! perhaps to the country of your father. Should you ever meet him—but that is unlikely; so, I will be silent on a subject, which eighteen years of reflection have not yet deprived of its sting.

"Not to embitter the fresh spring of your youth, my Thaddeus, with the draught that has poisoned mine; not to implant in your breast hatred of a parent whom you may never behold, have I written this: but to inform you in fact from whom you sprung. My history is made plain to you, that no unexpected events may hereafter perplex your opinion of your mother; or cause a blush to rise

on that cheek for her, which from your grandfather can derive no stain. For his sake, as well as for mine, whether in peace or in war, may the angels of Heaven guard my boy! This is the everlasting prayer of thy fond mother,

Villanow, March, 1792. "THERESE SOBIESKI."

When he finished reading, Thaddeus held the papers in his hand; but unable to recover from the shock of their contents, he read them a second time to the end: then laying them on the table, against which he rested his now aching head, he gave vent to the fulness of his heart.

The countess, anxious for the effect which her history might have on her son, at this instant entered the room. Seeing him in so dejected an attitude, she approached, and, pressing him to her bosom, mingled her tears with his. Thaddeus, ashamed of his emotions, yet incapable of dissembling them, struggled a few moments to release himself from her arms. The countess, mistaking his motive, said in a melancholy voice, "And do you, my son, despise your mother for the weakness which she has revealed? Is this the reception that I expected from a child, on whose affection I reposed my confidence and my comfort?"

"No, my mother," replied Thaddeus, "it is your afflictions, which have discomposed me. This is the first unhappy hour I ever endured, and can you wonder I should be affected? Oh! mother," continued he, laying his hand on his father's letter, "whatever were his rank, had my father been but noble in mind, I would have gloried in bearing his name; but now, I put up my prayers never to hear it more."

"Forget him," cried the countess, hiding her eyes with her handkerchief.

"I will," answered Thaddeus, "and allow my memory to dwell only on the virtues of my mother."

It was impossible for the countess or her son to conceal their agitation from the palatine, who now opened the door. On his expressing alarm at a sight so unusual, his daughter, finding herself incapable of speaking, put into his hand the letter which Thaddeus had just read. Sobieski cast his eye over the first lines; he comprehended their tendency, and seeing that the countess had withdrawn, he looked towards his grandson. Thaddeus was walking up and down the room, striving to command himself for the conversation which he anticipated with his grandfather.

"I am sorry, Thaddeus," said Sobieski, "that your mother has so abruptly imparted to you the real name and character of your father. I see that his villany has distressed a heart, which I have sought to make alive to the slightest dishonour. But be consoled, my dear boy! I have prevented the publicity of his conduct, by an ambiguous story of your mother's widowhood. Notwithstanding my arrangement, she judged it proper, that you should not enter general society, without being made acquainted with the true events of your birth. I believe my daughter is right. But cheer yourself, my child! you will embitter the remainder of my days, if you suffer the vices of a worthless man to prey upon your mind."

"No, my lord," answered his grandson, "you have been more than a parent to me; and hence-

forward, for your sake, as well as my own, I shall hold it my duty to forget that I drew my being from any other source than the house of Sobieski."

"You are right," cried the palatine, with an exulting emotion, "you have the spirit of your ancestors; and I shall live to see you add glory to the name!"

The beaming eyes and smiling lips of the young count declared that he had shaken sorrow from his heart. His grandfather pressed his hand with delight; and saw in his recovered serenity the sure promise of his fond prophecy.

CHAP. II.

THE fearful day arrived, when Sobieski and his grandson were to bid adieu to Villanow and its peaceful scenes.

The well poised mind of the veteran bade his daughter farewell, with a fortitude which imparted some of its strength even to her. But when Thaddeus, ready habited for his journey, entered the room, at the sight of his military accoutrements she shuddered ; and when, with a glowing countenance, he advanced, smiling through his tears, towards her, she clasped him in her arms ; and rivetted her lips to that face, the very loveliness of which added to her affliction. She gazed at him, she wept on his neck, she pressed him to her bosom. " Oh ! how soon might all that beauty be mingled with the dust ! how soon might that warm heart, which then beat against hers, be pierced by the sword ! be laid on the ground, mangled and bleeding, exposed, and trampled on !" These thoughts thronged upon her soul, and deprived her of sense. She was carried away lifeless by her maids, while the palatine compelled Thaddeus to quit the spot.

It was not until the lofty battlements of Villanow blended with the clouds, that Thaddeus could throw off his melancholy. The parting agony of his mother hung on his spirits ; and heavy and frequent were his sighs, as he gazed on the russet cottages and fertile fields, which reminded him

that he was yet passing through the territories of his grandfather. The picturesque mill of Mariemont was the last spot on which his sight lingered. The ivy that mantled over its sides sparkled with the brightness of a shower which had just fallen; and the rays of the setting sun, gleaming on its shattered wall, made it an object of such romantic beauty, as well as interest, that he could not help pointing it out to his fellow travellers.

Whilst the eyes of general Butzou, who was in the carriage, followed the direction of Thaddeus, the palatine observed the heightening animation of his features with pleasure; and recollecting at the same time the transports which he himself enjoyed, when he visited that place one and twenty years ago, he put his hand on the shoulder of Butzou, and said, "General, did you ever relate to my boy the particulars of that mill?"

"No, my lord."

"I suppose," continued the palatine, "the same reason deterred you from speaking of it uncalled for, as lessened my wish to tell the story. We are both too much the heroes of the tale, to have volunteered the recital."

"Do you mean, my lord," asked Thaddeus, "the rescue of our king from this place?"

"I do."

"I have a very indistinct knowledge of the affair. I remember that it was told me many years ago; but I have almost forgotten it; and can only account for my apparent insensibility in never having inquired any further, by pleading the happy thoughtlessness in which you have hitherto permitted me to live."

"But," said the palatine, whose principal object was to draw his grandson from melancholy reflections, "what will you say to me, turning egotist?"

"I now ask the story of you;" returned Thaddeus smiling; "besides, as soldiers are permitted by the fire-side to '*fight their battles o'er again*,' your modesty, my dear grandfather, cannot object to repeat it to me here, on the way to more."

"As a preliminary," said the palatine, "to the relation of our history in form, I must suppose that it is unnecessary to tell you, that general Butzou was the brave soldier, who at the imminent risk of his life saved our sovereign."

"Of course, I know that;" replied the young count; "and that you, too, had a share in the honour; for when I was yesterday presented to his majesty, amongst other things which he spoke of, he told me, that he believed, under Heaven, he owed his present existence to general Butzou and yourself."

"So very little to me," resumed Sobieski, "that I will, to the best of my recollection, repeat every circumstance of the affair. Should I err, I must beg of you, general," turning to Butzou, "to put me right."

Butzou, with a glow of honest exultation still painting his face, nodded assent; and Thaddeus, bowing to his grandfather in sign of attention, the palatine began.

"It was on Sunday night, the third of September, in the year 1771, that this event took place. At that time, instigated by the courts of Vienna and Constantinople, the confederate lords of Po-

land were laying waste their country, and perpetrating all kinds of outrage on the loyal inhabitants.

"Amongst their numerous crimes, a plan was laid for surprising, and taking the king's person. Pulaski was one of the most daring of these rebels; and assisted by Lukawski, Strawenski, and Kosinski, three Poles of distinction, he meditated at any rate to accomplish his death. Accordingly, the three latter, in obedience to his orders, with forty other conspirators, met at Czetschokow, and in the presence of their commander swore, with the most horrid oaths, to deliver Stanislaus alive or dead into his hands.

"About a month after this meeting, these noblemen, at the head of a band of assassins, disguised themselves as peasants; and, concealing their arms in waggons of hay, which they drove before them, they entered Warsaw unsuspected.

"It was ten o'clock, on the third of September, as I have told you, that they found an opportunity to execute their scheme. They placed themselves under cover of the night, in those avenues of the city, through which they knew that his majesty must pass in his way from Villanow, where he had been dining with me. His carriage was escorted by four of his own attendants, myself, and twelve of my guards. We had scarcely lost sight of Villanow, when the conspirators rushed out and surrounded us, commanding the coachman to stop, and beating down the men with the butt end of their musquets. Several shot were fired into the coach. One passed through my hat, as I was getting out, sword in hand, the better to repel an attack, the motive of which I could not divine. A cut across my right leg with a sabre soon laid me under the

wheels ; and whilst I lay there, I heard the shot pouring into the coach like hail, and felt the villains stepping over my body to finish the murder of the king.

" It was then that our friend Butzou, (who at that period was a private soldier in my service,) stood between his sovereign and the rebels. In one instant he received several balls through his limbs, and a thrust from a bayonet in his breast, which cast him, weltering in his blood, upon me. By this time, all the persons who had formed the escort, were either wounded or dispersed. Being now secure of their prey, one of the assassins opened the carriage door, and with shocking imprecations, seizing the king by the hair, cried, " Tyrant, we have thee now ; thy hour is come !" and discharged his pistol so near his majesty's face, that he felt the heat of the flash. A second villain cut him on the forehead with a sword ; whilst a third, who was on horseback, laying hold of his collar, between himself and another, at full gallop, dragged him along the ground through the suburbs of the city.

" During the latter part of this outrageous scene some of our frighted people returned with a detachment, and seeing Butzou and me apparently lifeless, carried us to the royal palace, where all was commotion and alarm. The foot guards immediately followed the track, which the conspirators seemed to have taken. In one of the streets they found the king's hat dyed in blood, and his pelise perfectly reticulated with bullet holes. This confirmed their apprehensions of his death ; and they came back, filling all Warsaw with dismay.

"The assassins, meanwhile, got clear of the town. Finding, however, that the king, by loss of blood, was not likely to exist much longer, if they continued their manner of dragging him towards their employer, they set him on a horse, and redoubled their speed. When they came to the moat which surrounds Warsaw, they compelled him to leap across it. In the first attempt, his horse fell, and broke its leg: they then ordered his majesty, fainting as he was with pain, to mount another, and spur it over. The conspirators had no sooner passed the ditch, than they tore from his neck the ribbon of the black eagle, and its diamond cross. Lukawski was so foolishly sure of his prisoner, that he quitted his charge, and repaired with these spoils to Pulaski; meaning to shew them as proofs of his success. Many of the other plunderers, concluding that they could not do better than follow their leader's example, fled also; and left only seven of the party, with Kosinski at their head, to remain over the unfortunate Stanislaus.

"The night was now grown so dark, that they could not be sure of their way; and their horses stumbling at every step, over stumps of trees and hollows in the earth, increased their apprehensions to such a degree, that they obliged the king to keep up with them on foot: he literally marked his path with his blood; his shoes having been torn off in the struggle at the carriage. Thus they continued, wandering backwards and forwards, and round the outskirts of Warsaw, without any exact knowledge of their situation. The men who guarded him at last became so much afraid of their

prisoner's taking advantage of these circumstances, to escape, that they repeatedly called on Kosinski for orders to put him to death. Kosinski refused; but their demands growing more violent and imperious, as they found the intricacies of the forest involve them completely, the king expected every moment to receive the points of their bayonets in his breast.

"When I recovered from my swoon, my leg was bound up, and I was able to stir. Questioning the officers who stood about my couch, I found that a general panic had seized them. They knew not how to proceed; they shuddered at leaving the king to the mercy of the confederates; and yet were fearful, by pursuing him farther, to incense them, through terror or revenge, to massacre their prisoner, if he were still alive. I did all that was in my power to dispel this last dread. Anxious, at any rate, to make another attempt to preserve him, though I could not ride myself, I strenuously advised an immediate pursuit on horseback; and insisted, that neither darkness nor danger should be permitted to impede their course. A little spirit on the side of the nobles soon brought back hope and animation to the terrified soldiers; and my orders were obeyed. But I must add, almost as instantly disappointed: for, in less than half an hour the detachment returned in despair, shewing me his majesty's coat, which they had found in the fosse. I suppose the ruffians tore it off when they rifled him. It was rent in several places, and so wet with blood, that the officer who presented it to me, declared his opinion, that they had murdered the king there, and had drawn away the body; for

by the light of the torches, he could trace drops of blood to a considerable distance.

"Whilst I was attempting to invalidate this new evidence of his majesty's being beyond the reach of succour or of insult, he was driven before the seven conspirators, so far into the wood of Bielany, that, not knowing whither they went, they came up with one of the guard houses, and to their extreme terror were accosted by a patrole. Four of the banditti immediately disappeared, leaving two only with Kosinski; who, much alarmed, forced his prisoner to walk faster, and keep a profound silence. Notwithstanding all this precaution, scarce a quarter of an hour afterwards, they were challenged by a second watch; and the other two men, taking to flight, Kosinski, full of dismay, was left alone with the king. His majesty, sinking with pain and fatigue, beseeched permission to rest for a moment; but Kosinski refused, and pointing his sword towards the king, compelled him to proceed.

"As they walked on, the unfortunate Stanislaus, who was hardly able to drag one limb after the other, observed that his conductor gradually forgot his vigilance, until he was thoroughly given up to thought. He took courage at this; and conceiving some hope, from the changes, and agitation of Kosinski's countenance, he ventured to say, "I see, that you know not how to proceed. You cannot but be aware that the enterprise in which you are engaged, however it may end, is full of peril to you. Successful conspirators are always jealous of each other: Pulaski will find it as easy to rid himself of your life, as it is to take mine. Avoid this danger; and I will promise you none on my

account. Suffer me to enter the convent of Bielany; we cannot be far from it; and then, do you provide for your safety." Kosinski, rendered desperate by the circumstances in which he was involved, replied, "No; I have sworn; and I would rather sacrifice my life than my honour."

"The king had neither strength nor spirits to make an answer. They continued to break their way through the underwood, until they arrived close to Mariemont. Here Stanislaus, unable to stir another step, fell back against a tree, and again implored for one moment's rest, to recover some power to move. Kosinski consented. This unexpected humanity encouraged his majesty to employ the minutes, during which they sat together, in another attempt to soften his heart; and to convince him, that the oath which he had taken was atrocious, and by no means binding to a brave and virtuous man.

"Kosinski heard him with attention; and exhibited strong symptoms of being affected. "But," said he, "if I should assent to what you propose, and re-conduct you to Warsaw, what will be the consequence to me? I shall be taken and executed." "I give you my word," answered the king, "that you shall not suffer any injury. But if you doubt my honour, escape while you can. I shall find a way to some place of shelter; and will direct your pursuers to take the opposite road to that which you may choose." Kosinski, entirely overcome, threw himself on his knees before his majesty; and, imploring pardon for what he had done, swore, that from this hour, he would defend his king against all the conspirators; and would trust confidently on his word, for future preserva-

tion. Stanislaus repeated his promise of forgiveness and protection; and directing him to seek refuge for them both, in the mill near which they were discoursing, Kosinski obeyed, and knocked; but no one gave answer. He then broke a pane of glass in the window, and through it, begged succour for a nobleman, who had been way-laid by robbers. The miller refused to come out, or to let them in; telling them, it was his belief, that they were robbers themselves; and if they did not go away, he would fire on them.

This dispute had continued for near an hour, when the king, who grew impatient, contrived to crawl up close to the window, and said, "My good friend, if we were banditti, as you suppose, it would be as easy for us, without all this parley, to break into your house, as to break this pane of glass; therefore, if you would not incur the shame of suffering a fellow-creature to perish for want of assistance, give us admittance." This argument had its weight with the man, and, opening the door, he desired them to enter. After some trouble, his majesty procured pen and ink; and addressing a few lines to me at the palace, with more difficulty he prevailed on one of the miller's sons to carry it; so fearful were they of falling in with any of the troop, who, they understood, had plundered their guests.

"The joy that I felt at the sight of this note, I cannot describe. I well remember the contents; they were literally these:

"By the miraculous hand of Providence, I have escaped from the hands of assassins. I am now at the mill of Mariemont. Send as soon as possible,

and take me hence. I am wounded, but not dangerously."

"Regardless of my condition, I instantly got into a carriage, and followed by a detachment of horse, arrived at the mill. I met Kosinski at the door, keeping guard, with his sword drawn. As he knew my person, he admitted me directly. The king had fallen into a sleep; and lay in one corner of the hovel, on the ground, covered with the miller's cloak. To see the most virtuous monarch in the world, thus abused by his ungrateful subjects, pierced me to the heart; and kneeling down by his side, I took hold of his hand, and in a paroxysm of tears, which I am not ashamed to confess, I exclaimed, 'I thank thee, Almighty God, that I again see my sovereign alive!' It is not easy to say, how these words struck the simple family. They dropped on their knees before the king, whom my voice had awakened, and beseeched his pardon for all their ill-manners. The good Stanislaus soon quieted their fears; and graciously thanking them for their kindness, told the miller to come to the palace the next day, when he would show him his gratitude in a better way than by promises.

"The officers of the detachment then assisted his majesty and myself into the carriage; and, accompanied by Kosinski, we reached Warsaw about six in the morning."

"Yes," interrupted Butzou, "I remember my tumultuous joy, when the news was brought to me, in my bed, that I had not in vain received the wounds intended for my sovereign; it almost deprived me of my senses:—and besides, his majesty visited his poor soldier in his chamber. Do you

not recollect, my lord, how he was brought into my room in a chair, between two men? and how he thanked me, and shook hands with me? It made me like a child."

"But," inquired Thaddeus, hardly recovering from the deep attention with which he had listened to this recital; "what became of Kosinski? I suppose the king kept his word."

"He did indeed," replied Sobieski; "his word is at all times sacred. Yet I believe Kosinski entertained fears that he would not be so generous; for I perceived him look anxious, and change colour very often, whilst he was in the coach. However, he was soon tranquillized by his majesty, who, when he alighted at the palace, in the midst of the joyous cries of the people, leaned upon his arm, and presented him to the populace, as his preserver. The great gate was ordered to be left open; and never, whilst I live, shall I again behold such a scene! every soul in Warsaw, from the highest to the lowest, came to catch a glimpse of their rescued sovereign; seeing the doors free, they entered without ceremony, and thronged forward in crowds, to get near enough to kiss his hand, or to touch his clothes; then, elated with joy, they turned to Kosinski, and loaded him with demonstrations of gratitude, calling him the '*saviour of their good king*.' Kosinski bore all this with surprising firmness; but in a day or two, when the facts of the business became known, he guessed that he might meet with different treatment from the people, and therefore petitioned his majesty for leave to depart. Stanislaus consented; and he retired to Semigallia, where he now lives, on a handsome pension from the king."

"For me," said the general, "you see how he has rewarded me, for doing that, which was merely my duty. He put it at my option, to become what I pleased about his person, or to hold what rank I liked in the army. Love ennobles servitude; and attached as I have ever been to your family, under whom all my ancestors have lived and fought, I vowed in my own mind never to quit it; and accordingly, only begged permission of my sovereign to remain with the count Sobieski. I did remain: but see," cried he, his voice faltering, "what they have made of me! I command those troops, amongst whom it was once my greatest glory to be a private soldier."

Thaddeus pressed the hand of the veteran between both his; and regarded him with respect and affection, whilst the grateful old man wiped away a tear from his face.

"How happy ought it to make you, my son," observed Sobieski, "that you are called out to support such a sovereign! He is not merely a king, whom you follow to battle, because he will lead you to honour; the hearts of his people acknowledge him in a superior light: they look on him as their friend; as a being delegated by God, to study what is their greatest good; then to bestow it; and, when it is attacked, to defend it. To preserve the life of such a sovereign, who is there that would not sacrifice his own?"

"Yes," cried Butzou; "and how ought we to abhor them who threaten his life! How ought we to estimate those crowned heads, who, under the mask of amity, have, from the year sixty-four, when he ascended the throne, until now, been

plotting his death ! That calamity, O Heaven, avert ! Happen when it may, it will, I fear, be a prelude to the certain ruin of our country !"

"Not so," interrupted Thaddeus, with eagerness ; "not whilst a Polander has power to lift an arm, shall it be quite lost."

Butzou applauded his spirit, and warmly seconded the palatine, who (never weary of infusing into the mind of his grandson an interest for his country,) pursued the discourse ; and dwelt minutely on the happy tendency of the glorious constitution of ninety-one, in defence of which they were now going to hazard their lives. As Sobieski pointed out its several excellencies, and described the pure spirit of freedom which animated its laws, the soul of Thaddeus followed his eloquence ; and with the unrestrained fervour of youth, he branded the names of Catherine, and the faithless Frederick, with some of those epithets, which posterity will affix to them forever. During these conversations, Thaddeus forgot his regrets ; and the third day, they put themselves at the head of their men, and commenced a regular march.

CHAP. III.

The little army of the palatine passed by the battlements of Chelm; crossed the Bug into the plains of Volhinia; and impatiently counted the leagues over those vast tracts, until it reached the borders of Kiovia.

When the column, at the head of which Thaddeus was stationed, descended the heights of Liniy, and the broad camp of his countrymen burst upon his sight, his heart heaved with an emotion quite new to him. He beheld with admiration the regular disposition of the entrenchments, the long intersected streets, and the warlike appearance of the soldiers, whom he could descry, even at that distance, by the beams of a bright evening sun, which shone upon their arms.

In half an hour, his troops descended into the plain; where, meeting those of the palatine, and the general, the three columns again united; and Thaddeus joined his grandfather in the van.

"My lord," cried he, as they met, "can I behold such a sight, and despair of the freedom of Poland!"

Sobieski made no reply; but giving him one of those expressive looks of approbation, which immediately makes its way to the soul, he commanded the troops to advance with greater speed. In a few minutes they reached the outworks of the camp, and entered the lines. The eager eyes of

Thaddeus wandered from object to object. Thrilling with that delight, with which youth beholds wonders, and anticipates more, he stopped with the rest of the party before a tent, which general Butzou informed him belonged to the commander in chief. They were met in the vestibule, by an hussar officer of a most commanding appearance. Sobieski, and he, having accosted each other with mutual congratulations, the palatine turned round to Thaddeus, took him by the hand, and presenting him to his friend, said with a smile,

"Here, my dear Kosciuszko, this young man is my grandson; he is called Thaddeus Sobieski; and I trust, that he will not disgrace either of our names!"

Kosciuszko embraced the young count; and with a hearty pressure of his hand replied: "Thaddeus! if you resemble your grandfather, you will remember, that the only king of Poland, who equalled Stanislaus, was a Sobieski; and, as becomes his descendant, you will not spare your best blood in the service of your country."

As Kosciuszko finished speaking, an aid-de-camp came forward, to lead the party into the room of audience. Prince Poniatowski welcomed the palatine and his suite, with the most lively expressions of pleasure. He gave Thaddeus, whose figure and manner instantly charmed him, many flattering assurances of friendship; and promised, that he would appoint him to the first post of honour which should offer. After detaining them half an hour on the subject of their march, his highness withdrew; and they rejoined Kosciuszko,

who conducted them to the quarter where the Masovian soldiers had already pitched their tents.

The officers, who supped with Sobieski, left him at an early hour, that he might retire to rest; but Thaddeus was neither able nor inclined to benefit by their consideration. He laid himself on the bed, shut his eyes, and tried to sleep; but the attempt was without success; in vain he turned from side to side; in vain he attempted to restrict his thoughts to one thing at once; his imagination was so roused, by anticipating the scenes in which he was to become an actor, that he found it impossible even to lie still. His spirits being quite awake, he determined to rise, and to walk himself drowsy.

Seeing his grandfather sound asleep, he got up, and dressed himself quietly; then stealing gently from the marquée, he gave the word in a low whisper to the guard at the door, and proceeded down the lines. The pitying moon seemed to stand in the heavens, watching the awaking of those heroes, who the next day might sleep, to rise no more. At another time, and in another mood, such might have been his reflections; but now he pursued his walk with different thoughts; no meditations but those of pleasure possessed his breast. He looked on the moon with transport: he beheld the light of that beautiful planet, trailing its long stream of glory across the entrenchments. He perceived a solitary candle here and there, glimmering through the curtained entrance of the tents; which showed, that their inmates were probably longing, with the same anxiety as himself, for the morning's dawn.

Thaddeus walked slowly on; sometimes pausing at the lonely footfall of the centinel, or answering with a start, to the sudden challenge for the parole; then lingering at the door of some of these canvass dwellings, he offered up a prayer for the brave inhabitant, who had quitted the endearments of home, to expose his life, and stand on this spot, a bulwark of liberty. Thaddeus knew not what it was to be a soldier by profession; he had no idea of making war a trade, by which a man is at any rate to acquire subsistence and wealth: he had but one motive for appearing in the field, and one for leaving it: To repel invasion, and to establish peace.—The first energy of his mind was a desire to assert the rights of his country: It had been inculcated into him when an infant; it had been the subject of his morning thoughts, and nightly dreams; it was now the passion which beat in every artery of his heart; yet, he knew no honour in slaughter; his glory lay in the defence; and, when that was accomplished, his sword would return to its scabbard, unstained by the blood of a vanquished, or an invaded people. On these principles, he was at this hour full of enthusiasm: a glow of triumph flitted over his cheek, for he had left the indulgencies of his mother's palace, had left her maternal arms, to take upon him the toils of war, and risk an existence just blown into enjoyment. A noble satisfaction rose in his mind; and with all the animation, which an inexperienced and raised fancy imparts to that age, when boyhood breaks into man, his soul grasped at every show of creation with the confidence of belief: Pressing the sabre which he held in his hand to his lips, he half

uttered, " Never will I suffer this sword to leave my arm, but at the command of mercy ; or when death shall deprive my nerves of their strength."

Morning was tinging the hills which bound the eastern horizon of Winnica, before Thaddeus found that his pelise was wet with dew, and that he ought to return to his tent. Hardly had he laid his head upon the pillow, and ' *lulled his senses in forgetfulness*,' when he was disturbed by a confused noise, and the drum beat to arms. He opened his eyes ; and seeing that Sobieski was out of bed, he sprung from his own, and eagerly inquired the cause of the alarm.

" Only follow me directly," answered his grandfather, as he quitted the tent.

Whilst Thaddeus was putting on his clothes and buckling on his arms, with a trembling eagerness, which almost defeated his haste, an aid-decamp of the prince entered. He brought information, that an advanced guard of the Russians, about three hundred piquets, had attacked a Polish outpost, under the command of lieutenant Lomza ; and that his highness had ordered a detachment from the palatine's brigade, to march immediately to its relief. Before Thaddeus could reply, Sobieski sent in, to apprise his grandson, that the prince had appointed him to be second in command over the troops, which were turning out to assist the lieutenant.

Thaddeus heard this message with delight ; yet fearful in what manner the event might answer the expectations, which this high distinction declared, he issued from his tent like a youthful Mars ; or rather like the Spartan Isadas, trembling at the daz-

zling effects of his temerity ; and hiding his valour and his blushes beneath the waving plumes of his helmet. Kosciuszko, who was to head the party, observed this modesty with pleasure, and shaking him warmly by the hand, "Go, Thaddeus," said he, "take your station on the left flank ; I shall require your fresh spirits to lead the charge, which I intend it to make, and to ensure its success." Thaddeus bowed to these encouraging words, and took his place according to order.

Every thing being ready, the detachment quitted the camp ; and dashing through the dews of a sweet morning, for it was yet May, in a few hours arrived in view of the Russian battalions. Lomza, who from the only redoubt now in his possession, caught a glimpse of this welcome reinforcement, rallied his few remaining men, and by the time that Kosciuszko came up, contrived to join him in the van. The fight recommenced. Thaddeus, at the head of his hussars, in full gallop, bore down upon the enemy. They received the charge with firmness ; but the young leader, perceiving that extraordinary means were necessary, exerted his voice to the utmost : calling on his men to follow him, he put spurs to his horse, and rushed into the thickest of the battle. His soldiers did not shrink : they pressed on, mowing down the foremost ranks ; whilst he, by a lucky stroke of his sabre, disabled the sword arm of the Russian standard-bearer, and seized the colours. His own troops, seeing the standard in his hand, with one accord, in loud and repeated cries, shouted victory. The reserve of the enemy, alarmed at this outcry, instantly gave way ; and, retreating with precipitation, was soon

followed by the rear ranks of the centre ; where Kosciuszko had already slain the commander of the attack. The flanks next gave ground ; and after holding a short stand at intervals, at length fairly turned about, and fled panic-struck across the country.

The conquerors, elated with so sudden a success, put their horses on full speed ; and without order, or attention, pursued the fugitives, with the noise of thunder, until they were lost amidst the trees of a distant wood. Kosciuszko called on his men to stop ; but he called in vain: they continued their career, animating each other ; and with redoubled shouts drowned the voice of Thaddeus, who was galloping forwards, repeating the command, until they were met at the entrance of the wood by a few stragglers, who had formed themselves into a body. These men withstood the first onset of the Poles with considerable steadiness: But after a skirmish of ten minutes, they fled a second time ; and took refuge in the bushes, where, still regardless of orders, their enemies followed. Kosciuszko, foreseeing the consequence of this rashness, ordered Thaddeus to dismount part of his squadron, and march after these headstrong men, into the forest. He came up with them on the edge of a heathy tract of land, just as they were extending their lines to surround a band of arquebusiers, who, having kept up a quick running fire as they retreated, had drawn their pursuers thus far into the thickets. Heedless of any thing but giving their enemy a complete defeat, the Polanders went on, never looking to the left nor to the right, till all at once they found themselves en-

compassed by two thousand Muscovite horse, several battalions of chasseurs; and in front of fourteen pieces of cannon, which this dreadful ambuscade fired upon them, with instant and unremitted violence.

Thaddeus threw himself into the midst of his countrymen, and taking the place of their unfortunate conductor, who had been killed in the first sweep of the artillery, prepared the men for a desperate stand. He gave his orders with intrepidity and coolness, though under a heavy shower of musquetry and a cannonade, which carried death in every round: for himself he had no care; how to relieve the brave Poles from the dilemma into which they had plunged themselves was the only thought that occupied his mind. In a few minutes, the scattered soldiers were consolidated into a close phalanx, flanked and reared with pikemen; 'who stood, like a grove of pines in a day of tempest, only moving their heads and arms.' Many of the Russian horse impaled themselves on the sides of this little phalanx, which they vainly attempted to shake, although the ordnance was rapidly weakening its strength. File after file, the men were swept down; their bodies making a horrid rampart for their brave comrades, who, rendered desperate by slaughter, at last threw away their most cumbrous accoutrements, and crying to their leader, "Let us escape or die!" followed him sword in hand; and bearing like a torrent upon the enemy's ranks, cut their way through the forest. The Russians, exasperated that their prey should not only escape, but escape by such dauntless valour, hung closely on their

rear, goading them with musquetry ; whilst they, (like a wounded lion, hardly pressed by the hunters, who retreats, and yet stands proudly at bay) gradually retired towards the camp with a backward step, their faces towards the foe.

Meanwhile, Sobieski, anxious for the fate of the day, mounted the dyke, and looked eagerly around for the arrival of some messenger from the little army. As the wind blew strongly from the south, a cloud of dust precluded his view ; but from the approach of firing, and the clashing of arms, he was led to fear that his friends had been defeated, and were retreating towards the camp. He instantly quitted the lines to call out a fresh reinforcement ; but before it could advance, Kosciuszko and his squadron on the full charge, appeared in sight of the enemy ; who suddenly halted, and wheeling round, left the harassed Polanders to enter the trenches in quiet.

Thaddeus, covered with dust and blood, flung himself into his grandfather's arms. In the heat of action, his left arm had been wounded by a cossac : fearful that the loss of blood might disable him from further service, at the moment it happened he bound it up in his sash, and thought no more of the accident, until the palatine remarked the stains on his cloak and the bosom of his shirt.

" My injury is slight, my dear Sir ," said he, " I wish to Heaven, that it were all the evil which has befallen us to-day ! Look at the remnant of our brave comrades."

Sobieski turned his eyes on the panting soldiers, and on Kosciuszko, who was inspecting them. Some of them, no longer upheld by desperation,

were sinking with wounds and fatigue; these, the good general, ever mindful of the comfort of his men, sent off in litters to the medical department: and others, who had sustained the conflict of the day without meeting any personal harm, after having received the praise and admonition of their commander, were dismissed to their quarters.

Before this inspection was half over, the palatine found it necessary to assist Thaddeus to his tent; who, in spite of his exertions to the contrary, became so faint, that he staggered, rather than walked, as he was led off the ground.

A short time restored him. With his arm in a sling, he joined his brother officers, on the fourth day, at the parade. After the duty of the morning, he heard with concern, that during his confinement, the Russians had augmented their force to such a tremendous strength, that it was impossible for the Poles to remain longer at Winnica, without incurring the danger of being surrounded, and cut to pieces. In consequence of this report, the prince had convened a council late the preceding night, in which it was determined, that the camp should be immediately razed, and removed towards Zielime.

This information displeased Thaddeus, who in his fairy dreams of war, always added conquests, as the sure end of his battles: and many were the sighs which he drew, when, at an hour before dawn on the following day, he witnessed the striking of the tents, which he thought was only the prelude to a shameful flight from the enemy. While he was standing by the sides of the busy people, and musing on the nice line which divides

prudence from pusillanimity, his grandfather came up. He desired him to mount his horse, and told him, that owing to the unhealed state of his wound, he was removed from the vanguard, and ordered to march in the centre, along with the prince. Thaddeus very warmly remonstrated against this arrangement: he called his hurt a mere scratch; and almost reproached the palatine, for forfeiting his promise, that he should always be stationed near his person. Sobieski would not be moved, either by argument or entreaty; and Thaddeus, finding that he neither could, nor ought to oppose him, obeyed, and followed an aid-de-camp to his highness.

After a march of three hours, the army came in sight of Volunna, where the advanced column suddenly halted. Thaddeus, who was about half a mile to its rear, with a throbbing heart, heard that a momentous pass must be disputed before they could proceed. He curbed his horse, then gave it the spur; so eagerly did he wish to penetrate the cloud of smoke, which rose in volumes from the discharge of musquetry, on whose wing, at every round, he dreaded might be carried the fate of his grandfather. At last the firing ceased, and the troops were commanded to go forward. On entering the contested defile, Thaddeus shuddered; for at every step the heels of his charger struck upon the wounded or the dead. There lay his enemies, here lay his friends: his respiration was nearly suspended by suffocation; his eyes clung to the ground, expecting at each moment, to fasten on the breathless body of his grandfather.

Again, the tumult of battle presented itself. About a hundred soldiers, in one firm rank, stood at the end of the pass, firing on the rear-guard of the Russians, which was rapidly dispersing. Thaddeus checked his horse. Five hundred had been detached to this post; how few remained! Could he hope Sobieski had escaped such a desperate rencontre? Fearing the worst, and dreading to have those fears confirmed, his heart sickened when he received orders from Poniatowski, to examine the extent of the loss. He rode up close to the mouth of the defile. He could no where see the palatine. A few of the hussars, a little in advance, were engaged over a heap of the killed, defending it from a troop of chasseurs, who appeared fighting for the barbarous privilege of trampling on the bodies. Thaddeus, at this sight, and impelled by despair, called out, "Courage, soldiers! the prince is here." The chasseurs looking forward, saw that the information was true, and took to flight. Poniatowski, almost at the word, was by the side of his young friend, who, unconscious of any reflection but filial solicitude, had dismounted.

"Where is the palatine?" was his immediate inquiry, addressed to a soldier, who was stooping towards the slain. The man made no answer, but lifted from the heap the bodies of two soldiers, which lay at the top; beneath the slain, Thaddeus saw the pale and deadly features of his grandfather. He staggered a few paces back: and the prince, thinking that he was falling, put out his arm to support him; but he recovered himself, and flew forwards to assist Kosciuszko, who had raised the head of the palatine upon his knee.

"Is he alive?" inquired Thaddeus.

"He breathes."

Hope was now warm in his breast. The soldiers soon released Sobieski from the surrounding dead; but his swoon continuing, the prince desired that he might be laid on a bank, until a litter could be brought from the rear ranks, to convey him to a place of security. Meantime, Thaddeus and the general bound up his wounds, and poured some water into his lips. The effusion of blood being stopped, the brave veteran opened his eyes; and in a few minutes, whilst he leaned on the bosom of his grandson, was so far restored, as to receive with his usual modest dignity, the thanks of his highness, for the intrepidity with which he had preserved a passage, which ensured the safety of the whole army.

Two surgeons, who arrived with the litter, relieved the anxiety of the by-standers, by an assurance, that the wounds which they re-examined were not dangerous. Having laid their patient on the vehicle, they were preparing to retire with it into the rear, when Thaddeus petitioned the prince to grant him permission to take the command of the guard which was appointed to attend his grandfather. His highness consented; but Sobieski positively refused.

"No, Thaddeus;" said he, "you forget the effect which this solicitude, about so trifling a matter, might have on the men. Remember, that he who goes into battle, only puts his own life to the hazard; but that he who abandons the field sports with the lives of his soldiers. Do not give them leave to suppose, that even your dearest interest

could tempt *you* from the front of danger, when it is your duty to remain there." Thaddeus obeyed his grandfather in silence ; and at seven o'clock the army resumed its march.

Near Zielime, the prince was saluted by a reinforcement of fresh troops. This succour appeared very seasonably. The scouts had brought information, that directly across the plain, the Russians, under the command of general Branicki, with doubled numbers, were drawn up in order of battle, to dispute their progress.

Thaddeus, for the first time, shuddered at the sight of the enemy. Should his friends be defeated, what might be the fate of his grandfather, now rendered helpless by his wounds ! Occupied by these fears, with anxiety in his heart, he kept his place at the head of the light horse, close to the hill.

Prince Poniatowski ordered the lines to extend themselves, that the right should reach to the river ; and the left be covered by a rising ground, on which were mounted seven pieces of ordnance. Immediately after these dispositions, the battle commenced. It continued with violence and unabating fury, from eight in the morning until sunset. Several times during the contest, the Poles were driven from their ground ; but recovering themselves, and animated by their commanders, they prosecuted the fight with advantage. General Branicki, perceiving that the fortune of the day was going against him, ordered up the body of reserve, consisting of four thousand men, besides several cannon ; for the latter, they erected temporary batteries in a few minutes ; with this unex-

pected addition of new forces, he opened a rapid and destructive fire on the Polanders, who, already sinking with the fatigue of marching, and the heat of the sun, were now on the point of giving way. Kosciuszko, alarmed at the retrograde motion of the troops, gave orders for a close attack on the enemy in front, whilst Thaddeus, at the head of his hussars, should wheel round the hill of artillery, and with loud cries charge the opposite flank. This stratagem succeeded. The cossacs, who were posted on that spot, seeing the impetuosity of the Poles, and the quarter whence they came, supposed them to be a fresh squadron, gave ground, and opening in all directions, threw their own people into a confusion that completed the defeat. Kosciuszko and the prince were equally successful, where they attacked; and a general panic amongst their adversaries was the consequence. The whole of the Russian army now took to flight, except a few regiments of carabiniers, who were entangled between the river and the Poles. These were immediately surrounded by a battalion of Masovian infantry; who, enraged at the loss that their body had sustained the preceding day, answered the cry for quarter, with reproach and derision. At this instant, the Sobieski squadron, who were scouring the field, came up; and Thaddeus, who saw the perilous situation of these regiments, ordered the slaughter to cease, and the men to be taken prisoners. The Masovians exhibited strong signs of dissatisfaction at such commands; but the young count, charging through them, ranged his troops before the Russians, and threatened, that the first man who should dare to

lift a sword against his order, should be shot. The Poles dropped their arms. The poor carabiniers fell on their knees to thank his mercy; whilst their officers, in a sullen silence, which seemed ashamed of gratitude, surrendered their swords into the hands of their deliverers.

During this scene, only one very young Russian appeared wholly refractory. He held up his sword, in a menacing posture, when Thaddeus, who was approaching, drew near; and before he had time to speak, the young man made a longe at his breast, which a hussar parried with great dexterity; and, striking him to the earth, would have killed him on the spot, had not Thaddeus caught the blow on his own sword: then instantly dismounting, he raised the officer from the ground, and apologized for the too hasty zeal of the soldier. The youth blushed, and, bowing, presented his sword; which was received, and directly returned.

"Brave Sir," said Thaddeus, "I consider myself ennobled in restoring this sword to him, who has so courageously defended it."

The Russian made no reply, but by a second bow; and put his hand on his breast, which was wet with blood. Ceremony was now at an end. Thaddeus never looked upon the unfortunate as strangers: accosting the wounded young soldier with a friendly voice, he assured him of his services, and made him lean on his shoulder. The officer, incapable of speaking, accepted the assistance of his enemy; but before a conveyance could arrive, for which two men were dispatched, he fainted in his arms. Thaddeus, who was obliged to join the prince with his prisoners, very unwilling-

ly left the young Russian in this situation. Before he did so, he directed one of his lieutenants to stay behind ; and to take care, that the surgeons should pay attention to the officer, and have his litter carried next to the palatine's during the remainder of the march.

When the army halted at nine o'clock, preparations were made to fix the camp, and in case of a surprisal from any part of the dispersed enemy, which might have rallied, orders were delivered for throwing up a dyke. Thaddeus, having been assured that his grandfather, and the wounded Russian, were comfortably stationed together, did not hesitate to accept with alacrity the command of the entrenching party. To that end, he wrapped himself loosely in his pelise, and prepared for a long watch. The night was beautiful. It being the month of June, a softening warmth still floated through the air, as if the moon, which shone over his head, emitted heat, as well as splendour. His mind was in unison with the season. He rode slowly round, from bank to bank ; sometimes speaking to the workers in the fosse ; sometimes lingering for a few minutes, looking on the ground, he thought on the element of which he was composed, to which he might so soon return ; then gazing upwards, he observed the silent march of the stars, and the moving scene of the heavens. On whatever object he cast his eyes, his soul, which the recent events had dissolved into a temper not the less delightful for being tinged with melancholy, meditated with intense compassion ; and dwelt with wonder on the mind of man ; which, whilst it adores the Creator of the universe,

and measures the immensity of space, with an expansion of intellect almost divine, can devote itself to the narrow limits of sublunary possessions ; and exchange the boundless paradise above, for the low enjoyments of human pride. He looked with pity over that wide tract of land, which now lay betwixt him and the remains of those four thousand Russians, who had fallen victims to the insatiate desire of ambition. He well knew the difference between a defender of his own country, and the invader of another's. His heart beat, his soul expanded, at the prospect of securing liberty and life to a virtuous people ; he *felt* all the happiness of such an achievement, while he could *imagine* only how that spirit must shrink from reflection, which would animate the self-condemned slave to fight, not merely to fasten chains on others, but to rivet his own still closer. The best affections of man, having put the sword into the hand of Thaddeus, his principles, as a christian, did not remonstrate against his passion for arms.

When he was told that the fortifications were finished, he retired, with a tranquil step and smiling countenance, towards the Masovian quarters. He found the palatine awake, and eager to welcome him with the joyful information, that his wounds were so slight, as to promise a speedy amendment. Thaddeus asked for his prisoner. The palatine said, " he is in the next tent ; where, according to your desire, the surgeon closely attends him ; and he has given a very favourable opinion of his wound, which was a shot through the muscles of the breast."

"Have you seen him, my dear Sir?" inquired Thaddeus, "Does he express himself, as if he thinks himself well treated?"

"Yes," replied the palatine, "I was supported into his marquée, before I retired to my own. I told him who I was, and repeated your offers of service. He received my proffer, with lively expressions of gratitude; and at the same time declared, that he had nothing to blame, but his own folly, for bringing him to the state in which he now lies."

"How, my lord!" rejoined Thaddeus, rather surprised, "Does he repent of being a soldier? or is he ashamed of the cause for which he fought?"

"Both, Thaddeus; he is not a Russian, but a young Englishman."

"An Englishman! and raise his arm against a country struggling for liberty!"

"It is very true;" returned the palatine, "but as he confessed, that it was his folly, and the persuasions of others, which impelled him, he merits pardon; he is a mere youth; I think, hardly of your age. I understand that he is of rank; and having undertaken the tour of Europe, under the direction of a travelling governor, he took Russia in his route. At Petersburgh he became intimate with many of the nobility; particularly with count Branicki, at whose house he resided: and when his lordship was named to the command of the army in Poland, Mr. Somerset, (for that is your prisoner's name) instigated by his own volatility, and the arguments of his host, volunteered with him; and so followed his friend, to oppose that freedom here, which he would have asserted in his own nation."

Thaddeus thanked his grandfather for this information ; and pleased that the young man, who had so much interested him, was not a Muscovite, he gaily, and instantly repaired to his tent.

A generous heart is as eloquent in acknowledging benefits, as it is bounteous in bestowing them ; and Mr. Somerset received his preserver with the warmest demonstrations of gratitude. Thaddeus begged him not to consider himself as particularly obliged, by a conduct, which every soldier of honour has a right to expect from another. The Englishman bowed his head ; and Thaddeus sat down by his bed-side, where he remained for near an hour.

Whilst he gathered from his own lips a corroboration of the narrative of the palatine, he could not forbear inquiring, how a person of his apparent candour, and who was also the native of a soil, where liberty had so long been the palladium of its happiness, could volunteer in a cause, the object of which was to make a brave people slaves.

Somerset listened to these questions with blushes ; and they did not leave his face, when he confessed, that all he could say in extenuation of what he had done, was to plead his youth, and having thought little on the subject.

" I was wrought upon," continued he, " by a variety of circumstances ; first, the principles of Mr. Loftus, my governor, are strongly in favour of the court of Petersburgh : secondly, my father disliked the army, and I adored it ; this was the only opportunity which presented itself, in which I might ever satisfy my passion ; and lastly, I believe that I was dazzled by the picture which the young men about me drew of the campaign. I

longed to be a soldier ; they persuaded me ; and I followed them to the field, as I would have done to a ball-room, heedless of the consequence."

" Yet, (replied Thaddeus, smiling,) from the intrepidity with which you maintained your ground, when your arms were demanded, any one might have thought, that your whole soul, as well as your body, was engaged in the cause."

" To be sure," returned Somerset, " I was a blockhead to be there ; but when there, I should have despised myself forever, had I given up my honour to those ruffians, who would have wrested my sword from me ! But when *you* came, noble Sobieski, it was the fate of war, and I confided myself to a brave man."

CHAP. IV.

Each succeeding morning, not only brought fresh symptoms of recovery to the two invalids; but condensed the interest and admiration of the young men into a solid and ardent esteem.

It is not the disposition of youthful minds, to weigh for months and years, the sterling value of those qualities which attract them. As soon as they see virtue, they respect it; as soon as they meet kindness, they believe it; and as soon as a union of both presents itself, they love it. Not having passed through the disappointments of a delusive world, they grasp for reality every pageant which appears. They have not yet admitted that cruel doctrine, which, when it takes effect, creates and extends the misery it affects to cure. Whilst we give up our souls to suspicion, we gradually learn to deceive; whilst we repress the fervours of our own hearts, we freeze those which approach us; whilst we cautiously avoid occasions of receiving pain, at every remove, we acquire an unconscious influence to inflict it on those who follow us. They again meet from our conduct and lips, the reason and the lesson, to destroy the expanding sensibilities of their nature; and thus the tormenting chain of deceived and deceiving characters is lengthened to infinitude.

About the latter end of the month, Sobieski received a summons, desiring his immediate attendance at court; where a diet was to be held, in consequence of the victory at Zielime, to consider of

future proceedings. In the same packet, his majesty enclosed a collar and investiture of the order of St. Stanislaus, as an acknowledgment of service to the young Thaddeus ; and a note from himself, expressing his commands, that he should return with the palatine, and the other generals, to receive thanks from the throne.

Thaddeus, half wild with delight, at the thoughts of so soon meeting his mother, ran to the tent of his British friend, to communicate the tidings. Somerset participated in his pleasure ; and, with reciprocal warmth, accepted the invitation to go with him to Villanow.

" I would follow you, my friend," said he, pressing the hand of Thaddeus, who was eagerly describing the merits of the countess, and the beauties of his home, " all over the world."

" Then I will take you to the most charming spot in it !" cried he, " Villanow is an Eden ; and my mother, the dear angel, who would make a desert so to me."

" You speak so rapturously of your enchanted castle, Thaddeus," returned his friend, " that I do believe, I shall have to consider my knight-errantry, in being fool enough to thrust myself amidst a fray, in which I had no business, as one of the wisest decisions of my life !"

" I consider it," replied Thaddeus, " as one of the luckiest events in mine."

Before the palatine quitted the camp, Somerset thought it proper to acquaint Mr. Loftus, who was yet at Petersburgh, of the particulars of his late danger ; and that he was going to Warsaw with his new friends, where he should remain for several

weeks. He added, that as the court of Poland, through the intercession of the palatine, had generously given him his liberty, he should be able to see every thing in that country worthy of investigation ; and that he would write to him again, enclosing letters for England, soon after his arrival at the Polish capital.

The weather continuing fine, in a few days the party left Zielime ; and the palatine and Somerset being so far restored from their wounds, that they could walk about, the one with a crutch, and the other, by the support of his friend's arm ; they went through the journey with animation and pleasure. The benign wisdom of Sobieski ; the intelligent enthusiasm of Thaddeus ; and the playful vivacity of Somerset ; mingling their different natures, produced such a beautiful union, that the minutes flew even as fast as their wishes. A week more carried them into the palatinate of Masovia ; and soon afterwards, within the walls of Villanow.

Every thing that presented itself to Mr. Somerset was new and fascinating. He saw, in the domestic felicity of his friend, scenes which reminded him of the social harmony of his own home. He beheld, in the palace and retinue of Sobieski, all that magnificence, which bespoke the descendant of a great king, who even now wanted nothing of royal grandeur, but the crown ; which he had the magnanimity to think, and to declare, was then placed upon a more worthy brow. Whilst Somerset venerated this true patriot, the high tone which his mind acquired, was not lowered, by associating with characters, who came nearer to the common standard. The friends of Sobieski were men of tried probity : Men, who at all times preferred

their country's welfare, before their own peculiar interest. Mr. Somerset, day after day, listened with deep attention to these virtuous and energetic noblemen. He saw them full of fire and personal courage, when the affairs of Poland were discussed; and he beheld, with amazement and admiration, their perfect forgetfulness of themselves, in their passion for the general good. In these moments, his heart bowed down before them; and all the pride of an ancient Briton distended his breast, when he thought, that such as these men are, his ancestors were. He remembered, how often their almost chivalric virtues used to occupy his reflections in the picture gallery at Somerset Castle; and his doubts, when he compared what is, with what was, that history had glossed over the actions of past centuries; or else, that a different order of men lived then from those which now inhabit the world. Thus, studying the sublime characters of Sobieski and his friends, and enjoying the endearing kindnesses of Thaddeus and his mother, did a fortnight pass away, without his even recollecting the promise of writing to his governor. At the end of that period, he stole an hour from the countess's society; and enclosed, in a short letter to Mr. Loftus, the following epistle to his mother.

To Lady Somerset, Somerset-Castle, Leicestershire.

"Many weeks ago, my dearest mother, I wrote a letter of seven sheets from Petersburgh; which, long ere this time, you and my dear father must have received. I attempted to give you some idea of the manners of Russia, with the face of the coun-

try ; and my vanity whispers, that I succeeded tolerably well. The court of the famous Catherine, and the attentions of the hospitable Count Branicki, were then the subjects of my pen.

" But, how shall I account for my being here ? How shall I allay your surprise and displeasure, on seeing that this letter is dated from Warsaw ! I know that I have acted against the wish of my father, in visiting one of those countries, which he interdicted. I know that I have disobeyed your commands, in ever having, at any period of my life, taken up arms without an indispensable necessity : but I have nothing to allege in my defence. I fell in the way of temptation, and I yielded to it. I really cannot enumerate all the things which induced me to volunteer with the Russians ; suffice it to say, that I did so ; and that we were defeated by the Poles at Zielime : and as Heaven has rather rewarded your prayers, than punished my imprudence, I trust you will do the same, and pardon an indiscretion that I will never repeat.

" Notwithstanding all this, I must have lost my life through my folly, had I not been preserved, even in the moment when death was pending over me, by a young officer, with whose family I now am. The very sound of their title will create your respect ; for *we*, of the *Patrician order*, have a strange tenacity in our belief, that virtue is hereditary ; and in this instance our creed is duly honoured. The title is Sobieski : the family which bears it, is the only remaining posterity of the great monarch of that name ; and the count, who is at its head, is palatine of Masovia ; which, next to the throne, is the first dignity in the state. He is one of the warmest champions of his country's

rights: and though born to command, he has so far transgressed the golden adage of despots, '*Ignorance and subjection*,' that throughout his territories, every man is taught to worship his God with his heart, as well as with his knees. The understandings of his peasants are opened to all useful knowledge: he does not put books of science and speculation into their hands, to consume their time in vain idleness: He gives them the Bible; and implements of industry; to afford them the means of knowing, and of practising their duty. All Masovia, around his palace, blooms like a garden. The cheerful faces of the farmers, and the blessings which I hear them implore on the family, when I am walking in the fields with the young count, (for in this country, the sons bear the same title with their fathers) have even drawn a few delighted drops from the eyes of your '*thoughtless son!*' I know that you think I have nothing sentimental about me; else you would not, so often, have poured into my *not inattentive ears*, 'that it is by the sensibilities of the heart, we are to estimate the pleasures of earth and heaven: shut our eyes against them, and we are merely nicely constructed speculums, which reflect the beauties of nature, but enjoy none.' You see, mamma, that I both remember and adopt your lessons.

"Thaddeus Sobieski is the grandson of the palatine, and the last of his illustrious race. It is to him, that I owe the preservation of my life at Zielime: and much of my happiness since; for, he is not only the bravest, but the most amiable young man in the kingdom; and he is my friend. Indeed, as things have happened, you must think, that out of evil has come good. Though I have

been disobedient, my fault has introduced me to the affection of people, whose friendship, henceforward, will constitute the greatest pleasure of my days. The mother of Thaddeus is the only daughter of the palatine ; and of her, I can say no more, than that nothing on earth can more remind me of you ; she is equally charming, equally tender to your son.

" Whilst the palatine is engaged at the diet, her ladyship, Thaddeus, and myself, with now and then a few visitors from Warsaw, form the most agreeable parties you can suppose. We walk together, we read together, we converse together, we sing together : at least, the countess sings to us, which is all the same : and you know, that time flies swiftly on the wings of harmony. She has an uncommonly sweet voice ; and a taste, which I never heard paralleled. By the way, you cannot imagine any thing more beautiful than the Polish music. It partakes of that delicious languor, so distinguished in the Turkish airs ; with a mingling of those wandering melodies, which the now-forgotten composers must have caught from the Tartars. In short, whilst the countess is singing, I hardly suffer myself to breathe ; and I feel, just what our poetical friend, William Scarsdale, said a twelvemonth ago, at a concert of yours, ' I feel as if love sat upon my heart, and flapped it with his wings.'

" I have tried all my powers of persuasion, to prevail on this charming countess to visit our country. I have over and over again told her of you, and described you to her ; that you are near her own age ; (for this lovely woman, though she has a son near twenty, is not more than forty) that

you are as fond of your *ordinary* boy, as she is of her *peerless* one ; that in short, you and my father will receive her, and Thaddeus, and the palatine, with open arms and hearts, if they will condescend to visit our humble home, at the end of the war. I believe that I have repeated my entreaties, both to her ladyship and my friend, regularly every day, since my arrival at Villanow ; but always with the same ill success : She smiles, and refuses : and Thaddeus '*shakes his ambrosial curls*' with a very '*godlike frown*' of denial ; I hope, that it is *self-denial*, in compliment to his mother's cruel and unprovoked negative.

" Before I proceed, I must give you some idea of the real appearance of this palace. I recollect your having read a superficial account of it, in the few slight sketches of Poland, which have been published in England ; but the pictures which they exhibit are so faint, that they hardly resemble the original. Pray do not laugh at me, if I begin in the usual descriptive style ! you know, that there is only one way to describe houses, and lands and rivers ; so no blame can be thrown on me for taking the beaten path where there is no other. To commence—

" When we left Zielime, and advanced into the province of Masovia, the country around Prague rose at every step in fresh beauty. The numberless chains of gently-swelling hills, which encompass it on each side of the Vistula, were in some parts chequered with corn fields, meadows, and green pastures, covered with sheep, whose soft bleatings trilled in my ears, and transported my senses into new regions ; so different was my charmed and tranquillized mind, from those toss-

ing anxieties attendant on the horrors I had recently witnessed. Surely, there is nothing in the rational world, short of the most undivided reciprocal attachment, that has such power over the workings of the human heart, as the mild sweetness of nature. The most ruffled temper, when emerging from the town, will subside into a calm, at the sight of a wide stretch of landscape reposing in the twilight of a fine evening. It is then that the spirit of peace settles upon the heart, unfetters the thoughts, and elevates the soul to the Creator. It is then that we behold the Parent of the universe in his works ; when *we see* his grandeur, in earth, sea, and sky ; *feel* his affection, in the emotions which they raise ; and, half mortal, half etherealized, forget where we are, in the anticipation of what that world must be, of which this lovely earth is merely the shadow.

" Autumn seemed to be unfolding all her beauties, to greet the return of the palatine. In one part, the haymakers were mowing the hay, and heaping it into stacks ; in another, the reapers were gathering up the wheat, with a troop of rosy little gleaners behind them ; each of whom might have tempted the proudest Palemon in Christendom, to have changed her toil into '*a gentler duty.*' Such a landscape, intermingled with the little farms of these honest people, whom the philanthropy of Sobieski has rendered free, (for it is a tract of his extensive domains that I am describing,) remind me of Somerset. Cottages are dispersed amongst the deep hollows of the vales ; and are seen peeping from amidst the thick umbrage of the woods, which cover the face of the hills. Their irregular forms, and thatched roofs,

with many of their infant inhabitants playing at the doors, composed such lovely groups, that I wished for our dear Mary's pencil and fingers, (for alas! that way mine are motionless!) to transport them to your eyes.

"The palace of Villanow, which is castellated, and stands in the midst of a fortress, now burst upon my view. It rears its embattled head from the summit of a hill, that gradually slopes down towards the Vistula, and borders, to the south, the plain of Vola; a spot, so long famous for the election of the kings of Poland. On the north of the building, the earth is cut into natural ramparts, which rise in high succession, until they reach the foundations of the palace, where they terminate, in a noble terrace. These ramparts, covered with grass, overlook the stone outworks, and spread down to the bottom of the hill, which, being clothed with fine trees, and luxuriant underwood, forms such a rich and verdant base to the fortress, as I have not language to describe; were I privileged to be poetical, I would say, that it reminds me of the god of war, sleeping amid roses in the bower of love. Here, the eye may wander over the gifts of bounteous nature, arraying hill and dale in all the united treasures of spring and autumn. The forest stretches its yet unsunned arms to the breeze; whilst that breeze comes laden with the fragrance of the tented hay, and the thousand sweets breathed from those flowers, which in this delicious country weep honey.

"A magnificent flight of steps led us from the foot of the ramparts, up to the gate of the palace. We entered it; and were presently surrounded by a train of attendants, in such sumptuous liveries,

that I found myself all at once carried back into the fifteenth century; and might have fancied myself within the courtly halls of our Tudors and Plantagenets. You can better conceive, than I can paint, the scene which took place, between the palatine, the countess, and her son. I can only repeat, that from that hour I have known no want of happiness, but what arises from regret, that my dear family are not partakers with me.

"You know, that this stupendous building was the favourite residence of John Sobieski; and that he erected it, as a resting place from the labours of his long and glorious reign. I cannot move, without meeting some vestige of that truly great monarch. I sleep in his bed-chamber: there hangs his portrait, dressed in the robes of sovereignty; here, are suspended the arms, with which he saved those kingdoms, which are now coalescing to the destruction of Poland. On one side, is his library; on the other, the little chapel, in which he used to pay his morning and evening devotions. Wherever I look, my eye finds some object, to excite my reflections and emulation. The noble dead seem to address me from their graves; and I blush at the inglorious life I might have pursued, had I never visited this house, and its inhabitants: yet, my dearest mother, I do not mean to reproach you; nor to insinuate, that my revered father, and brave ancestors, have not set me examples as bright, as man need follow; but human nature is capricious: we are not so easily stimulated by what is always in our view; as with sights, which rising up, when we are removed from our customary associations, surprise and captivate our attention. Villanow has only awakened me to the

lesson, which I conned over in drowsy carelessness at home. Thaddeus Sobieski is hardly one year my senior; but good Heaven! what has he not done? what has he not acquired? Whilst I abused the indulgence of my parents, and wasted my days in riding, shooting, and walking the streets; he was learning to act, as became a man of rank and virtue; and by seizing every opportunity to serve the state, he has obtained a rich reward, in the respect and admiration of his country. I am not envious, but I now feel the truth of Cesar's speech, when he declared, '*that the reputation of Alexander would not let him sleep.*' Nevertheless, I dearly love my friend; I murmur at my own demerits, not at his worth.

"I have scribbled out all my paper; otherwise, I verily believe, that I should write more; however, I promise you another letter, in a week or two. Meanwhile I shall send this packet to Mr. Loftus, who is at Petersburgh, to forward to you. Adieu, my dear mother; I am, with reverence to my father and yourself,

"Your truly affectionate son,

"PEMBROKE SOMERSET."

"*Villanow, August*, 1792."

"*To Lady Somerset, Somerset Castle, England.*

[Written three weeks after the preceding.]

"You know, my dear mother, that your Pembroke is famous for his ingenious mode of shewing the full value of every favour he confers: Can I then lose the opportunity of telling you, what I have left to make you happy with this epistle?

"About five minutes ago, I was sitting on the lawn, at the feet of the countess, reading to her,

and the princess Poniatowski, the charming poem of '*The Pleasures of Memory*;' as both these ladies understand English, they were admiring it, and paying many compliments to the *graces* of my delivery, when the palatine presented himself, and told me, that, if I had any commands for Petersburgh, I must prepare them, for a messenger was to set off on the next morning by day-break. I instantly sprang up, threw my book into the hand of Thaddeus; and here I am, in my own room, scribbling to you.

"Even at the moment in which I dip my pen in the ink, my hurrying imagination paints on my heart, the situation of my beloved home, when this letter reaches you. I think I see you, and my good aunt, seated on the blue sofa in your dressing-room, with your needle work on the little table before you; I see Mary in her usual nook, the recess by the old harpsichord; and my dear father, bringing in this happy letter from your son! I must confess, that this romantic kind of fancy-sketching makes me feel rather oddly; very unlike what I felt a few months ago, when I was a mere coxcomb; indifferent, unreflecting, unappreciating, and fit for nothing better, than to hold pins at my lady's toilet. Well, it is now made evident to me, that we never know the blessings of existence, until we are separated from the possession of them. Absence tightens the string which unites friends, as well as lovers; at least, I find it so; and though I am in the fruition of every good on this side the ocean, yet my happiness renders me ungrateful; and I repine, because I enjoy it alone. Positively, I must bring you all hither to pass a summer; or come back at the

termination of my travels, and carry away this dear family by main force to England.

"Tell my cousin Mary, that either way, I shall present to her esteem the most accomplished of human beings; but I warn her not to fall in love with him, neither in *propriâ personâ*, nor by his public fame, nor with his private character. Tell her, that '*he is a bright and particular star*,' neither in her sphere, nor in any other woman's. In this way, he is as cold as '*Dian's crescent*;' and to my great amazement too: for, when I throw my eyes over the many lovely young women, who at different times fill the drawing room of the countess, I cannot but wonder at the perfect indifference with which he views their (to me) irresistible attractions.

"He is polite and attentive to them all; he talks with them, smiles with them, and treats them with every active complacency; but they do not live one instant in his memory. I mean, they do not occupy his particular wishes; for with regard to every respectful sentiment towards the sex in general, and esteem to some amiable individuals, he is as lively, as in the other case he is dead. The fact is, he never casts one thought upon himself: kindness is spontaneous in his nature; his sunny eyes beam on all, with modest benignity; and his frank and glowing conversation is directed to every rank of people, who imbibe it with an avidity and love, which makes its way to his heart without awakening his vanity. Thus, whilst his fine person, and splendid actions, fill every eye and bosom, I see him moving in the circle, unconscious of his eminence, and the interest which he excites.

"Drawn by such an example, to which his high quality, as well as extraordinary merit, gives so great an influence, many of the younger nobility have been led to enter the army. These circumstances, added to the detail of his bravery and uncommon talents in the field, have made him an object of universal regard; and, in consequence, wherever he is seen, he meets with applause and acclamation: nay, even at the appearance of his carriage in the streets, the passengers take off their hats, and pray for him till he is out of sight. It is only then, that I perceive his cheek flush with the conviction that he is adored.

"It is this, Thaddeus;" said I to him one day, when walking together, we were obliged to retire into a house, from the crowds that followed him: "It is this, my dear friend, which shields your heart against the arrows of love. You have no place for that passion; your mistress is glory, and she courts you."

"My mistress is my country," replied he; "at present, I desire no other. For her, I would die; for her only, I would wish to live." Whilst he spoke, the energy of his soul blazed in his eyes; I smiled.

"You are an enthusiast, Thaddeus."

"Pembroke!" returned he, in a surprised and reproachful tone.

"I do not give you that name, opprobriously," resumed I laughing; "but there are many in my country, who, hearing these sentiments, would not scruple to call you mad."

"Then I pity them," returned Thaddeus. "Men who cannot ardently feel, cannot taste supreme happiness. My grandfather educated me

at the feet of patriotism ; and when I forget his precepts and example, may my guardian angel forget me !"

" Happy, glorious Thaddeus !" cried I, grasping his hand, " how I envy you your destiny ! To live as you do, in the lap of honour ; virtue and glory, the aim and end of your existence !"

" The animated countenance of my friend changed at these words, and laying his hand on my arm, he said, " Do not envy me my destiny. Pembroke, you are the citizen of a free country, at peace with itself. Insatiate power has not dared to invade its rights. Your king, in happy security, reigns in the hearts of his people ; whilst our anointed Stanislaus is baited and insulted, by oppression from without, and ingratitude within. Do not envy me ! I would rather live in obscurity all my days, than have the means which calamity has bestowed, of acquiring celebrity over the ruins of Poland. O ! my friend, the wreath that crowns the head of conquest is thick and bright ; but that which binds the olive of peace, on the bleeding wounds of my country, will be the dearest to me."

" Such sentiments, my dear madam, have opened new lights upon my poor mistaken faculties. I did not consider the subject so maturely as my friend has done ; victory and glory were with me synonymous words : I had not learnt, until frequent conversations with the young, ardent and pious Sobieski taught me, how to discriminate between ferocity and valour ; between the patriot and the assassin ; between the defender of his country, and the ravager of other states. In short, I see in Thaddeus Sobieski all that my fancy hath ever pictured of the heroic character. Whilst I

contemplate the sublimity of his sentiments, and the tenderness of his soul, I cannot help thinking, how few would believe, that so many amazing qualities could belong to one mind : and, that it should remain unacquainted with the throes of ambition, or the throbs of vanity."

Pembroke judged rightly of his friend ; for if ever the real disinterested *amor patriæ* glowed in the breast of a man, it animated the heart of the young Sobieski. Pembroke laid down his pen, at the termination of the foregoing sentence in the letter to his mother, on the entrance of a servant, who presented him with a packet, which had that moment arrived from Petersburgh. He took it, and laying his writing materials into the desk, read the following epistle from his governor.

" *To Pembroke Somerset, Esq.*

" My dear Sir,

" I have this day received your letter, enclosing one for lady Somerset. You must pardon me, that I have detained it ; and will continue to do so, until I am favoured with your answer to this ; for which I shall most anxiously wait.

" You know, Mr. Somerset, my reputation in the sciences ; you know my depth in the languages ; and besides, the marquis of Inverary, with whom I travelled all over the continent, offered you sufficient credentials respecting my knowledge of the world, and the honourable manner in which I treat my pupils. Sir Robert Somerset, and your lady mother, were amply satisfied with the account, which his lordship gave of my character ; but with all this, in one point every

man is vulnerable. No scholar can forget those lines of the poet,

> Felices ter, et amplius,
> Quos irrupta tenet capula ; nec malis
> Divulsus quærimoniis,
> Suprema citius solvet amor die.

It has been my misfortune that I have felt them.

" You are not ignorant, that I was known to the Branicki family, when I had the honour of conducting the marquis through Russia. The count's accomplished kinswoman, the amiable and learned widow of baron Surowkoff, even then took particular notice of me ; and when I returned with you to Petersburgh, I did not find that my short absence had obliterated me from her memory.

" You are well acquainted with the dignity of that lady's opinions, on political subjects : She, and I, coincided in ardour for the cause of insulted Russia ; and in hatred of that levelling power, which pervades all Europe. Many have been the long and interesting conversations we have held, on the prosecution of those schemes, which her late husband had so principal a hand in laying, for the subversion of that miserable kingdom, in which you now are.

" The baroness, I need not observe, is as handsome as she is ingenious ; her understanding is as masculine, as her person is desirable ; and I had been more, or less than man, if I had not understood, that my figure and talents were agreeable to her. I cannot say that she absolutely promised me her hand, but she went as far that way as delicacy would permit. I am thus circumstantial, Mr. Somerset, to shew you that I do not proceed without proof. She has repeatedly said in my

presence, that she would never marry any man unless he were not only well-looking, but of the profoundest erudition; united with an acquaintance with men and manners, which none could dispute. "Besides," added she, "he must not differ with me one tittle, in politics; for on that head, I hold myself second to no man or woman in Europe." And then she has complimented me, by declaring, that I possessed more judicious sentiments on government, than any man in Petersburgh; and that she should consider herself happy, on the first vacancy, to introduce me at court; where she was sure that the empress would at once discover the value of my talents: "but," she continued, "in such a case, I will not allow, that even her majesty shall rival me in your esteem." The modesty natural to my character told me, that these praises must have some other source, than my comparatively unequal abilities; and I unequivocally found it, in the partiality with which her ladyship condescended to regard me.

"Was I to blame, Mr. Somerset? Would not any man of sensibility and honour have comprehended such advances from a woman of her rank and reputation? I could not be mistaken; her looks and words needed no explanation, which my judgment could not pronounce. Though I am aware, that I do not possess that *lumen purpureum juventæ*, which attracts very young, uneducated women, yet I am not fifty; and from the baroness's singular behaviour, I had every reason to expect handsomer treatment than she has been pleased to dispense to me since my return.

"But to proceed regularly; (I must beg your pardon for the warmth which has carried me to

this digression) you know, Sir, that from the hour in which I had the honour of taking leave of your noble family in England, I strove to impress upon your rather volatile mind, a just and accurate conception of the people amongst whom I was to conduct you. When I brought you into this extensive empire, I left no means unexerted, to heighten your respect, not only for its amiable sovereign, but for all regal powers. It is the characteristic of genius to be zealous : I was so, in favour of the pretensions of the great Catherine, to that paltry country, to which she deigned to offer her protection. To this zeal, and my unfortunate, though honourable devotion to the wishes of the baroness, I am constrained to date my present dilemma.

" When Poland had the insolence to rebel against its illustrious mistress, you remember that every man of rank in Petersburgh was highly incensed. The baroness Surowkoff declared herself frequently and with vehemence ; she appealed to me ; my veracity and my principles were called forth, and I confessed, that I thought every friend to the Czarina ought to take up arms against that ungrateful people. The count Branicki was then appointed to command the Russian forces ; and her ladyship, very unexpectedly on my part, answered me, by approving what I said ; and saying, that of course I meant to follow her cousin into Poland ; for that even she, as a woman, was so earnest in the cause, she would accompany him to the frontiers, and there await the result.

" What could I do ? How could I withstand the expectations of a lady of her quality, and one who I believed loved me ? However, for some time I did oppose my wish to oblige her ; I urged my

cloth ; and the plea by which I should be able to account for such a line of conduct, to the father of my pupil. The baroness ridiculed all these arguments, as mere excuses ; and ended with saying, "Do as you please, Mr. Loftus. I have been deceived in your character ; the friend of the baroness Surowkoff must be consistent : he must be as willing to fight for the cause he espouses, as to speak for it ; in this case, the sword must follow the oration, else we shall see Poland in the hands of a rabble."

"This decided me. I offered my services to the count, to attend him to the field. He, and the young lords, persuaded you to do the same ; and as I could not think of leaving you, when your father had placed you under my charge, I was pleased to find that my approval confirmed your wish to turn soldier. I was then unacquainted, Mr. Somerset, (for you did not tell me of it, until we were far advanced into Poland) with Sir Robert's and my lady's dislike of the army. This has been a prime source of my error : and had I known their repugnance to your taking up arms, I do believe that my duty would have triumphed over, even my devotion to the baroness : but I was born under a melancholy horoscope ; nothing happens, as any one of my humblest wishes might warrant.

"At the first onset of the battle, I became so suddenly ill, that I was obliged to retire, or swoon upon the ground ; and on this unfortunate event, which was completely unwilled on my part, (for no man can command the periods of sickness) the baroness founds a contempt, which has disconcerted all my schemes. Besides, when I attempt-

ed to remonstrate with her ladyship, on the promise, which, if not directly given, was implied, she laughed at me; and when I persisted in my suit, all at once, like the rest of her ungrateful, undistinguishing sex, she burst into a tempest of invectives, and forbade me her house.

"What am I now to do, Mr. Somerset? This inconsistent woman has betrayed me into a conduct diametrically opposite to the commands of your family. Your father particularly desired, that I would not suffer you to go either into Hungary or Poland. In the last instance, I have permitted you to disobey him. And my Lady Somerset, (who lost both her father and brother in different engagements,) you tell me, hath declared, that she never would pardon the man who should put military ideas into your head.

"Therefore, Sir, though you are my pupil, I throw myself on your generosity. If you persist in acquainting your family with the late transactions at Zielime, and your present residence in Poland, I shall finally be ruined. I shall not only forfeit the good opinion of your father and mother, but, through their means, lose all prospect of the rich living of Somerset, which Sir Robert was so gracious as to promise, should be mine, on the demise of the present incumbent. You know, Mr. Somerset, that I have a mother and six sisters in Wales, whose support entirely depends on my success in life; if my preferment be stopped now, they must necessarily be involved in a distress which makes me shudder.

"I cannot add more, Sir; I know your generosity; and I therefore rest upon it. I shall detain the letter, which you did me the honour to en-

close for my lady Somerset, till I receive your decision ; and ever, whilst I live, will I henceforth remain firm to my old and favourite maxim, which I adopted from the glorious epistle of Horace to Numicius. Perhaps you may not recollect the lines. They run thus :

Nil admirari, prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque, quæ possit facere et servare beatum.

"I have the honour to be,
Dear Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
ANDREW LOFTUS."

"*Petersburgh, September*, 1792."

"P. S. Just as I was sealing this pac ket, the English ambassador forwarded to me a short letter from your father, in which he desires us to quit Russia ; and to make the best of our way to England, where you are wanted on a most urgent occasion. He explains himself no farther ; only repeating his orders in express commands, that we set off instantly. I wait your directions."

This epistle disconcerted Mr. Somerset. He always guessed, that the baroness Surowkoff was amusing herself with his vain and pedantic preceptor ; but he never entertained a suspicion that her ladyship would carry her pleasantry to so cruel an excess. He clearly saw, that the fears of Mr. Loftus, with regard to the displeasure of his parents, were far from groundless ; and therefore, as there was a probability, from the age of Dr. Manners, who was upwards of eighty, and afflicted with the dropsy, that the rectory of Somerset would soon become vacant, he thought it better to oblige his poor governor, and preserve the secret for a month or two, than to give him up to the

chance of Sir Robert's indignation ; which, (he had reason to believe, from the resolution with which he carried through all his determinations,) would not much favour the side of lenity. On these grounds, Pembroke resolved to write to Mr. Loftus, and ease the anxiety of his heart. Although he ridiculed his vanity, he could not help respecting the affectionate solicitude of a son and a brother ; and, as that plea had won him, half angry, half grieved, and half laughing, he scribbled these hasty lines ; which he immediately dispatched by the courier.

" *To the Reverend Andrew Loftus, Petersburgh.*

" Upon my soul, Sir, it is too bad ! I am to burn my letters, and go home ! what can be the matter? what whimsical fit has seized my father, that I am recalled at a moment's notice ? Faith, I am so mad at the summons, and at his not choosing to assign any reason for the order, that I do not know how I may be tempted to act.

" Another thing ! you beg of me not to say a word of my having been in Poland ; and for that purpose, you have withheld the letter which I sent to you, to forward to my mother ! You offer far-fetched, and precious excuses, for having betrayed your own wisdom, and your pupil's innocence, into so mortal an offence. One cause of my being here you say was your '*ardour in the cause of insulted Russia ; and your hatred of that levelling power which pervades all Europe.*'

" Well, I grant it. I understood from you and Branicki, that you were leading me against a set of violent, discontented men of rank, who, in pro-

portion as they were inflated with personal pride and insolence, despised their own order ; and under the name of freedom were introducing anarchy throughout a country, which Catharine would graciously have protected. All this I find is false. But you both may have been misled ; the count, by partiality ; and you by misrepresentation : therefore I do not perceive why you should be in such a terror. The wisest man in the world may see through bad lights ; and, why should it be thought, that my father would never pardon you for having been so unlucky ?

" Yet, to dispel your dread of such tidings ruining you with Sir Robert, I will not be the first to tell him of our quixoting. Only remember, my good Sir ! though to oblige you, I withhold all my letters to my mother ; and when I arrive in England shall lock up my lips from mentioning Poland ; yet positively, I will not be mute one day longer than that, in which my father presents you with the living of Somerset : then, you will be independent of his displeasure ; and I may, and will, declare my everlasting gratitude to this illustrious family.

" Heigho ! I am half crazy when I think of leaving them. I must tear myself from this heaven on earth ! The days have passed with me as minutes. Alas, alas ! that I quit this mansion of comfort and affection, to wander with you, in some rumbling old coach, ' *over brake and through briar !*' Well, patience, patience ! Another such drubbing given to my quondam friends the Russians, and with ' *victory perched like an eagle on their laurelled brows*," I may have some chance of wooing the Sobieskis to the banks of Thames. At present, I

have not sufficient hope, to keep me in good humour.

"Meet me this day week at Dantzic: I shall there embark for England. You had best not bring any of the servants with you; they might blab; discharge them at Petersburgh, and hire others for yourself and me when you arrive at the sea-port.

"I have the honour to remain,
Dear Sir,
"Your most obedient servant,
PEMBROKE SOMERSET."

"*Villanow, September*, 1792."

When Somerset joined his friends at supper, and imparted to them the commands of his father, an immediate change was produced in the spirits of the party. During the lamentations of the ladies and the murmurs of the young men, the countess tried to dispel the effects of the information, by addressing Pembroke with a smile, and saying, "But we hope that you have seen enough at Villanow, to tempt you back again at no very distant period. Tell lady Somerset, that you have left a second mother in Poland, who will long to receive another visit from her adopted son."

"Yes, my dear madam," returned he, "and I shall hope, before a very distant period, to see those two kind mothers united as intimately by friendship, as they now are in my heart."

Thaddeus listened to all this with a saddened countenance. He had not been accustomed to disappointment, and when he met it now, he hardly knew how to proportion his uneasiness to the privation. Hope and all the hilarities of youth flour-

ished in his soul ; his features continually glowed with animation, whilst the gay beaming of his eyes ever answered to the smile on his lips. Hence the slightest veering of his mind was perceptible to the countess, who, turning round, saw him leaning thoughtfully in his chair ; whilst Pembroke, with increased force and vehemence, was running through various invectives against the hastiness of his recal.

" Come, come, Thaddeus !" cried she, " let us think no more of this separation until it arrives. You know that anticipation of evil is the death of happiness ; and it will be a kind of suicide, should we destroy the hours which we may yet enjoy together in vain complainings that they are so soon to terminate."

A little exhortation from the countess, and a maternal kiss, which she imprinted on his cheek, restored him to cheerfulness ; and the evening past away pleasanter than it had portended.

Much as the palatine esteemed Pembroke Somerset, his mind was too deeply absorbed in the losses of his country, to attend to less considerable cares. He beheld the republic, even on the verge of destruction, awaiting with firmness and indignation the approach of that earthquake, which was to ingulf it in the neighbouring nations. He saw the storm lowering ; but he determined, whilst there remained one spot of vantage ground above the general wreck, that Poland should yet have a name and a defender. These thoughts possessed him ; these plans engaged him ; and he had not leisure to regret pleasure, when he was struggling for existence.

The empress continued to pour her armies into the heart of the kingdom. The king of Prussia boldly flying from his treaties, refused his succour; and the emperor of Germany, following the example of so great a prince, did not blush to shew that his word was equally contemptible.

Dispatches daily arrived, that the villages were laid waste; that neither age, sex, nor situation, prevented their unfortunate inhabitants from becoming the victims of cruelty; and that all the frontier provinces were in flames.

The diet was called; and the debates agitated with the anxiety of men, who were met, to decide on their dearest interests. The bosom of the benevolent Stanislaus bled at the dreadful picture of his people's sufferings; and hardly able to restrain his tears, he answered the animated exordiums of Sobieski for resistance to the last, with an appeal immediately to his heart.

"What is it that you urge me to do, my lord? said he, "Was it not to secure the happiness of my subjects, that I laboured? and finding my design impracticable, what advantage would it be to them, should I pertinaciously oppose their small numbers to the accumulated hordes of the north? What is my kingdom, but the comfort of my people? What will it avail me, to see them fall around me, man by man; and the few who remain, hanging in speechless sorrow over their graves? Such a sight would break my heart. Poland, without its people, would be a desert; and I a hermit, rather than a king."

In vain the palatine combated this argument, and the quiet which a peace would afford, by declaring, that it could only be temporary. In vain

he told his majesty, that he would purchase safety for the present race, at the vast expense, of not only the liberty of posterity, but of its probity and happiness.

"However you disguise slavery," cried he, "it is slavery still. Its chains, though wreathed with roses, not only fasten on the body, but rivet on the mind. They bend it from the loftiest virtue, to a debasement beneath calculation. They disgrace honour: they trample upon justice. They transform the legions of Rome into a band of singers. They prostrate the sons of Athens and of Sparta at the feet of cowards. They make man abjure his birth-right, bind himself to another's will, and give that into a tyrant's hands, which he received as a deposit from heaven—his reason, his conscience, and his soul. Think on this, and then, if you can, subjugate Poland to her enemies."

Stanislaus, weakened by years, and impelled by disappointment, now retained no higher wish, than to save his subjects from immediate outrage. He did not answer the palatine; but with streaming eyes bent over the table, and annulled the glorious constitution of 1791. Then, with emotions hardly short of agony, he signed an order presented by the Russian officer, which directed prince Poniatowski, to deliver the army under his command, into the hands of general Branicki.

As the king put his signature to these papers, Sobieski, who had so strenuously withstood each decision, started from his chair, bowed to his sovereign, and in silence left the apartment. Several noblemen followed him.

These pacific measures did not meet with better treatment from without. When they were noised

abroad, an alarming commotion arose amongst the inhabitants of Warsaw ; and nearly four thousand men, of the first families in the republic, assembled themselves in the park of Villanow, where they immediately resolved, that if necessary, they alone would resist the power of their combined ravagers to the utmost. The prince Sapieha, Kosciuszko, and Sobieski, were the first who took the oath of *eternal fidelity to Poland ;* and they administered it to Thaddeus, who kneeling down, called on Heaven to hear him, as he swore, to assert the freedom of his country to the last gasp of its existence.

In the midst of these momentous affairs, Pembroke Somerset bade adieu to his friends ; and set sail with his governor, from Dantzic, for England.

CHAP. V.

Those winter months, which before this year, had been at Villanow the season for cheerfulness and festivity, now rolled away in the sad pomp of national debates and military assemblies.

Prussia usurped the best part of Pomerelia, and garrisoned it with troops; Catharine declared her dominion over the vast tract of land, which lies between the Dwina and Borystenes: and Frederic William marked down another sweep of Poland, to follow the fate of Dantzic and Thorn.

Calamities, insults, and robberies, were heaped day after day on the defenceless Poles. The deputies of the provinces were put into prison; and the Russian ambassador had the insolence, even to interrupt provisions intended for the king's table, and appropriate them to his own. Sobieski complained to *his Excellency* of this outrage; but incensed at reproof, and irritated at the sway which the palatine still held at court, he ordered, that his extensive estates in Lithuania and Podolia should be sequestered, and divided between four of the Russian generals.

In vain the Villanow confederation endeavoured to remonstrate with the empress. Her ambassador not only refused to forward the dispatches, but threatened the nobles, that, "if they did not comply with every one of his demands, he would lay all the estates, possessions, and habitations of the members of the diet under an immediate military execution. Nay, punishment should not stop

there; for if the king joined the Sobieski party, (to which he now appeared so much inclined) the royal domains should not only meet the same fate, but harsher treatment should follow, until both the people, and their proud sovereign, were brought into subjection."

These menaces were too arrogant, to have any other effect upon the Poles, than that of giving a new spur to their resolution. With the same firmness, they repulsed similar fulminations from the Prussian ambassador; and with a coolness, which was only equalled by their intrepidity, they prepared to resume their arms.

The insolent Russian, hearing, by private information, that his threats were despised, next morning, before day-break, surrounded the building where the confederation were sitting, with two battalions of grenadiers and four pieces of cannon: he then issued orders, that no Pole should be permitted to pass the gates, on pain of death. General Rautenfeld, who was set over the person of the king, declared, that not even his majesty should stir, until the diet had given an unanimous and full consent to the empress's commands.

The diet set forth the unlawfulness of signing any treaty, whilst they were withheld from the freedom of will and debate, by the presence of an intimidating force. They urged, that it was not legal to enter into deliberation, when violence had recently been exerted against any individual of their body; and how could they do it now, deprived as they were of five of their principal members, whom the ambassador well knew he had arrested in their way to the senate? Sobieski and four of his friends, being the members most inimical to

the wishes of Russia, were these five. In vain their liberation was required : Rautenfeld, enraged at the pertinacity of this opposition, repeated his former threatenings, with the addition of more ; and declared, that they should certainly take place, if the diet did not directly and unconditionally sign the pretensions both of his court, and that of Prussia.

After a hard contention of many hours, at last the members agreed amongst themselves, to make a solemn public protest against the present tyrannous measures of the Russian ambassador ; and, seeing that any attempt to inspire him even with decency was useless, they determined to cease all debate, and keep a profound silence, when the marshal should propose the project in demand.

This sorrowful silence was commenced in resentment, and retained through despair ; this sorrowful silence was called, by their usurpers, a consent ; this sorrowful silence is held up to the world, and to posterity, as a free cession of the Poles, of all those rights, which they had received from nature, and defended with their blood.

The morning after this dreadful day, the senate met at one of the private palaces ; and indignant, and broken hearted, they delivered the following declaration to the people :

" The diet of Poland, hemmed in by foreign troops ; menaced with an invasion, which would be attended by universal ruin ; and finally, insulted by a thousand outrages, have been forced to witness the signing of a treaty with Prussia.

" They strenuously endeavoured to add to that treaty, some conditions, to which they supposed the lamentable state of this country would have

extorted an acquiescence, even from the heart of power: but the diet were deceived; they found, that power was unaccompanied by humanity: they found that Prussia, having thrown his victim to the ground, would not refrain from exulting in the barbarous triumph of trampling upon her neck.

"The diet rely on the justice of Poland; rely on her belief, that they would not betray the citadel, which she confided to their keeping: her preservation is dearer to them than their lives; but fate seems to be on the side of their destroyer. Fresh insults have been heaped upon their heads, and new hardships have been imposed upon them. To prevent all deliberations on this debasing treaty, they are not only surrounded by foreign troops, and dared with hostile messages, but they have been violated by the arrest of their prime members; whilst those who are still suffered to possess a personal freedom have the most galling shackles laid upon their minds.

"Therefore, I, the king of Poland, enervated by age, and sinking under the accumulated weight of afflictions; and also, we, the members of the diet, declare, that being unable, even by the sacrifice of our lives, to relieve our country from the yoke of its oppressors, we consign it to posterity.

"In another age, means may be found, to rescue it from chains and misery; but such means are not in our power. Other countries neglect us: whilst they reprobate the violations, which a neighbouring nation is alleged to have committed against rational liberty, they behold, not only with apathy, but with approbation, the ravages which are now desolating Poland. Posterity must avenge it; we have done. We accede, for the reasons

above mentioned, to the treaty laid before us; though we declare, that it is contrary to our wishes, to our sentiments, and to our rights."

Thus, in November, 1793, compressed to one fourth of her dimensions, within the lines of demarcation drawn by her enemies, Poland was stripped of her rank in Europe: the lands of her nobles given to strangers; and her citizens left to perish in chains. Ill-fated nation! Posterity will weep over thy wrongs; whilst the burning blush of shame, that their fathers witnessed such wrongs unmoved, shall cause the tears to blister as they fall.

During these transactions, the countess Sobieski continued in solitude at Villanow, awaiting with awful anxiety the termination of those portentous events, which so deeply involved her own comforts with those of her country. Her father was in prison, her son at a distance with the army. Sick at heart, she saw the opening of that spring, which might be the commencement only of a new season of injuries: and her fears were prophetic.

Those soldiers who had dared to retain their arms in their hands were again ordered by the Russian ambassador to lay them down. Some few, thinking denial vain, obeyed; but those of bolder spirits followed Thaddeus Sobieski into South Prussia: whither he had directed his steps on the arrest of his grandfather; and where he had gathered, and kept together, a handful of brave men still faithful to their liberties. Indeed his name alone collected numbers around him, in every district through which he marched. Persecution from their adversary, as well as admiration of Thaddeus, gave a resistless power to his appear-

ance, look, and voice ; all which had such an effect on this afflicted people, that they crowded to his standard by hundreds : whilst their lords, having caught a similar fire, from the blazing ardour of the young count, committed themselves, without reserve, to his sole judgment and command. The empress, hearing of this, ordered Stanislaus to command him directly to disband his troops : but the king refusing, she augmented the strength of her own forces ; and, enraged at such stubborn resistance, renewed the war with redoubled horrors.

The palatine remained in confinement, hopeless of obtaining release without the aid of stratagem. The emissaries of Catherine were too well aware of their interest, to give freedom to so active an opponent. They loaded him with irons and insult ; but in spite of their arts, this patriotic victim to vindictive tyranny received every consolation which can sooth a brave man, (his own arms being tied from serving his country,) in the information, which the blind malice of his jailors hourly brought to him. They told him, "that his grandson continued to carry himself with such insolent opposition in the south, that it would be well if the empress, at the termination of the war, allowed him to escape with his life." Every reproach which was levelled at the palatine, he found had been bought by some new conquest of Thaddeus ; and instead of permitting their malignity to take the effect of intimidating his age, and alarming his affection, he told the Russian officer, (whose daily office it was to attend, and to torment him,) that, if his grandson were to lose his head for fidelity to Poland, he should be almost as glad to see him

mounting the scaffold, as entering the streets of Warsaw, with Russia at his chariot wheels. "The only difference would be," continued Sobieski, "that as the first cannot happen until all virtue be dead in this land, I should regard his last gasp as the expiring sigh of that virtue, which, by him, had found a triumph, even under the axe. And for the second, it would be joy unutterable, to behold the victory of justice over rapine and murder! But, either way, Thaddeus Sobieski is still the same; ready to die, or ready to live, for his country—and equally worthy of the eternal halo, with which posterity will encircle his name."

Indeed the accounts which arrived from this young soldier, who had formed a junction with general Kosciuszko, were in the highest degree formidable to the coalesced powers. Having gained a considerable advantage over the Prussians in several places, his troops were advancing towards Inowlotz, when a large and fresh body of the enemy appeared unexpectedly in their rear. The men on the opposite bank of the river, (whom the Poles were driving before them,) at sight of this reinforcement suddenly rallied; and with an intention to retard the approach of their pursuers, and to ensure their probable defeat from the army in view, they broke down the wooden bridge, which might have brought them over. The Poles were for some time at a stand. Kosciuszko proposed swimming across the river; but, owing to the recent heavy rains, it was so swoln and rapid that the young men, to whom he mentioned the project, terrified by the blackness and dashing of the water, drew back. The general perceiving their panic, called Thaddeus to him, and both

plunged into the stream. Ashamed of their hesitation, the others now tried who could first follow this example ; and after hard buffeting with the waves, the whole army gained the opposite shore. The Prussians who were in the rear, incapable of the like intrepidity, halted ; and those in the van, intimidated at the daring courage of their adversaries, concealed themselves amidst the thickets of an adjoining valley.

The two friends proceeded towards Cracow, carrying redress and protection to the provinces through which they marched. But they hardly had rested two days in that city before dispatches were received, that Warsaw was lying at the mercy of general Branicki. No time could be lost ; officers and men had set their lives on the cause ; and they recommenced their toils, with a perseverance, which brought them before the capital on the sixteenth of April.

Things were in a worse state than even was expected. The Russian ambassador, with his usual arrogance, had demanded the surrender of the national arsenal ; and subscribed his orders with a threat, that whoever of the nobles presumed to dispute his authority should be arrested and put to death ; and, if the people should dare to murmur, he would immediately command general Branicki to lay the city in ashes.

The king remonstrated against such oppression; and to "*punish his presumption*," this proper representative of the Imperial Catherine ordered that his majesty's garrison and guards should be instantly broken and dispersed. At the first attempt to execute this mandate, the people flew in

crowds to the palace ; and, falling on their knees, implored Stanislaus for permission to avenge the insult offered to his troops. His majesty looked at them with pity, gratitude, and anguish ; for some time, his emotions were too strong to allow him to speak : at last, in a voice of agony, which was wrung from his tortured heart, he answered, "Go, and defend your honour !"

The army of Kosciuszko marched into the town at this critical moment: they joined the armed citizens : and that day, after a dreadful conflict, in which the streets were strewed with the killed, Warsaw was rescued from the immediate grasp of Russia. During the fight, the king, who was alone in one of the rooms of his palace, sunk almost fainting on the floor ; he heard the mingling clash of arms, the roar of musquetry, and the cries and groans of the combatants ; ruin seemed no longer to hover over his kingdom, but to have pounced at once upon her prey. At every renewed shot, which followed each pause in the firing, he expected the next moment to see his palace gates burst open, and himself, then indeed, made a willing sacrifice to the fury of his enemies.

Whilst he was yet upon his knees, petitioning the God of battles for a little longer respite from that calamity, which was to overwhelm devoted Poland, Thaddeus Sobieski, panting with heat and toil, flew into the room ; and, before he could speak a word, was clasped in the arms of the agitated Stanislaus.

"Are my people safe ?" asked the king.

"Yes, my liege," returned Thaddeus, "and victorious. The foreign guards are beaten from

the palace ;—your own have resumed their station at the gates."

At this assurance, tears of joy ran over the venerable cheeks of his majesty ; and again embracing his young deliverer, he said, " I thank Heaven, that my unhappy country is not totally bereft of hope. Whilst Kosciuszko and a Sobieski live, she will not quite despair."

CHAP. VI.

THADDEUS was not less eager to release his grandfather, than he had been to relieve the anxiety of his sovereign. He hastened at the head of a few troops, to the prison of Sobieski, and gave him liberty, amidst the acclamations of his soldiers.

The universal joy at these prosperous events did not last many days: it was speedily terminated, by the information, that Cracow had surrendered to a Prussian force; that the king of Prussia was advancing towards the capital; and that the Russians, more implacable, in consequence of the late treatment, which their garrison received at Warsaw, were pouring into the country like a deluge.

At this intelligence, the consternation became dreadful. The Polenese army, worn with fatigue and long services, and without clothing, or ammunition, were not in any way, excepting courage, fitted for the field.

The treasury was exhausted; and means of raising a supply seemed impracticable: The provinces were laid waste, and the city had already been drained of its last ducat. In this exigency, though hopeless of devising any expedient for even temporary succour, a council met in his majesty's private cabinet, to consult about obtaining resources. The debate was as desponding as their situation, until Thaddeus Sobieski, who had hitherto been a silent observer, rose from his seat. Whilst the

blushes of awe and eagerness crimsoned his cheek, he advanced towards Stanislaus; and taking from his neck, and other parts of his dress, those magnificent jewels, which it was customary to wear in the presence of the king, he knelt down, and laying them at the feet of his majesty, said, in a suppressed voice, "These are trifles; but such as they are, and all of the like kind which I possess, I beseech your majesty to appropriate to the public service."

"Noble young man!" cried the king, raising him from the ground; "you have indeed taught me a lesson: I accept these jewels with gratitude. Here," said he, turning to the treasurer, "put them into the national fund; and let them be followed by my own, with my plate, which I desire may be instantly sent to the mint. One half of it the army shall have; the other, we must expend in giving some little support to the surviving families of the brave men who have fallen in our defence." The palatine readily united with his grandson, in the surrender of all their personal property, for the benefit of their country: and according to their example, the treasury was soon filled with gratuities from the nobles; which enabled the army to march out, newly equipped, and in high spirits.

The countess, a third time, had to bid adieu to a son, who was now become, as much the idol of her reason, as before he had been the object of her love. In proportion as glory surrounded him, and danger courted his steps, the strings of affection drew him closer to her soul: 'the *aspiring blood*' of the Sobieskis, which beat in her veins, could not drown the feelings of a

parent; could not cause her to forget, that the spring of her existence now flowed from that fountain, which had taken its source from her. Her anxious and waiting heart paid dearly in tears and sleepless nights, for the honour with which she was saluted at every turning, as the mother of Thaddeus: that Thaddeus, who was not more the soul of council, and the sinew of war, than he was to her, the gentlest, the dearest, the most amiable of sons. It matters not to the undistinguishing bolt of carnage, whether it strike common breasts, or those rare hearts, whose lives are usually as brief as they are dazzling; this leaden messenger of death banquets as greedily on the bosom of a hero, as if it had lit upon more vulgar prey: all is levelled to the chance of war; which comes like a whirlwind of the desert, scattering man and beast in one wide ruin.

Such thoughts as these possessed the melancholy reveries of the countess Sobieski, from the hour in which she saw Thaddeus and his grandfather depart for Cracow, until she heard that it was retaken, and that the enemy were defeated in many battles.

Warsaw was again bombarded; and again Kosciuszko, with the palatine and Thaddeus, preserved it from destruction. In short, wherever they moved, this dauntless little army carried terror to their adversaries; and diffused hope, amongst the homes and hearts of their countrymen.

They next turned their course to the relief of Lithuania; but whilst they were on their route thither, they received intelligence, that a detachment from their body, having been beaten by the

Russians under Suwarrow, that general, elated with success, was hastening forwards, to re-attack the capital.

Kosciuszko resolved to prevent him; and prepared to give immediate battle to Ferfen, another commander, who was on his march to form a junction with the victorious Russian. To this effect, Kosciuszko divided his forces: half of them under the command of prince Poniatowski were to pursue Suwarrow, and keep a watchful eye over his motions; whilst Kosciuszko himself, with the remainder, to the number of six thousand men, accompanied by the two Sobieskis, would proceed towards Brzesc.

It was the tenth of October. The weather being fine, a cloudless sun diffused life and brilliancy through the pure air of a keen morning. The vast green plain before them glittered with the troops of general Ferfen, who had already arranged them in order of battle.

The word was given. Thaddeus, as he drew his sabre from its scabbard, raised his eyes, to implore the justice of Heaven on that day's events. The attack was made. The Poles kept their station on the heights. Twice the Russians rushed on them like wolves, and twice they repulsed them by their steadiness. Conquest declared for Poland. Thaddeus was seen in every part of the field. But reinforcements poured in to the support of Ferfen, and war raged in new horrors. Still the courage of the Poles was unabated. Sobieski, fighting at the head of the infantry, would not recede one foot; and Kosciuszko, exhorting his men to be resolute, appeared in the hottest places of the battle.

At one of these portentous moments, Thaddeus perceived the commander in chief struggling with his charger, which had been shot under him: he galloped to his assistance, and giving him his own, mounted another, which was offered by a soldier; and remained fighting by his side, until he saw two more horses share the same fate: and, on the next charge, Kosciuszko himself fell back on his saddle. Thaddeus caught him in his arms; but finding that his breast was immediately covered with blood, (a Cossac having stabbed the general in the back) he unconsciously uttered a groan of horror. The surrounding soldiers took the alarm, and "Kosciuszko, our general, is killed!" was echoed from rank to rank, with such piercing shrieks, that the wounded hero opened his eyes, and was preparing to speak to his young friend, when two Russian chasseurs, in the same moment, made a cut at them both. The sabre struck the exposed head of Kosciuszko, who fell senseless to the ground; and Thaddeus received a gash in his shoulder, which knocked him off his horse.

The consternation became universal; groans of despair seemed to issue from the whole army, whilst the few resolute Poles, who had been stationed near the fallen general, fell in mangled heaps upon his bosom. Thaddeus with difficulty extricated himself from the bodies of the slain; and fighting his way through the triumphant troops which pressed around him, he joined his terror-stricken comrades; who in the wildest confusion were dispersing under a heavy fire, and flying like frighted deer. In vain he called to them; in vain he urged them to avenge Kosciuszko; the panic was complete, and they fled.

Almost alone, in the rear of his soldiers, he opposed with his single and desperate arm, party after party of the enemy, until a narrow stream of the Muchavez stopped his retreat. The waters were crimsoned with blood. He plunged in, and beating the blushing wave with his left arm, in a few seconds gained the opposite bank; where, fainting from fatigue and loss of blood, he sunk, almost deprived of sense, amidst a heap of the killed.

When the pursuing squadrons had galloped by him, he again summoned strength to look around. He raised himself from the ground, and by the help of his sword on which he leaned, supported his steps a few paces farther: but, good God! what was the shock he received, when the bleeding and lifeless body of his grandfather lay before him? He stood, for a few moments, motionless, and without sensation; then, kneeling down by his side, whilst he felt as if his heart were palsied with death, he searched for the wounds of the palatine. They were numerous and deep. He would have torn away the handkerchief, with which he had staunched his own blood, to have applied it to that of his grandfather, but by so doing he must have disabled himself from giving him further assistance. He took his sash and neck-cloth; and when they were insufficient, he rent the linen from his breast; then, hastening to the river, he brought a little water in his cap, and threw some of its stained drops on the pale features of Sobieski.

The venerable hero opened his eyes; in a minute afterwards, he recognized, that it was his grandson who knelt by him. The palatine pressed

his hand, which was cold as ice : the marbled lips of Thaddeus could not move.

" My son," said the veteran, in a low voice, " Heaven hath led you here, to receive the last sigh of your grandfather." Thaddeus trembled ; the palatine continued, " Carry my blessing to your mother ; and bid her seek comfort in the consolations of her God. May that God preserve you ; ever remember, that you are his servant ; be obedient to him ; and as I have been, be faithful to your country."

" May God so bless me," cried Thaddeus, looking up to heaven.

" And ever remember," said the palatine, raising his head, which had dropt on the bosom of his grandson, " that you are a Sobieski ! It is my dying command, that you never take any other name."

" I promise."

Thaddeus could say no more, for the countenance of his grandfather became altered ; his eyes closed. Thaddeus caught him to his breast. No heart beat against his ; all was still, and cold. The body dropped from his arms, and he sunk senseless by its side.

When sensation returned to him, he looked up. The sky was shrouded in clouds, which a driving wind was blowing from the orb of the moon, as a few of her white rays, here and there, gleamed on the weapons of the slaughtered soldiers.

The scattered senses of Thaddeus slowly recollected themselves. He was now lying, the only living creature, amidst thousands of the dead, who, the preceding night, had been, like himself, alive to all the consciousness of existence. His right

hand rested on the chilled face of his grandfather, it was wet with dew; he shuddered; and taking his own cloak from his shoulders, laid it over the body. He would have said as he did it, "So, my father, I would have sheltered thy life, with the sacrifice of my own!" but the words choaked in his throat; and he sat watching by the corpse, until the day dawned, and the Poles returned to bury their slain.

The wretched Thaddeus was discovered by a party of his own hussars, seated on a little mound of earth, with the cold hand of Sobieski grasped in his. At this sight, the soldiers uttered a cry of horror. Thaddeus rose up; "my friends," said he, "I thank God that you are come! Assist me to bear my dear grandfather to the camp."

Astonished at his composure, but distressed at the deathful hue of his countenance, they obeyed him in mournful silence, and laid the remains of the palatine upon a bier, which they formed with their sheathed sabres; then gently raising it, they retrod their steps to the camp; having left a detachment to accomplish the duty for which they had quitted it. Thaddeus, hardly able to support his weakened frame, mounted a horse, and followed the melancholy procession.

General Wawrzecki, on whom the command had devolved, seeing the party returning so soon, and in such an order, sent an aid-de-camp to inquire the reason. He came back with dejection in his face; and informed the commander, that the brave palatine of Masovia, whom they supposed had been taken prisoner, along with his grandson and Kosciuszko, was the occasion of this sudden return; that he had been killed, and was now ap-

proaching the lines, on the arms of his soldiers. Wawrzecki, though glad to hear that Thaddeus was alive and at liberty, turned round to conceal his tears ; then calling out a guard, he marched at their head, to meet the corpse of his illustrious friend.

The bier was carried into the general's tent. An aid-de-camp, with some gentlemen of the faculty, were ordered to attend Thaddeus to his quarters ; but the young count, though scarcely able to stand, appeared to linger ; and holding fast by the arm of an officer, he looked stedfastly on the body. Wawrzecki understood his hesitation. He pressed his hand ; " Fear not, my dear Sir ;" said he, " every honour shall be paid to the remains of your noble grandfather." Thaddeus bowed his head, and was supported out of the tent to his own.

His wounds, of which he had received several, were not deep ; and might have been of little consequence, had not his thoughts continually hovered about his mother, and painted her affliction, when she should be informed of the lamentable events of the last day's battle. These reflections, awake, or in a slumber (for he never slept,) possessed his mind ; and even whilst his wounds were healing, produced such an irritation in his blood, as hourly threatened a fever.

Things were in this situation, when the surgeon put a letter from the countess into his hand. He opened it, and read with breathless anxiety, these lines :

" *To Thaddeus, Count Sobieski.*

" Console yourself, my most precious son, console yourself, for my sake. I have seen colonel

Lomza; and I have heard all the horrors which took place on the tenth of this month. I have heard them, and I am yet alive; I am resigned: but he tells me that you are wounded. Oh! do not let me be bereft of my son also! Remember, that you were my dear sainted father's darling: remember, that as his representative, you are to be my consolation: in pity to me, if not to our suffering country, preserve yourself, to be at least the last comfort which Heaven will spare to me. I find, that all is lost to Poland, as well as to myself; that when my glorious father fell, and his friend with him, the republic became extinct. The Russian army is now on its march towards Masovia; and I am too weak to come to you. Let me see you soon, very soon, my beloved son; I beseech you come to me! You will find me feebler in body, than in mind; for there is a holy comforter, that descends on the bruised heart, which none other than the unhappy have conceived or felt. Farewell, my dear, dear Thaddeus! Let the memory, that you have a mother, check your too ardent courage. God forever guard you. Live for your mother, who has no stronger words to express her affection for you, than that she is thy mother;—thy

"THERESE SOBIESKI."

"*Villanow, October*, 1794."

This letter was indeed a balm to the soul of Thaddeus. That his adored mother had received intelligence of the cruel event with such resignation was the best medicine, which could now be applied to his wounds, both of mind and body; and when he was told, that on the succeeding morning the body of his grandfather would be re-

moved to the convent near Biala, he declared his resolution to attend it to the grave.

In vain his surgeons and general Wawrzecki remonstrated against the danger of this project; for once, the gentle and yielding spirit of Thaddeus seemed inflexible. He had fixed his determination, and it was not to be shaken.

Next day, being the seventh from that in which the fatal battle had been decided, Thaddeus, at the first beat of the drum, rose from his bed, and almost unassisted, put on his clothes. His uniform being black, he needed no other index than his pale and mournful countenance, to announce that he was chief mourner.

The procession began to form, and he walked from his tent. It was a fine morning; Thaddeus looked up, as if to upbraid the sun for shining so brightly. Lengthened and repeated rounds of cannon rolled along the air. The solemn march of the dead was moaning from the muffled drum, interrupted at measured pauses, by the shrill tremor of the fife. The troops, preceded by their general, moved forward with a decent and melancholy step. The bishop of Warsaw followed, bearing the sacred volume in his hands: and next, borne upon the crossed pikes of his soldiers, and supported by twelve of his veteran companions, appeared the body of the brave Sobieski. A velvet pall covered it; on which were laid those arms, with which for fifty years he had asserted the liberties of his country. At this sight, the sobs of the men became audible. Thaddeus followed, with a slow but firm step, his eyes bent to the ground, and his arms wrapped in his cloak: it was the same which had shaded his beloved grandfather from the dews of

that dreadful night. Another train of solemn music succeeded ; and then the squadrons, which the deceased had commanded, dismounted, and leading their horses, closed the procession.

On the verge of the plain that borders Biala, and within a few paces of the convent gate of St. Francis, the bier stopped. The monks saluted its appearance with a requiem, which they continued to chant till the coffin was lowered into the ground. The earth received its sacred deposit. The anthems ceased : and the soldiers, kneeling down, discharged their musquets over it ; then, with streaming cheeks, rose, and gave place to others. Nine vollies were fired, and the ranks fell back. The bishop advanced to the head of the grave ; all was hushed ; he raised his eyes to heaven ; then, after a pause, in which he seemed to be communing with the regions above him, he turned to the silent assembly, and in a voice, collected and impressive, addressed them in a short, but affecting oration, in which he set forth the brightness of Sobieski's life ; his noble forgetfulness of self, in the interests of his country ; and the dauntless bravery, which had laid him in the dust.—A general discharge of cannon and musquetry was the awful response to this appeal. Wawrzecki took the sword of the palatine, and, breaking it, dropt it into the grave. The aides-de-camp of the deceased did the same by theirs ; shewing, that by so doing, they resigned their offices ; and then covering their faces with their handkerchiefs, they turned away with the soldiers who filed off. Thaddeus sunk on his knees : his hands were clasped, and his eyes for a few minutes fixed themselves on the coffin of his grandfather ; then rising, he leaned on the arm

of Wawrzecki, and with a tottering step, and pallid countenance, mounted his horse, which had been led to the spot; and returned, with the scattered procession to the camp.

The cause for exertion being over, his spirits fell with the rapidity of a spring too highly wound up, which snaps, and runs down to absolute immobility. He entered his tent, and threw himself on the bed; from which he did not arise, during five days.

CHAP. VII.

At a time, when the effects of these sufferings and fatigues had brought him very low, the young count Sobieski was aroused, by the information, that the Russians had already planted themselves before Prague, and were threatening to bombard the town. This intelligence rallied the spirits of the depressed soldiers, who readily obeyed their commander, to put themselves in order of march the next day. Thaddeus saw that the decisive blow was pending : and though hardly able to sit his horse, he refused the indulgence of a litter ; determining that no illness, however severe, should make him flag one hour from the active exercise of his duty.

Devastation was spread over the face of the country. As the troops moved, the unhappy and houseless villagers presented an agonizing picture to their view. Old men stood amongst the ashes of their homes, deploring the cruelty of power ; children and women sat by the way side, weeping over the last sustenance, which the wretched infant drew from the breast of its perishing mother.

Thaddeus shut his eyes on the scene.

" O, my country ! my country !" exclaimed he, " what are my personal griefs to thine ? Nothing, nothing. It is your wretchedness that barbs me to the heart ! Look there," cried he to the soldiers, pointing to the miserable spectacles before him, " look there, and carry vengeance into the breasts of their destroyers. Let Prague be the last act of this tragedy !"

Unhappy young man, unfortunate country! It was indeed the last act of a tragedy, to which all Europe were spectators; a tragedy, which the nations witnessed, without one attempt to stop or delay its dreadful catastrophe! O! how must virtue be lost, when it is no longer an article of policy, even to assume it!

After a long march, through a dark and dismal night, the morning began to break; and Thaddeus found himself on the southern side of that little river, which divides the territories of Sobieski from the woods of Kobylka. Here, for the first time, he endured all the torturing varieties of despair.

The once fertile fields were burnt to stubble; the cottages were yet smoking, from the ravages of the fire; and in place of smiling eyes and thankful lips, he beheld the dead bodies of his peasants, stretched on the high roads, mangled, bleeding, and stripped of that decent covering, which humanity would not deny to the vilest criminal.

Thaddeus could bear the sight no longer; but setting spurs to his horse, fled from the contemplation of scenes which harrowed up his heart.

At night-fall, the army halted under the walls of Villanow. The count looked towards the windows of the palace, and by the light shining through the half drawn curtains, soon distinguished his mother's room. He then turned his eyes on that sweep of building, which contained the palatine's apartments; but not one solitary lamp illumined its gloom; the moon alone glimmered on the battlements, silvering the painted glass of the study window, where, with that beloved parent, he had so lately gazed upon the stars; and anticipated a campaign, which had now so fatally terminated.

These thoughts, with his grief, and his forebodings, were buried in the depths of his soul. Addressing general Wawrzecki, he bade him welcome to Villanow; requesting at the same time, that the men might be directed to rest till the morning; and that he, and the officers, would partake of refreshment within the palace.

As soon as Thaddeus saw his guests seated at different tables in the eating hall, and had given orders for the soldiers to be served from the cellars, he withdrew to seek the countess. He found her in her dressing-room, surrounded by the attendants, who had just informed her of his arrival. The moment he appeared at the door, the women went out at an opposite passage, and Thaddeus, with an anguished heart, threw himself on the bosom of his mother. They were silent for some time. Poignant recollection stopped their utterance: but neither tears nor sighs filled up its place, until the countess, on whose soul the full tide of maternal affection pressed, and mingled with her grief, raised her head from her son's neck, and said, whilst she strained him in her arms, "Receive my thanks, O Father of Mercy, for having spared to me this blessing!"

Sobieski breathed a response to the address of his mother; and drying her tears with his kisses, dwelt upon the never-dying fame of his beloved grandfather; upon his preferable lot to that of their brave friend Kosciuszko, who was doomed, not only to survive the liberty of his country, but to pass the residue of his life within the dungeons of a Russian prison. He then tried to reanimate her spirits with hope. He spoke of the approaching battle, without expressing any doubt of the val-

our and desperation of the Poles rendering it successful. He talked of the firmness of the king; of the courage of the general; of his own resolution. His discourse began in a wish to cheat her into tranquillity; but as he advanced on the subject, his soul took fire at its own warmth, and he half believed the probability of his anticipations.

The countess looked on the honourable glow which crimsoned his harassed features, with a pang at her heart.

"My heroic son!" cried she, "my darling Thaddeus! what a vast price do I pay for all this excellence! I could not love you, were you otherwise than what you are; and being what you are, O! how soon may I lose you! Already has your noble grandfather paid the debt which he owed to his glory: he promised to fall with Poland; he has kept his word; and now, all that I love on earth is concentrated in you." The countess paused, and pressing his hand almost wildly on her heart, she continued, in a hurried voice; "The same spirit is in your breast; the same principle binds you; and I may at last be left alone. Heaven, have pity on me!"

She cast her eyes upwards, as she ended. Thaddeus, sinking on his knees by her side, implored her, with all the earnestness of piety and confidence, to take comfort. The countess embraced him with a forced smile, and said, "You must forgive me, Thaddeus, I have nothing of the soldier in my heart; it is all woman. But I will not detain you longer, my dear boy, from that rest which you require; go to your room, and try to recruit yourself for the dangers which I expect to-

morrow will bring forth. I shall employ the night in prayers for your safety."

Sobieski, consoled to see any composure in his mother, withdrew; and after having heard that his numerous guests were properly lodged, went to his own chamber. Next morning, at sun-rise, the troops prepared to march. General Wawrzecki with his officers begged permission to pay their personal gratitude to the countess, for the hospitality of her reception: she declined that honour, on the plea of indisposition; and in the course of an hour the count appeared from her apartment, and joined the general.

The soldiers filed off through the gates; crossed the bridge; and halted under the walls of Prague. The lines of the camp were drawn, and fortified, before the evening; at which time, they found leisure to observe the enemy's strength.

Russia seemed to have exhausted her wide regions, to people the narrow shores of the Vistula; from east to west, as far as the eye could reach, her armies were stretched to the horizon. Sobieski looked at them, and then on the handful of intrepid hearts contained in the small circumference of the Polish camp; and sighing heavily, retired into his tent; where, vainly seeking repose, he mixed his short and startled slumbers with frequent prayers for the preservation of these last victims to their country.

The hours appeared to stand still. Several times he rose from his bed, and went to the door, to see whether the clouds were tinged with any appearance of dawn. All continued dark. He again returned into his marquee, and standing by the lamp, which was nearly exhausted, took out

his watch, and tried to distinguish the points; but finding that the light burnt too feebly, he was pressing the repeating spring, which struck five, when the report of a single musquet made him start.

He flew to his tent door, and looking about him, saw that all in that quarter was at rest; then, suspecting that it might be a signal of the enemy, he hurried towards the entrenchments; where he found the centinels in perfect security from any fears respecting the sound, as they supposed it to have proceeded from the town.

Sobieski paid little attention to their opinions, but ascending the nearest bastion to take a wider survey, in a few minutes he discerned, though obscurely, through the faint gleams of morning, the whole host of Russia advancing in profound silence towards the Polish lines. The instant he made this discovery, he came down, and lost no time in giving orders for a defence; then flying to other parts of the camp, he awakened the commander in chief, encouraged the men, and saw that the whole encampment was not only in motion, but prepared for the assault.

In consequence of these prompt arrangements, the Russians were received with the cross fire of the batteries, and case shot and musquetry, from several redoubts; which raked their flanks as they approached; however, in defiance of this shower of bullets, they pressed on with an intrepidity worthy of a better cause; and overleaping the ditch by squadrons, entered the camp. A passage once secured, the Cossacs rushed in by thousands; and spreading themselves in front of the storming party, put every soul to the bayonet who opposed their way.

The Polish works being gained, the Russians turned the cannon on its former masters ; and as these rallied to the defence of what remained, swept them down, by whole regiments. The noise of artillery thundered from all sides of the camp : the smoke was so great, that it was hardly possible to distinguish friends from foes ; nevertheless, the spirits of the Poles flagged not a moment : as fast as one rampart was wrested from them, they threw themselves within another; which was as speedily taken, by the help of hurdles, fascines, ladders, and a courage as resistless, as it was ferocious, merciless, and sanguinary. Every spot of vantage ground was at length lost ; and yet, the Poles fought like lions ; quarter was neither offered to them nor required ; they disputed every inch of way, until they fell upon it in heaps ; some, lying before the parapets ; others, filling the ditches ; and the rest, covering the ground, for the enemy to tread on, as they cut their passage to the heart of the camp.

Sobieski, almost maddened by the scene, dripping with his own blood, and that of his brave friends, was seen in every part of the action ; he was in the fosse, defending the trampled bodies of those who were dying ; he was on the dyke, animating the few who remained ; Wawrzecki was slain, and every hope hung upon Thaddeus ; his presence and voice infused new energy into the arms of his almost fainting countrymen : they kept close to his side, until the Russians, enraged at the dauntless intrepidity of this young hero, uttered the most unmanly imprecations, and rushing on his little phalanx, attacked it with redoubled numbers and fury.

Sobieski sustained the shock with firmness; but wherever he turned his eyes, they were blasted with some object which made them recoil; he beheld his companions, and his soldiers, strewing the earth; and their barbarous adversaries, mounting their dying bodies, as they hastened, with loud huzzas to the destruction of Prague, whose gates were now burst open. His eyes grew dim at this sight; and at the very moment in which he tore them from spectacles so deadly to his heart, a Lavonian officer struck him with a sabre, to all appearance dead upon the field.

When Thaddeus recovered from the blow, which, having lit on the steel of his cap, had only stunned him, he looked round, and found that all near him was quiet; but a far different scene presented itself from the town. The roar of cannon, and the bursting of bombs, thundered through the air; which was rendered livid and tremendous, by long spires of fire streaming from the burning houses, and mingling with the volumes of smoke, which rolled from the guns. The dreadful tocsin, and the hurras of the victors, pierced the soul of the count; springing from the ground, he was preparing to rush forward to the gates, when loud outcries of distress issued from the interior of the place; and a moment after, the grand magazine blew up, with a horrible explosion.

In an instant, the field before Prague was filled with women and children, flying in all directions, and rending the sky with their shrieks. "Father Almighty!" cried Thaddeus, wringing his hands, "canst thou suffer this?" Whilst he yet spake, some straggling Cossacs from the town, who were prowling about, glutted, but not sated

with blood, seized the poor fugitives, and with a ferocity as wanton as unmanly, released them at once from life and affliction.

This hideous spectacle brought his mother's defenceless state before the eyes of Sobieski. Her palace was only four miles distant ; and whilst the barbarous avidity of the Russians was too busily engaged in sacking the place, to permit them to perceive a solitary individual hurrying away amidst heaps of dead bodies, he flew across the desolated meadows, which intervened between Prague and Villanow.

Thaddeus was met at the gate of the palace by general Butzou ; who, having learnt the fate of Prague, from the noise and flames in that quarter, anticipated the arrival of some part of the victorious army before the walls of Villanow. When the count crossed the draw-bridge, he saw that the worthy veteran had prepared every thing for a stout resistance ; the ramparts were lined with soldiers, and well mounted with artillery.

" Here, my dear lord," cried he, as he led the count up to the keep, " let the worst happen, here I am resolved to dispute the possession of your grandfather's palace, until I have not a man to stand by me !"

Thaddeus strained him in silence to his breast ; and then, after examining the force, and giving further orders for more commanding dispositions, he went to the apartments of his mother.

The countess's women, who met him in the vestibule, begged him to be careful how he entered her ladyship's room ; for she had only just recovered from a swoon, occasioned by alarm, at hearing the cannonade against the Polish camp.

Thaddeus waited for no more ; but, regardless of their caution, threw open the door of the chamber ; and hastening up to his mother's couch, cast himself into her arms. She clung round his neck ; and for a while joy stopped her respiration, till, bursting into tears, she wept over him, incapable of expressing by words her tumultuous gratitude at again beholding him alive. He looked on her altered and pallid features.

" O ! my mother," cried he, clasping her to his breast, " you are ill ; and what will become of you ?"

" My beloved son," replied she, kissing his forehead, through the clotted blood which oozed from a cut above his temple, " my beloved son, before our cruel murderers can arrive, I shall have found a refuge in the bosom of my God."

Thaddeus could only answer with a groan. She resumed. " Give me your hand. I must not witness the grandson of Sobieski, given up to despair : let your mother incite you to resignation. You see, I have not breathed a complaining word, although I behold you covered with wounds." As she spoke, she pointed to the sash and handkerchief, which were bound round his thigh and left arm. " Our separation will not be long ; a few short years, perhaps hours, may unite us forever in a better world."

The count was still speechless ; he could only press her hand to his lips. After pausing a moment, she proceeded.—

" Look up, my dear boy ! and attend to me. Should Poland become the property of other nations, I conjure you, if you survive its fall, to leave

it. When reduced to slavery, it will be no longer an asylum for a man of honour. I beseech you, should this happen, go that very hour to England: That is a free country; and I have been told, the people are kind to the unfortunate. Thaddeus! Why do you delay to answer me? Remember, these are your mother's dying prayers."

"I will obey you."

"Then," continued she, taking out of her bosom a picture, "Let me tie this round your neck: It is the portrait of your father." Thaddeus bent his head forward, and the countess fastened it under his waistcoat: "Prize this gift, my child; it is likely to be all that you will now inherit either from me, or that father. Try to forget his injustice, my dear son; and in memory of me never part with it. O! Thaddeus, since the moment in which I first received it, until this instant, it has never been from my heart!"

"And it shall never leave mine," answered he, in a stifled voice, "whilst I have being."

The countess was preparing to reply, when a sudden volley of fire arms made Thaddeus spring upon his feet. Loud outcries succeeded. The women rushed into the apartment screaming, "The ramparts are stormed!" and the next moment that quarter of the building rocked to its foundation. The countess clung to the bosom of her son; Thaddeus clasped her close to his breast, and casting up his petitioning eyes to heaven, "O God!" cried he, "can I not find shelter for my mother!"

Another burst of cannon was followed by a heavy crash, and the most piercing shrieks echoed through the palace. "All is lost!" cried a sol-

dier, who appeared for an instant at the room door, and vanished.

Thaddeus, overwhelmed with despair, grasped his sword, which had fallen to the ground, and crying, "Mother, we will die together!" would have given her one last and assuring embrace, when his eyes met the dreadful sight of her before agitated features, now tranquillized in death. She fell from his palsied arms back on the sofa, and he stood gazing on her, as if struck by a power which had benumbed all his faculties.

The tumult in the palace increased every moment; but he heard it not, until Butzou, followed by two or three of his soldiers, ran into the apartment, calling out, "Count, save yourself!"

Sobieski still remained motionless. The general caught him by the arm, and covering the body of the deceased countess with the mantle of Thaddeus, hurried him, almost unconscious of moving, by an opposite door, through the state-chambers, into the gardens.

Thaddeus did not recover his recollection, until he reached the outward gate; then breaking from the hold of his friend, was returning to the sorrowful scene he had left, when Butzou, aware of his intentions, just stopped him time enough, to prevent his rushing on the bayonets of a party of Russian infantry, who were pursuing them at full speed.

The count now rallied his distracted faculties; and making a stand, with the general and his three Poles, they compelled this merciless detachment to seek refuge among the arcades of the building.

Butzou would not allow his young lord to pursue the wretches, but hurried him across the park.

He looked behind him ; a long column of fire issued from the south towers. Thaddeus sighed with deep regret, " All is indeed over !" and pressing his hand to his forehead, in that attitude, followed the steps of the general towards the Vistula.

From the wind's being very high, the flame spread itself over the roof of the palace ; and catching at every combustible in its way, the Russians became so terrified at the quick progress of a fire, which threatened to consume themselves as well as their plunder, that they quitted it with precipitation ; and descrying the count and his soldiers at a little distance, directed all their malice to that point : speedily overtaking him, they blocked up the bridge by a file of men with fixed pikes ; and not only menaced the Polanders as they advanced, but derided their means of resistance.

Sobieski, indifferent alike to danger and to insults, stopped short to the left, and followed by his friends, plunged into the stream, amidst a shower of musquet balls from the enemy. In a few minutes he reached the opposite bank ; where he was assisted out of the river, by some of the weeping inhabitants of Warsaw, who had been watching the expiring ashes of Prague, and the flames, which were feeding on the boasted towers of Villanow.

Emerged from the water, Thaddeus stood to regain his breath ; and leaning on the shoulder of Butzou, he pointed to his burning palace, and said, with a smile of agony, " See what a funeral pile Heaven has raised to the manes of my dear mother."

The general did not speak ; for his emotions choaked him ; but motioning the two soldiers to proceed, he supported the count into the citadel.

CHAP. VIII.

From the termination of this awful day, in which a brave and unhappy people were consigned to slavery, Thaddeus was confined to his apartment in the garrison.

It was now the latter end of November. General Butzou, supposing that the illness of his lord might continue some weeks, and aware that no time ought to be lost, obtaining his permission, and quitting Warsaw, joined prince Poniatowski, who was yet under arms, at the head of a few troops, near Sachoryn.

Meanwhile the count Sobieski, finding himself tolerably well restored, except in those wounds of the heart, which time only can heal, was enabled to leave his room, and breathe a little fresh air on the ramparts. His first appearance was greeted by the officers, with melancholy congratulations ; but their replies soon displaced the faint smile, which he tried to spread over his countenance ; and with a contracted brow, he listened to the following information.

Prague was not only razed to the ground : but upwards of thirty thousand persons, besides old men, women, and defenceless infants, perished by the sword, the river, and the flames. All the horrors of Ismail were reacted by Suwarrow on the banks of the Vistula. The citizens of Warsaw, intimidated by such a spectacle, assembled in a body, and, driven to desperation, repaired to the foot of the throne. On their knees, they implored his

majesty to forget the contested rights of his subjects ; and, in pity to their wives and children, allow them, by a timely submission, to save those dear relatives, from the ignominy and cruelty, which had been wreaked upon the inhabitants of Prague. Stanislaus saw that opposition would be fruitless. The walls of his capital were already surrounded by a train of artillery prepared to blow the town to atoms, on the first command of the Russian general ; the fate of Poland was inevitable : and therefore, with a deep sigh, he assented to the petition, and sent deputies to the enemy's camp.

" And," continued the officer, " Suwarrow, in reply, demands, that every man in Poland shall not only surrender his arms, but sue for pardon for the past ; and these conditions are consented to."

" They never shall be, by me," said Sobieski ; and turning from his informer, he walked towards the royal palace ; hardly knowing what were his intentions, or what he had else to hope or fear.

When his majesty was apprised, that the young count Sobieski awaited him in the audience chamber, he left his closet, where he had been musing alone, and entered the room. Thaddeus, with a swelling heart, would have thrown himself on his knee, but the king prevented him, and pressed him, with emotion, in his arms.

" Brave young man !" cried he, " I embrace, in you, the last of those Polish youth, who were so lately the brightest jewels in my crown."

Tears stood in the monarch's eyes, as he spoke ; and Sobieski, with hardly a steadier utterance, answered, " I come to receive your majesty's

commands. I will obey them in all things, but in surrendering this sword (which my grandfather bequeathed,) into the hands of your enemies."

"I will not desire you, my noble friend," replied Stanislaus; "by my acquiescence with the terms of Russia, I comply only, with the earnest prayers of my people; I do not compel any. I shall not ask you to betray your country; but alas! you must not throw away your life in a now hopeless cause. Fate has consigned Poland to subjection; and when Heaven, in its all wise, though mysterious decrees, confirms the destruction of kingdoms, man has no further duty than resignation. For myself, I am ordered by our conqueror, to bury my griefs and indignities in the castle of Grodno."

The blood rushed over the cheek of Thaddeus, at this meek declaration of his majesty, to which the proud indignation of his soul could in no way subscribe; with a heated and agitated voice, he exclaimed, "If my sovereign be already at the command of our oppressors, then indeed is Poland no more! and I have nothing to do, but to perform the dying will of my mother. Will your majesty grant me permission to set off for England, before I can be obliged to witness this last calamity of my wretched country?"

"I would to Heaven," replied the king, "that I too might repose my age and sorrows in that happy kingdom! Go, Sobieski; my prayers and blessings shall follow you."

Thaddeus pressed his majesty's hand to his lips.

"Believe me, my dear count," continued Stanislaus, "my soul bleeds at this parting. I know the treasure which your family has always been to this nation: I know your own individual merit: I know

the wealth which you have sacrificed for me, and my subjects; and I am powerless to express my gratitude."

"Had I done any thing more than my absolute duty," replied he, "such words from your majesty's lips would have been a reward adequate to every deprivation: but, alas, no! I have perhaps performed less than my duty; the blood of a Sobieski ought not to have been spared one drop, when the liberties of his country perished!" Thaddeus blushed whilst he spoke; and almost repented the too ready zeal of his friends, in having saved him from the general slaughter at Villanow.

The voice of the venerable Stanislaus became fainter, as he resumed—

"Perhaps, had a Sobieski reigned at this time, these horrors might not have been accomplished! That tyrannous power, which has crushed my people, I cannot forget, was the same which put the sceptre into my hand. Catherine misunderstood my principles: She calculated on giving a traitor to the Poles; but, when she made me a king, she could not obliterate that stamp, which the KING of KINGS had graved upon my heart: I believed myself to be his vicegerent; and to the utmost I have struggled to fulfil my trust."

"Yes, my sovereign!" cried Thaddeus, "and whilst there remains one man on earth, who has drawn his first breath in Poland, he will bear witness in all the lands through which he may be doomed to wander, that he has received from you the care and affection of a father. O! Sir, how will future ages believe, that in the midst of civilized Europe, a brave people and a virtuous monarch

were suffered unaided, undeplored, to fall into the grasp of usurpation and murder?"

Stanislaus laid his hand on the arm of the count, and with a languid smile gleaming from his eyes, he said,—

"Man's ambition and baseness are monstrous, to the contemplation of youth only. You are learning your lesson early: I have studied mine for many years, and with a bitterness of soul, which in some measure prepared me for the completion. My kingdom has passed from me, at the moment you have lost your country. Before we part forever, my dear Sobieski, take with you this assurance!—You have served the unfortunate Stanislaus, to the latest hour in which you beheld him. That which you have just said, relative to the sentiments of those who were my subjects, is indeed a balm to my heart; and I will carry its consolations to my prison."

The king paused. Sobieski, agitated and incapable of speaking, threw himself at his majesty's feet, and pressed his hand with fervency and anguish to his lips. The king looked down at his graceful figure; and pierced to the soul by the more graceful feelings which dictated the action, the tear which stood on his eye-lid rolled over his cheek, and was followed by another, before he could add,

"Rise, my young friend, and take this ring. It contains my picture; wear it in remembrance of a man who loves you; and who never can forget your worth, or the loyalty and patriotism of your house."

The chancellor at that moment being announced, Thaddeus rose from his knee; and was pre-

paring to leave the room, when his majesty, perceiving his intention, desired him to stop.

"Stay, count!" cried he, "I will burthen you with one request. I am now a king without a crown, without subjects, without a foot of land, in which to bury me when I die; I cannot reward the fidelity of any one of the few friends, of whom my enemies have not deprived me; but you are young, and Heaven may yet smile upon you in some distant nation. Will you pay a debt of gratitude for your poor sovereign? Should you ever again meet with the good old Butzou, who rescued me, when my preservation lay on the fortune of a moment; remember, that I regard him as the saviour of my life! I was told to-day, that this brave man, on the destruction of Prague, joined the army of my brother, which being now disbanded, he, with the rest of my faithful soldiers, is cast forth, in his old age, on the bounty of a pityless world. Should you ever meet him, Sobieski, succour him for my sake."

"As Heaven may succour me!" cried Thaddeus, and putting his majesty's hand a second time to his lips, he bowed to the chancellor, and passed into the street.

When the count returned to the citadel, he found that all was as the king had represented. The soldiers in the garrison were reluctantly preparing to give up their arms: and the nobles, in compassion to the cries of the people, were trying to humble their necks to the yoke of the ravager. The magistrates lingered, as they went to take the city keys from the hands of their good king, who had so faithfully protected them: and anticipated, with bitter sighs, the moment, in which they

should surrender them, and their rights, into the power of Suwarrow, and that '*foul woman of the North*,' who exulted in nothing more than devastation.

Poland was now no place for Sobieski. He had survived all his kindred. He had survived the liberties of his country. He had seen his king a prisoner; and his countrymen trampled on by deceit and cruelty. As he walked on, musing over these circumstances, he met with little interruption; for the streets were deserted. Here and there a poor miserable wretch passed him, who seemed by his wan cheeks and haggard eyes, already to repent the too successful prayers of the deputation. The shops were shut. Thaddeus stopped a few minutes in the great square, which used to be crowded with happy citizens, but now, not one man was to be seen. An awful and expecting silence reigned over all. He sighed; and walking down the east-street, ascended that part of the ramparts, which covered the Vistula.

He turned his eyes to the spot, where once stood the magnificent towers of his paternal palace.

"Yes," cried he, "it is now time for me to obey the last command of my mother! Nothing remains of Poland but its soil! nothing of my home, but its ashes!"

The Russians had pitched a detachment of tents amidst the ruins of Villanow; and were at this moment busying themselves in searching amongst the stupendous fragments for what plunder the fire might have spared.

"Insatiate robbers!" exclaimed Thaddeus, "Heaven will requite this sacrilege." He thought on the countess, who lay beneath the ruins, and

tore himself from the sight, whilst he added, "Farewell, forever; farewell, thou beloved Villa-now, in which I have spent so many blissful years! I quit thee, and my country, forever!" As he spoke, he raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and pressing the picture of his mother to his lips and bosom, turned from the parapet, against which he had been leaning, and walked back to his chamber; determining to prepare that night for his departure the next morning.

He arose by day break: and having gathered together all his little wealth, the whole of which was compressed within the portmanteau that was buckled on his horse, precisely two hours before the triumphal car of general Suwarrow entered Warsaw, Sobieski left it; and as he rode over the streets bedewed its stones with his tears. They were the first that he had shed, during the long series of his misfortunes; and they now flowed so fast from his eyes, that he could hardly discern his way out of the city.

At the great gate his horse stopped.

"Poor Saladine!" said Thaddeus, stroking his neck, "are you so sorry at leaving Warsaw, that, like your unhappy master, you linger to take a last look?"

His tears redoubled; and the warder, as he opened the gate, and closed it after him, implored permission to kiss the hand of the noble count Sobieski, before he turned his back on Poland, never to return. Thaddeus looked kindly round, and shaking hands with the honest man, after saying a few friendly words to him, rode on with a loitering pace, until he reached that part of the river, which divides Masovia from the Prussian dominions.

Here he flung himself off his horse; and standing for a moment on the hill that rises near the bridge, retraced, with his almost blinded eyes, the long and desolated lands through which he had passed; then, involuntarily dropping on his knees, he plucked a tuft of grass, and pressing it to his lips, exclaimed, "Farewell, Poland! Farewell, all my earthly happiness!"

Almost stifled by emotion, he put this poor relic of his country into his bosom; and remounting his horse, crossed the bridge.

As one, who in flying from any particular object, thinks to lose himself and his sorrows, when it lessens to his view, Sobieski pursued the remainder of his journey with a speed, which soon brought him to Dantzic.

After having spent a few days in this town, by much mental exertion, he regained some firmness of mind. It was a calm, arising from the conviction, that his afflictions had gained their summit; and that, however heavy they were, Heaven had laid them on him as a trial of faith and virtue. Under this belief, he ceased to weep; but he never was seen to smile.

Having entered into an agreement with the master of a vessel, to carry him across the sea, he found, that the strength of his finances would barely defray the charges of the voyage. Considering these circumstances, he saw the impossibility of taking his horse with him to England.

The first time that this idea presented itself, it almost overset his newly arranged philosophy. Tears would have started into his eyes, had he not by force withheld them.

"To part from my faithful Saladine," said he to himself, "that has borne me since I first could use a sword; that has carried me through so many dangers; and has come with me, even into exile; it is painful, it is ungrateful!" He was in the stable when this thought assailed him; and as the reflections followed each other, he again turned to the stall; "But, my poor fellow, I will not barter your services for gold. I will seek for some master, who may be kind to you, in pity to my misfortunes."

He re-entered the hotel where he lodged, and calling a waiter, inquired who occupied the fine mansion and park, on the east of the town. The man replied, "Mr. Hopetown, an eminent British merchant, who has been settled at Dantzic above forty years."

"I am glad he is a Briton!" was the sentiment, which succeeded this information, in the count's mind. He immediately took his resolution, but hardly had prepared to put it into execution, when he received a summons from the captain, to be on board in half an hour, as the wind was set fair.

Thaddeus, rather disconcerted by this hasty call, with a depressed heart wrote the following letter.

"*To John Hopetown, Esq.*

"Sir!

"A Polish officer, who has sacrificed every thing, but his honour, to the last interests of his country, now addresses you.

"You are a Briton; and of whom can a victim to the cause of freedom, with less debasement, solicit an obligation?

"I cannot afford support to the horse, which has carried me through the battles of this fatal

war. I disdain to sell him; and, therefore, I implore you, by the respect that you pay to the memory of your ancestors, who struggled for, and retained that liberty, in defence of which we are thus reduced! I implore you to give him an asylum in your park, and to protect him from injurious usage.

"Perform this benevolent action, Sir, and you shall ever be remembered with gratitude, by an unfortunate

"POLANDER."

"*Dantzic, November*, 1794."

The count having sealed and directed this letter, went into the hotel-yard, and ordered that his horse might be brought out. These few days of rest had restored him to his former mettle; and he appeared from the stable, prancing, and pawing the earth, as he used to do, when Thaddeus was going to mount him for the field.

The groom was striving in vain to restrain the spirit of the horse, when the count took hold of his bridle. The noble animal knew his master, and became gentle as a lamb. After stroking him two or three times, with a bursting heart, he returned the reins into the man's hand, and at the same time gave him the letter.

"There," said he, "take that note, and the horse directly, to the house of Mr. Hopetown. Leave them; for the letter requires no answer."

So saying, he walked out of the yard, towards the quay. The wind continuing fair, he entered the ship; and, within an hour, set sail for England.

CHAP. IX.

Sobieski passed the greater part of each day, and the whole of each night, on the deck of the vessel. He was too much absorbed in himself, to receive any amusement from the passengers; who, observing his melancholy, thought to disperse it by their everlasting company and conversation.

When any of these officious people came upon deck, he walked to the head of the ship, took his seat upon the cable, which bound the anchor to the forecastle; and while their fears rendered him safe from their attacks, he gained some respite from vexation, though none from misery.

The ship having passed through the Baltic, and entered on the British sea, the passengers, running from side to side of the vessel, pointed out to Thaddeus the distant shore of England lying like a hazy ridge along the horizon: the happy people, whilst they strained their eyes through glasses, desired him to observe different spots on the hardly perceptible line, which they called Flamborough Head, and the hills of Yorkshire. He turned sick at these objects of pleasure, for not one of them raised a corresponding feeling in his breast. England could be nothing to him: if any thing, it would prove a desert only, which contained no one object for his regrets or wishes.

The image of Pembroke Somerset rose in his mind like the dim recollection of one who has been a long time dead. Whilst they were together at Villanow, they loved each other warmly;

and when they parted, they promised to correspond. One day, in pursuit of the enemy, Thaddeus was so unlucky as to lose the pocket book, which contained his friend's address; but yet, uneasy at his silence, he ventured two letters to him, directed merely to Sir Robert Somerset's, England. To these, he received no answer; and the palatine, and the countess, declared so much displeasure at Pembroke's neglect and ingratitude, that they would not suffer him to be mentioned in their presence, and indeed Thaddeus, from disappointment and regret, felt no inclination to do so.

When the count remembered these things, he found little comfort in recollecting the name of that young Englishman: and now that he was visiting England as a poor exile, with indignation and grief, he gave up the wish, with the hope, of meeting Mr. Somerset. Sensible that Somerset had not acted as became the man, to whom he could apply in his distress, he resolved, unfriended as he was, to wipe him at once from his memory. With a bitter sigh, he turned his back on the land to which he was going, and fixed his eyes on the tract of sea, which divided him from all that ever had given him delight.

"Father of heaven!" murmured he, in a suppressed voice, "What have I done, to deserve this misery? Why have I been, at one stroke, deprived of all that rendered existence estimable? Two months ago, I had a mother, a more than father, to love and cherish me; I had a country, that looked up to them and to me, with veneration and confidence: now, I am bereft of all; I have neither father, mother, nor country, but am going to a land of strangers!"

Such impatient adjurations were never wrung from Sobieski by the anguish of sudden torture, without his ingenuous and pious mind reproaching itself for repining. His soul was as soft as a woman's; but it knew neither effeminacy nor despair. Whilst his heart bled, his countenance retained its serenity. Whilst affliction crushed him to the earth, and nature paid a few hard wrung drops to her expected dissolution, he contemned his tears, and raised his fixed and confiding eye to that power, which poured down its tempests on his head. Thaddeus felt as a man, but received consolation as a christian.

When the ship arrived at the mouth of the Thames, the eagerness of the passengers increased to such an excess, that they would not stand still, nor be silent a moment; and when the vessel, under full sail, passed Sheerness, and the dome of St. Paul's appeared before them, their exclamations were loud and incessant. "My home! my parents! my wife! my friends!" were the burthen of every tongue.

Thaddeus found his irritable spirits again disturbed; and rising from his seat, he retired unobserved by the people, who were too happy to attend to any thing, which did not agree with their own transports. The cabin was as deserted as himself. Feeling that there is no solitude like that of the heart, when it looks around, and sees in the vast concourse of human beings, not one to whom it can pour forth its sorrows, and in return, receive the answering sigh of sympathy, he threw himself on one of the lockers, and with difficulty restrained the tears from gushing from his eyes. He held his hand over them, while he contemned

mself for a weakness so unbecoming his character.

He despised himself: but let not others despise him. It is difficult for those who are in prosperity, who lie morning and evening, in the lap of indulgence, to conceive the misery of being thrown out into a bleak and merciless world: it is impossible for the happy man, surrounded by luxury and gay companions, to figure to himself, the reflections of a fellow creature, who, having been fostered in the bosom of affection and elegance, is cast at once from society, bereft of home, of comfort, of *'every stay, save innocence and Heaven.''* None but the wretched can imagine, what the wretched endure, from actual distress; from apprehended misfortune; from outraged feelings; and ten thousand nameless sensibilities to injury, which only the unfortunate can conceive, dread and experience.

Such were the anticipating fears of the count. Books and report led him to respect the English: Pembroke Somerset, at one time, would have taught him to love them: but the nearer he advanced towards the shore, the remembrance, that it was from this country his father came, made him doubt the humanity of a people, of which his own parent and forgetful friend were such detestable specimens.

The noise redoubled above his head; and in a few minutes afterwards, one of the sailors came rumbling down the stairs.

"Will it please your honour," said he, "to get up? That be my chest, and I want my clothes to clean myself before I go on shore: mother, I know, be waiting for me at Blackwall."

Thaddeus rose, and seeing that quiet was not to be found any where, again ascended to the deck.

On coming up the hatchway, he saw that the ship was moored in the midst of a large city ; and was surrounded by myriads of vessels, from every quarter of the globe. Sobieski leaned over the railing, and in silence looked down on the other passengers, who were bearing off in boats, and shaking hands with the people who came to receive them.

" It is near dark, Sir," said the captain, " mayhap you would like to go on shore. There is a boat just come round, and the tide won't serve much longer ; and as your friends don't seem to be coming for you, you are welcome to a place in it with me."

The count thanked him ; and after defraying the expenses of the voyage, and giving money amongst the seamen, he desired that his portmanteau might be put into the wherry. The honest fellows, in gratitude to the bounty of their passenger, struggled who should obey his commands ; when the captain, angry at being detained, snatched it from between two of them, who in kindness to its master, were almost tugging it asunder, and flinging it into the boat, leaped in after it, and was followed by Thaddeus.

The taciturnity of the sailor, and the deep melancholy of his guest, did not break the silence, until they reached the tower stairs.

" Go, Ben, fetch the gentleman a coach."

The count bowed to the captain, who gave the order ; and, in a few minutes, the boy came with intelligence, that there was one in waiting ; he

took up the portmanteau, and Thaddeus followed him to the tower gate, where the carriage stood. Ben threw in the baggage: the count put his foot on the step.

"Where must the man drive to?"

Thaddeus drew it back again.

"Yes, Sir," continued the lad, "where is your honour's home?"

"In my grave," was the response his aching heart made to this question. He hesitated before he spoke. "An hotel," said he, flinging himself on the seat, and throwing some silver into the sailor's hat.

"What hotel, Sir?" asked the coachman.

"Any."

The man closed the door, mounted his box, and drove off.

It was now near seven o'clock, of a dark December evening. The lamps were lighted; and it being Saturday night, the streets were crowded with people. Thaddeus looked at them as he was driven along; "Happy creatures!" thought he, "you have each a home to go to; you have each expecting friends to welcome you; every one of you knows some being in the world, who will smile when you enter; whilst I, unhappy man! am shut out from every social comfort. Wretched, wretched Sobieski! where are now all thy highly prized treasures? thy boasted glory? and those beloved friends, who rendered that glory most precious to thee? Alas! all are withdrawn; vanished like a dream of enchantment; from which I have indeed awakened, to a frightful solitude."

His reflections were broken by the stopping of the carriage. The man opened the door.

"Sir, I have brought you to the Hummums, Covent Garden: it has as good accommodations as any in town. My fare is five shillings."

Thaddeus gave the demand, and followed him, and his baggage, into the coffee room. At the entrance of a man of his figure, several waiters presented themselves, begging to know his commands.

"I want a chamber."

He was ushered into a very handsome dining-room, where one of them laid down the portmanteau, and then bowing low, inquired whether he had dined.

The waiter having received his orders, (for the count saw that it was necessary to call for something,) hastened into the kitchen to communicate them to the cook.

"Upon my soul, Betty," cried he, "you must do your best to night, for the chicken is for the finest looking fellow you ever set your eyes on. By heaven, I believe him to be some Russian nobleman; perhaps the great Suwarrow himself."

"A prince you mean, Jenkins!" said a pretty girl, who entered at that moment; "since I was born, I never see'd any English lord walk up and down a room with such an air; he looks like a king: for my part, I should not wonder if he was one of them there emigrant kings; for they say, there is a power of them now wandering about the world."

"You talk like a fool, Sally," cried the sapient waiter. "Don't you see that his dress is military? Look at his black cap, with its long bag and great feather, and the monstrous sabre at his side; look at them, and then if you can, say I am mistaken in

pronouncing that he is some great Russian commander, most likely come over as ambassador!"

"But he came in a hackney coach;" cried a little dirty boy in the corner. "As I was running up stairs with colonel Leeson's shoes, I see'd the coachman bring in his portmanteau."

"Well, Jack-a-napes, what of that?" cried Jenkins, "is a nobleman always to carry his equipage about him, like a snail with its shell on its back? To be sure, this foreign lord, or prince, is only come to stay here, till his own house is fit for him. I will be civil to him."

"And so will I, Jenkins," rejoined Sally, smiling, "for I never see'd such handsome blue eyes in my born days; and they turned so sweet on me, and he spoke so kindly, when he bade me stir the fire; and when he sat down by it, and throw'd off his great fur cloak, he shewed a glittering star; and a figure so noble, that indeed, cook, I do verily believe he is, as Jenkins says, an enthroned king!"

"You and Jenkins be a pair of fools;" cried the cook, who, without noticing their description, had been sulkily basting the fowl, "I will be sworn, he's just such another king, as that palavering rogue was a French duke, who got my master's watch and pawned it! As for you, Sally, you had better beware of hunting after foreign men folk; it's not seemly for a young woman, and you may chance to rue it."

The moralizing cook had now brought the whole kitchen on her shoulders. The men abused her for a surly old maid; and the women tittered, whilst they seconded her censure, by cutting sly jokes on the blushing face of poor Sally, who stood almost crying, by the side of her champion Jenkins.

Whilst this hubbub was going forward below stairs, its unconscious subject was, as Sally had described, sitting in a chair close to the fire, with his feet on the fender, his arms folded, and his eyes bent on the flames. He mused : but his ideas followed each other in such quick and confused succession, that it hardly could be said he thought of any thing.

The entrance of dinner roused him from his reverie. It was carried in by at least half a dozen waiters. The count had been so accustomed to a numerous suite of attendants, that he did not observe the parcelling out of his temperate meal ; one bringing in the fowl, another the bread, his neighbour the solitary plate ; and the rest in like order : so solicitous were the male listeners in the kitchen, to see this wonderful Russian.

Thaddeus partook but lightly of the refreshment. Being already fatigued in body, and dizzy with the motion of the vessel, as soon as the cloth was withdrawn, he ordered a night candle, and desired to be shewn to his chamber.

Jenkins, whom the sight of the embroidered star, confirmed in his decision that the foreigner must be a person of consequence, with increased agility, whipped up the portmanteau, and led the way to the sleeping rooms. Here, curiosity put on a new form ; the women servants, determined to have their wishes gratified as well as the men, had arranged themselves on each side of the passage through which the count must pass. At so strange an appearance, Thaddeus drew back ; but supposing that it might be a custom of the country, he proceeded through this fair bevy ; and bowed as

he walked along, to the low courtesies, which they continued to make, until he entered his apartment and closed the door.

The unhappy are ever restless: They hope, in every change of situation, to obtain some alteration in their feelings. Thaddeus was too miserable awake, not to view with eagerness, the bed, on which he trusted, that for a few hours at least, he might lose his consciousness of suffering, with its remembrance.

When he awoke in the morning, his head ached, and he opened his eyes as unrefreshed as when he had lain down; he undrew the curtain, and saw from the strength of the light, that it must be mid-day. He got up; and, having dressed himself, descended to the sitting room, where he found a good fire, and the breakfast already placed; he rang the bell, and walked to the window, to observe the appearance of the morning. A heavy snow had fallen during the night; and the sun, ascended to its meridian, shone through the thick atmosphere like a ball of fire. All seemed comfortless without; and turning back to the warm hearth, which was blazing at the other end of the room, he was re-seating himself, when Jenkins brought in the tea-urn.

"I hope, my lord," said the waiter, "that your lordship slept well last night."

"Perfectly, I thank you," replied the count, unmindful that the man addressed him according to his rank; "when you come to remove these things, bring me my bill."

Jenkins bowed and withdrew; congratulating himself on his dexterity, in having saluted the stranger according to his title.

During the absence of the waiter, Thaddeus thought it time to examine the state of his purse: He well recollected how he had paid at Dantzic; and from the style in which he was served here, he did not doubt, but that to defray what he had contracted, would nearly exhaust his all. He emptied the contents of his pocket into his hand; a guinea and some silver was all that he possessed: a flush of terror suffused itself over his face; he had never known the want of money before, and he trembled now, lest the charge should exceed his means of payment.

Jenkins entered with the bill. On the count's examining it, he was pleased to find, that it amounted to no more than the only piece of gold which his purse contained. He laid it upon the tea-board, and putting half-a-crown into the hand of Jenkins, who appeared waiting for something, wrapped his cloak round him, and was walking out of the room.

"I suppose, my lord," cried Jenkins, pocketing the money with a smirk, and bowing with the things in his hands, "we are to have the honour of seeing your lordship again, as you leave your portmanteau behind you."

Thaddeus hesitated a few seconds, then again moving towards the door, said, "I will send for it."

"By what name, my lord?"

"The count Sobieski."

Jenkins immediately set down the tea board, and hurrying after Thaddeus, along the passage and through the coffee room, darted before him, and opening the door for him to go out, exclaimed loud enough for every body to hear, "Depend upon it, count Sobieski, I will take care of your lordship's baggage."

Thaddeus, rather displeased at his noisy officiousness, only bent his head, and proceeded into the street.

The air was piercing cold; and on his looking around, he perceived by the disposition of the square in which he was, that it must be a market place. The booths and stands were covered with snow; whilst parts of the pavement were rendered nearly impassable, by the heaps of black ice, which the market people the preceding day had shoveled up out of their way. He now recollected that it was Sunday, and consequently the improbability of finding any lodgings on that day.

He stood under the piazzas for two or three minutes, bewildered on the plan he should adopt; to return to the hotel for any purpose but to sleep, in the present state of his finances, would be impossible: he therefore gave himself up, inclement as the season was, to walk the streets until night; when he would go back to the Hummums to his bed-chamber; and in the morning quit it for a residence more suitable to the reduction of his fortunes.

The wind blew a keen north-east, accompanied with a violent shower of sleet and rain; yet such was the abstraction of his mind, that he hardly observed its bitterness, but walked on, careless whither his feet led him, until he stopped opposite to St. Martin's church.

"God is my only friend," said he to himself, "and in his house I shall surely find shelter!"

He turned up the steps, and was entering the porch, when he met the congregation thronging out of it.

"Is the service over?" he inquired of a decent old woman, who was passing him down the stairs. The woman started at this question, asked her in English, by a person, whose dress was so completely foreign. He repeated it; and she, smiling and courtesying, replied—.

"Yes, Sir; and I am sorry for it. Lord bless your handsome face; though you be a stranger, gentleman, it does one's heart good to see you so devoutly given!"

Thaddeus blushed at this personal compliment, though it came from the lips of a wrinkled old woman; and begging permission to assist her down the stairs, he asked when service would begin again.

"At three o'clock, Sir, and may Heaven bless the mother who bore so pious a son!"

As the poor woman spoke, she raised her eyes with a melancholy resignation. The count, touched with her words and manner, almost unconsciously to himself, continued by her side as she hobbled down the street.

His eyes were fixed on the ground, until, as he walked forward, somebody, pressing against him, made him look round; he saw that his aged companion had just knocked at the door of a mean looking house; and that his new acquaintance and himself were surrounded by nearly a dozen people, besides boys, who, through curiosity, had followed them from the church porch."

"Ah! sweet Sir;" cried she, "these folks are staring at so fine a gentleman taking notice of age and poverty."

Thaddeus was uneasy at the inquisitive gaze of the by-standers; and his companion observing

the fluctuations of his countenance, added, as the door was opened by a little girl;

"Will your honour walk in out of the rain, and warm yourself by my poor fire?"

He hesitated a moment; then, accepting her invitation, bent his head to get under the humble door-way; and following through a neatly sanded passage, entered a small, but clean kitchen. A little boy, who was sitting on a stool near the fire, uttered a scream at the sight of a stranger; and running up to his grandmother, rolled himself round in her cloak, crying out;

"Mammy, mammy, take away that black man!"

"Be quiet, William; it is a gentleman, and no black man. I am so ashamed, Sir—but he is only three years old."

"I should apologize to you," returned the count, smiling, "for introducing a person so hideous as to frighten your family."

By the time he finished speaking, the good dame had pacified the screaming child; who still stood trembling, and looking askance, at the tremendous black gentleman, as he stroked the head of his pretty sister.

"Come here, my dear!" said Thaddeus, seating himself by the fire, and stretching out his hand to the child. It instantly buried its head in its grandmother's apron.

"William, William!" cried his sister, pulling him by the arm, "the gentleman will not hurt you."

The boy again lifted up his head. Thaddeus threw back his long sable cloak, and taking off his cap, whose hearse-like plumes, he thought might have terrified the child, he laid it on the ground; and again stretching forth his arms, called to the boy

to come to him. Little William now looked stedfastly in his face, and then on the cap, which he had laid beside him; and then, whilst he grasped his grandmother's apron with one hand, he held out the other, half assured, towards the count. Thaddeus took it, and pressing it softly, pulled him gently to him, and placing him on his knee, "My little fellow," said he, kissing him, "you are not frightened now."

"No;" said the child, "I see you are not the ugly black man, who takes away naughty boys. The ugly black man has a black face, and snakes on his head; but these are pretty curls!" added he, laughing, and putting his little fingers through the thick auburn hair, which hung in neglected masses over the forehead of the count.

"I am ashamed your honour should sit in a kitchen," rejoined the old lady; "but I have not a fire in any other room."

"Yes," said her granddaughter, who was about twelve years old, "grandmother has a nice first floor up stairs; but because we have no lodgers, there be no fire there."

"Be silent, Nanny Robson," said the dame, "your pertness teases the gentleman."

"O, not at all," cried Thaddeus, "I ought to thank her, for she informs me you have lodgings to let; will you allow me to engage them?"

"You, Sir," cried Mrs. Robson, thunderstruck, "for what purpose? Surely so noble a gentleman would not live in such a place as this?"

"I would, Mrs. Robson; I know not where I could live with more comfort; and where comfort is, my good madam, what signifies the costliness or plainness of the dwelling?"

"Well, Sir, if you be indeed serious; but I cannot think you so: you are certainly making a joke of me, for my boldness in asking you into my poor house."

"Upon my honour, I am not, Mrs. Robson. I would gladly be your lodger, if you will admit me; and to convince you that I am in earnest, my portmanteau shall this moment be brought here."

"Well, Sir," resumed she, "I shall be honoured in having you in my house; but I have no room for any one but yourself, not even for a servant."

"I have no servant."

"Then I will wait on him, grandmother;" cried the little Nanny, "do let the gentleman have them, I am sure he looks honest."

The old woman coloured at this last observation of the child, and proceeded.

"Then, Sir, if you should not disdain the rooms when you see them, I shall be too happy in having so good a gentleman under my roof. Pardon my boldness, Sir; but may I ask? I think by your dress, you are a foreigner?"

"I am," replied Thaddeus, the radiance which played over his features contracting into a gloom; "If you have no objection to take a stranger within your doors, from this hour I shall consider your house as my home?"

"As your honour pleases," said Mrs. Robson, "my terms are half a guinea a week; and I will attend on you, as though you were my own son; for I cannot forget, excellent young gentleman! the way in which we first met."

"Then I will leave you for the present;" returned he, rising, and putting down the little William; who had been amusing himself with

examining the silver points of the star of St. Stanislaus, which the count wore on his breast: "In the mean while," said he, "my pretty friend," stooping to the child, "let this bit of silver," was just mounting to his tongue, as he put his hand into his pocket to take out half-a-crown; but he recollected, that his necessities would no longer admit of such gifts; and drawing his hand back, with a deep and bitter sigh, he touched the boy's cheek with his lips, and added, "let this kiss remind you of your new friend."

This was the first time, that the generous spirit of Sobieski had been restrained; and he suffered a pang, for the poignancy of which he could not account.

He had been accustomed to a life spent in acts of munificence. His grandfather's palace was the asylum of the unhappy; his grandfather's purse, a treasury for the unfortunate. The soul of Thaddeus did not degenerate from his noble relative: his generosity begun in inclination, was nurtured by reflection, and strengthened with a daily exercise, which rendered it a habit of his nature. Want never appeared before him, without exciting such sympathetic emotion in his excellent heart, that he rested not, until he had administered every comfort, that was in the power of wealth to bestow. His compassion and his purse were the substance and shadow of each other. The poor of his country thronged from every part of the kingdom, to receive pity and relief at his hands. With these houseless wanderers he peopled the new villages, which his grandfather erected in the midst of lands, which in former times were the haunts of wild

beasts. Thaddeus participated in the happiness of his grateful tenants; and many were the old men, whose eyes he had closed in thankfulness and peace. These honest peasants, even in their dying moments, wished to give up that life in his arms, which he had rescued from misery. He visited their cottage; he smoothed their pillow; he joined in their prayers: and when their last sigh came to his ear, he raised the weeping family from the dust, and cheered them with pious exhortations, and his kindest assurances of protection. How often has the countess clasped her godlike son to her breast, when after a scene like this, he had returned home, the tears of the dying man and his children yet wet upon his hand! how often has she strained him to her heart, whilst floods of rapture have poured from her own eyes! Heir to the first fortune in Poland, he scarcely knew the means by which he bestowed all these benefits; and with a soul as bounteous to others, as Heaven had been munificent to him, wherever he moved, he shed smiles and gifts around him. How frequently has he said to the palatine, when his carriage wheels were chased by the thankful multitude, "O, my father! How can I ever be sufficiently grateful to God, for the happiness which he hath allotted to me, in making me the dispenser of so many blessings! The gratitude of these people overpowers and humbles me in my own eyes: what have I done to be so eminently favoured of Heaven? I tremble, when I ask myself the question." "You may tremble, my dear boy," replied his grandfather, "for indeed the trial is a severe one: prosperity, like adversity, is an ordeal of our conduct. Two roads are before

the rich man ; vanity or virtue : You have chosen the latter, and the best ; and may Heaven ever hold you in it ! May Heaven ever keep your heart generous and pure ! Go on, my dear Thaddeus, as you have commenced ; and you will find, that your Creator hath bestowed wealth upon you, not for what you have done, but as the means of evincing how well you would dispense the gift."

This *was* the fortune of Thaddeus ; and *now*, he who had scattered thousands without counting them, drew back his hand with something like horror at his own injustice, when he was going to give away one little piece of silver, which he might want in a day or two, to defray some indispensable debt.

" Mrs. Robson," said he, as he replaced his cap upon his head, " I shall return before it is dark."

" Very well, Sir," and opening the door, he went out into the lane.

Ignorant of the town, and thanking Providence for having prepared him an asylum, he directed his course towards Charing Cross. He looked about him with a deepened sadness ; the wet and plashy state of the streets gave to every object so comfortless an appearance, that he could scarcely believe himself to be in that London, of which he had read with so much delight. Where were those magnificent buildings, that he expected to see in the emporium of the world ? Where that cleanliness, and those tokens of greatness and splendour, which had been the admiration and boast of travellers ? He could no where discover them ; all seemed like a dark, gloomy, mean looking city.

Hardly heeding whither he went, he approached the Horse-guards ; a view of the park, as it ap-

pears through the wide porch, promised him less unpleasantness than the dirty pavement, and he turned in, taking his way along the Bird-cage walk.

The trees, stripped of their leaves, stood naked, and dripping with melted snow. The season was in unison with the count's fate. He was taking the bitter wind for his repast; and quenching his thirst, with the rain that fell on his pale and feverish lip, he felt the cutting blast enter his breast; and shutting his eye-lips, to repel the tears, which were rising from his heart, he walked faster; but in spite of himself, the drops mingled with the wet, that trickled from his cap upon his face. One melancholy thought introduced another, until his agitated soul lived over again, in memory, every calamity which had reduced him from happiness to misery. Two or three heavy convulsive sighs followed these reflections; and quickening his pace, he walked once or twice quite round the park. The rain ceased. Hardly observing the people who passed, he threw himself down upon one of the chairs, and sat in a musing posture, with his eyes fixed on the opposite tree.

A sudden sound of voices approaching, roused him; and turning his eyes, he saw that the speakers were two young men, who, he judged by their dress, must belong to the regiment of the centinel, who was patroling at the end of the mall.

"By heavens, Berrington," cried one, "it is the best shaped boot I ever beheld! I have a good mind to ask him whether it be English make."

"And if it be," replied the other, with a sneer, "you must ask him who made his legs, that you may send yours to be mended."

"Who the devil can see my legs through that boot?"

"Oh, if to hide them be your reason, pray ask him immediately."

"And so I will, for I think the boot damned handsome."

At these words, he was making towards Sobieski with two or three long strides, when his companion pulled him back.

"Surely, Harwold, you will not act so ridiculously. He appears to be a foreigner of rank; and he may take offence, and knock you down."

"Curse him and his rank too; he is some paltry emigrant, I warrant; and may the devil fly away with my legs, if I don't ask him who made his boots!"

As he spoke, he would have dragged his companion along with him, but Berrington broke from his arm, and the fool, who now thought himself dared to it, hustled up, close to the chair, and bowed to Thaddeus; (who hardly crediting that he could be the subject of this dialogue) returned the salutation with a cold bend of his head.

Harwold looked a little confounded at this haughty demeanour; and whilst his face, for once in his life, blushed at his own insolence, he roared out, as if in defiance of shame:

"Pray, Sir, where did you get your boots?"

"Where I got my sword, Sir," replied Thaddeus, calmly; and, rising from his seat, he darted his eyes disdainfully on the coxcomb, and walked slowly down the mall. Surprised and shocked at such behaviour in a British officer, as he moved away, he distinctly heard Berrington laughing aloud,

and ridiculing the astonishment, and set-down air, of his impudent associate.

This incident did not so much ruffle the temper of Thaddeus, as it amazed and perplexed him.

" Is this a specimen," thought he, " of a nation, which on the continent is venerated for courage, manliness, and generosity ! Well, I find I have much to learn. I must go through the ills of life, to estimate myself thoroughly ; and I must study mankind in themselves, and not in their history, to have a true knowledge of what they are."

This strange rencontre was of service to him, by diverting his mind from the intense contemplation of his situation : and as the dusk drew on, he turned his steps towards the Hummums.

On entering the coffee-room, he was met by the obsequious Jenkins ; who, being told by Thaddeus, that he wanted his baggage, and a carriage, went for the things himself, and sent a boy for a coach.

A man dressed in black was standing by the chimney, and seemed to be eyeing Thaddeus, as he walked up and down, with great attention. Just as he had taken another turn, and drew near him, the stranger accosted him rather abruptly.

" Pray, Sir, are there any news stirring abroad ? you seem, Sir, to be come from abroad."

" None, that I know, Sir."

" Bless me, that's strange. I thought, Sir, you came from abroad, Sir ; from the Continent, from Poland, Sir ? at least the waiter said so, Sir."

Thaddeus coloured ; " the waiter, Sir ?" " I mean, Sir," continued the gentleman, visibly confused at the dilemma into which he had brought himself, " the waiter said that you were a count, Sir ; a Polish count ; indeed the count Sobieski !

Hence I concluded that you are from Poland. If I have offended, I beg pardon, Sir; but in these times we are anxious for every intelligence."

Thaddeus made no other reply, than by a slight inclination of his head; and walking forward, to see whether the coach were arrived, he thought, whatever travellers had related of the English, they were the most impertinent people in the world.

The stranger would not be contented with what he had already said, but plucking up new courage, pursued the count to the glass door, through which he was looking, and resumed:

"I believe, Sir, I am not wrong; you are the count Sobieski: and I have the honour to be now speaking with the bravest champion of Polish liberty."

Thaddeus again bowed; "I thank you, Sir, for the compliment you intend me; but I cannot take it to myself; all the men in Poland, old and young, nobles and peasants, were her champions, equally sincere, equally brave."

Nothing could silence the inquisitive stranger; the coach drew up, but he went on:

"Then I hope, that many of these patriots, besides your lordship, have taken care to bring away their wealth from a land, which is now abandoned to destruction."

For a moment, Thaddeus forgot himself in his country; and all her rights, and all her sufferings, rose in his countenance.

"No, Sir! not one of those men; and least of all would I have drawn one vital drop from her heart! I left in her bosom all that was dear to me; all that I possessed; and not until I saw the chains

brought before my eyes, that were to lay her in irons, did I turn my back on calamities, which I could no longer avert or alleviate."

The ardour of his manner, and the elevation of his voice, had drawn the attention of every person in the room upon him, when Jenkins entered with his baggage. The door being opened, Sobieski got into the coach; and gladly hastened from a conversation, which awakened all his griefs.

"Ah, poor enthusiast!" exclaimed his inquisitor, as the carriage drove off, "it is a pity, that so fine a young man should have made so ill a use of his birth, and other advantages!"

"He appears to me," observed an old clergyman, who sat in an adjoining box, "to have made the best possible use of his *natural advantages;* and had I a son, I would rather hear him utter such a sentiment, as that with which he quitted the room, than see him master of millions."

"May be so," cried the questioner, with a disdainful and angry glance, '*different minds incline to different objects!*' His has decided for the '*wonderful, the wild;*' and a pretty end he has made of his choice!"

"Why, to be sure," observed another spectator, "young people should be brought up with reasonable ideas of right and wrong and prudence: Nevertheless, I should not like a son of mine to run harem scarem, through my property, and his own life; and yet one cannot help, when one hears such a brave speech, as that from yon Frenchman, just gone out,—I say, one cannot help thinking it very fine."

"True, true," cried the inquisitor, "you are right, Sir; very fine, indeed, but too fine to wear;

it would soon leave us naked, as it has done him; for it seems, by his own confession, he is pennyless; and I know, a twelvemonth ago, he was master of a fortune which, however incalculable, he has managed with all his talents to see the end of."

"Then he is in distress," exclaimed the clergyman, "and you know him? What is his name?"

The man coloured at this unexpected inference; and glad that the company had not heard the first part of the dialogue, in which it was mentioned, he stammered out some words, which no one could distinctly hear; took up his hat; and looking at his watch, said, "I beg pardon, gentlemen, I have an appointment." And hurried out of the room without speaking farther; although the good clergyman, whose name was Blackmore, hastened after him, to request to know, where the young foreigner lived.

"Who is that coxcomb?" cried the disconcerted doctor, as he returned from his unavailing application.

"I don't know, Sir," replied the waiter: "I never saw him in this house before last night, when he came in late to sleep; and this morning he was in the coffee-room at breakfast, just as that foreign gentleman walked through; and Jenkins, bawling his name out very loud, as soon as he was gone, this here gentleman asked him, who that count was. I heard Jenkins say some Russian name; and tell him, he came last night, and likely would come back again; and so, that there gentleman has been loitering about all day till now when the foreign gentleman coming in, he spoke to him."

"And don't you know any thing further of this foreigner? I did not hear his name."

"No, Sir; I forget what he is called, and Jenkins has not come back, who might have told you. But I see him going across the street; shall I run after him, and ask him?"

"You are very obliging;" returned the old man, "but does Jenkins know where the stranger lives?"

"No, Sir; I am sure he don't."

"I am sorry for it;" sighed the kind questioner; "then your inquiry would be of no use; his name will not do, without his direction. Poor fellow! He has been unfortunate, and I might have befriended him."

"Yes, to be sure, doctor," cried the first speaker, who now rose to accompany him out, "it is our duty to befriend the unfortunate; but charity begins at home; and as all's for the best, perhaps it is lucky we did not hear any more about this young fellow. We might have involved ourselves in a vast deal of unnecessary trouble; and you know, people from outlandish parts have no claims upon us."

"Certainly," replied the doctor, "none in the world, more than those, which no human creature can dispute; the claims of nature. All mankind are born heirs of suffering; and as joint inheritors, if we do not wipe away each other's tears, it will prove but a comfortless portion."

"Ah! doctor," cried his companion, as they separated at the end of Charles-street, "you have always the best of the argument; you have logic and Aristotle at your finger ends."

"No, my friend; my arguments are purely christian. Nature is my logic, and the Bible my teacher."

"Ah, there you have me again. You parsons are as bad as the lawyers; when once you get a poor sinner among you, he finds it as hard to get out of the church as out of the chancery. However, have it your own way; charity is your trade, and I won't be in a hurry to dispute the monopoly. Good day. If I stay much longer, you'll make me believe that black is white."

Dr. Blackmore shook him by the hand, and wishing him a good morning, returned home, pitying the worldliness of his friend's mind; and musing on the interesting stranger, whom he admired and compassionated to absolute pain, for he believed him to be virtuous, unhappy, and unfortunate. Had he known, that the present object of his generous solicitude was the illustrious subject of many a former eulogium from himself, how much increased would have been his regret, that he had seen the *count Sobieski;* that he had seen him in distress; and that he had suffered him to pass out of the reach of his services!

CHAP. X.

The count Sobieski was cordially received by his worthy landlady; indeed he never stood in more need of kindness. A slow fever, which had been gradually creeping over him since he quitted Poland, settled on his lungs, and reduced him to such weakness, that he possessed neither strength nor spirits to stir abroad.

Mrs. Robson was greatly distressed at this sudden and violent illness of her guest: Her own son, the father of the orphans whom she protected, died a victim to a consumption.

Thaddeus gave himself up entirely to her management: he had no money for medical assistance; and, to please her, he took what little medicines she prepared. According to her advice, he remained for several days shut up in his chamber, with a large fire, his curtains drawn, and the shutters closed, to exclude the smallest portion of that air, which, the good woman thought had already stricken him with death.

But all would not do; her patient became worse and worse. Frightened at the symptoms, Mrs. Robson begged leave to send for the apothecary who had attended her deceased son. In this instance only, she found the count obstinate: no arguments, nor even her tears, could move him. When she stood weeping, holding his burning hand, his answer was constantly of this kind:

"Do not, my excellent Mrs. Robson, grieve on my account; I am not in the danger you think; I shall do very well with your assistance."

"No, no; I see death in your eyes. Can I feel this hand, and see that hectic cheek, without beholding your grave, as it were, opening before me?"

She was not much mistaken; for, during the night after this debate, Thaddeus grew so delirious, that, no longer able to subdue her terrors, she sent for the apothecary to come instantly to her house.

"O! doctor," cried she, as the man ascended the stairs, "I have the best young gentleman ever the sun shone on, dying in that room! He would not let me send for you; and now he is raving like a mad creature."

Mr. Vincent entered the count's humble apartment, and undrew the curtains of the bed. Thaddeus, exhausted by his delirium, had sunk back senseless on the pillow. Mrs. Robson, at this sight supposing him dead, uttered a shriek, which was in a moment echoed by the cries of the little William, who stood near his grandmother.

"Hush, my good woman," said the doctor, in a low voice, "the gentleman is not dead; leave the room till you have recovered yourself, and I will engage that you shall see him alive when you return."

Mrs. Robson, considering all his words as oracles, quitted the room with her grandson.

Mr. Vincent, on entering the chamber, saw that the hot and stifling state of the room augmented the fever of his patient; and, before he attempted

to disturb him from the temporary rest of insensibility, he opened the window-shutters, unclosed the room-door wide enough to admit the air from the adjoining apartment, and pulling the heavy clothes down from the count's bosom, raised his head on his arm, and poured some drops into his mouth. Sobieski opened his eyes, and uttered a few wild and incoherent words; but he did not rave, he only wandered, and appeared to know that he did so; for he several times stopped in the midst of some confused speech, and, laying his hand on his forehead, strove to recollect himself.

Mrs. Robson soon after entered the room, and poured out her thanks to the apothecary, whom she regarded as almost a worker of miracles.

"I must bleed him, Mrs Robson," continued he; "and for that purpose shall go home for my assistant and lancets: but, in the mean while, I charge you to let every thing remain in the state I have left it. The heat alone would have given a fever to a man in health."

When the apothecary returned, he saw that his commands had been strictly obeyed; and finding that the change of atmosphere had wrought some alteration in his patient, he took his arm without any difficulty, and bled him. At the end of the operation Thaddeus again fainted.

"Poor gentleman!" cried Mr. Vincent, binding up the wound before he tried to recover him: "look here, Tom," pointing to the scars on his arm and breast; "see what terrible cuts have been here! This has not been playing at soldiers! Who is your lodger, Mrs. Robson?"

"His name is Constantine, Mr. Vincent. But, for Heaven's sake, restore him out of that swoon."

Mr. Vincent poured more drops into his mouth; and a minute afterwards he opened his eyes, divested of their feverish glare, but still dull and heavy. He spoke to Mrs. Robson by her name; which gave her such delight, that she caught his hand to her lips, and burst into tears. The action was so instantaneous and violent, that it made him feel the stiffness of his arm; and, casting his eyes towards the men, who stood near the bed, he conjectured what had been his state, and what the consequence.

"Come, Mrs. Robson," said the apothecary, "you must not disturb the gentleman. How do you find yourself, Sir?"

As the deed could not be recalled, Thaddeus thanked the doctor for the service he had received; and said a few kind and grateful words to his good hostess.

Mr. Vincent was glad to see so promising an issue to his proceedings, and soon after retired with his assistant and Mrs. Robson, to give further directions.

On entering the kitchen, she threw herself into a chair, and broke into a paroxysm of lamentations.

"My good woman, what is all this about?" inquired the doctor. "Is not my patient better?"

"Yes," cried she, drying her eyes; "but the bed in which he lies, the whole scene, puts me so in mind of the last moments of my poor misguided son, that the very sight of it goes through my heart like a knife. Oh! had my boy been as good as that dear gentleman, had he been as well prepared to die, I think I would scarcely have grieved! Yet, Heaven, spare Mr. Constantine. Will he live?"

"I hope so, Mrs. Robson; his fever is inveterate; but he is young, and with extreme care we may preserve him."

"The Lord grant it!" cried she, "for he is the best gentleman I ever beheld. He has been above a week with me; and till this night, in which he lost his senses, though hardly able to breathe or see, he has read out of books which he brought with him; and good books too: for it was but yesterday morning that I saw the dear soul sitting by the fire with a book on the table, which he had been studying near an hour; as I was dusting about, I saw him lay his head down on it, and put his hand to his temples. "Alas! Sir," said I, "you tease your brains with these books of learning, when you ought to be taking rest." "No, Mrs. Robson," returned he, with a sweet smile, "it is this book which affords me rest. I have amused myself with others, and decked my mind in their gay apparel; but this alone contains perfect beauty, perfect wisdom, and perfect peace. It is the only infallible soother of human sorrows." He closed it, and put it on the chimney piece; and when I looked at it afterwards, I saw it was the Scriptures. Can you wonder that I should love so excellent a gentleman?"

"You have given a strange account of your lodger," replied Vincent: "I hope he is not a methodist; for if so, I shall despair of his cure, and think that his delirium had another cause besides fever."

"A methodist! No, Sir: he is a christian; and as good a reasonable, sweet tempered gentleman, as ever came into a house. Alas! I believe he is

more like a papist; though they say papists don't read the Bible, but worship images."

"Why, what reason have you to suppose that? He's an Englishman, is he not?"

"O no, he is an emigrant."

"An emigrant! O, ho!" cried Vincent, with a discontented and contemptuous raise of his eyebrows and voice; "what, a poor Frenchman! Good Lord, how this town is overrun with these fellows!"

"No, doctor;" exclaimed Mrs. Robson, much hurt at this affront to her lodger, whom she really loved; "whatever he be, he is not *poor*, for he has a power of fine things; he has got a watch all over diamonds, and diamond rings, and diamond pictures without number. So, doctor, you need not fear you are attending him for charity; no, I would sell my gown first."

"Nay, don't be offended, Mrs. Robson! I meant no offence," returned he, much mollified by this explanation; "but really, when we see the bread that should feed our children, and our own poor, eaten up by a parcel of lazy French drones, who have covered our land, and destroyed its produce like a swarm of filthy locusts, we should be fools not to murmur. But Mr.— Mr.—, what did you call him, Mrs. Robson? is a different sort of a body."

Mr. Constantine," replied she, "and indeed he is; and no doubt, when you recover him, he will pay you as though he were in his own country."

This last assertion banished all remaining suspicion from the apothecary; and, after giving the good woman what orders he thought requisite, he returned home, promising to call in the evening.

Mrs. Robson went up stairs to the count's chamber, with other sentiments towards her sapient doctor than those with which she came down. She well recollected the substance of his discourse; and she gathered from it, that however clever he might be in his profession, he was a hard-hearted man, who would rather see a fellow-creature perish, than administer relief to him without a reward.

But here Mrs. Robson was mistaken. She did him justice in esteeming his medical abilities, which were great: he had made medicine the study of his life; and, not allowing any other occupation to disturb his attention, he became master of that science, but remained ignorant of every other with which it had no connexion. He was the father of a family; and, in the usual acceptation of the term, a very good sort of a man; he preferred his country to every other, because it was his country; he loved his wife and his children: he was kind to the poor, to whom he gave his advice gratis, and letters to the dispensary for drugs; and when he had any broken victuals to spare, he desired that it might be divided amongst them; but he seldom caught his maid obeying this part of his commands, without reprimanding her for her extravagance in giving away what ought to be eaten in the kitchen—"in these times it was a shame to waste a crumb; and the careless hussey would come to want, for thinking so lightly of other people's property."

Thus, like many in the world, he was a loyal citizen by habit, an affectionate father from nature, and a man of charity, because he now and then felt pity, and now and then heard it preached from the

pulpit. He was exhorted to be pious, and to pour wine and oil into the wounds of his neighbour ; but it never once struck him, that piety extended farther than going to church, mumbling his prayers, and forgetting the sermon, through most of which he generally slept : and his commentaries on the Good Samaritan were not more extensive ; for it was so difficult to make him comprehend who was his *neighbour*, that the object of the argument might have been sick, dead, and buried before he could be persuaded that he had just claims on his care. Indeed, his "charity began at home ;" and it was so fond of its residence, that it "stopped there." To have been born on the other side of the British channel, spread an ocean between the poor foreigner and Mr. Vincent's purse, which, to this hour, the swiftest wings of charity could never cross. "He saw no reason," he said, "for feeding the natural enemies of our country. Would any man be mad enough to take the meat from his children's mouths, and throw it to a swarm of wolves just landed on the coast ?" These wolves were his favourite metaphors, when he spoke of the unhappy French, or of any other pennyless foreigners, who came in his way.

After this explanation, it will appear paradoxical to mention an inconsistency in the mind of Mr. Vincent, which never permitted him to discover the above Cainish mark of outlawry, upon the wealthy stranger of whatever country. In fact, it was with him as with many : riches were a splendid and thick robe that concealed all blemishes ; take it away, and probably the poor stripped wretch would be treated even worse than his crimes deserved.

That his new patient possessed some property was sufficient to ensure the respect and medical skill of Mr. Vincent; and when he entered his own house, he told his wife that he had found "a very good job at Mrs. Robson's, in the illness of her lodger."

When the count Sobieski quitted the Hummums, on the evening in which he brought away his baggage, he was so disconcerted by the impertinence of the man who accosted him there, that he determined not to expose himself to a similar insult, by retaining a title, which might subject him to the curiosity of the insolent and insensible; and therefore, when Mrs. Robson asked him how she should address him, as he was averse to assume a feigned name, he merely said *Mr. Constantine*.

Under that unobtrusive character, he hoped in time to accommodate his feelings to the change of fortune which Providence had allotted to him. He must forget his nobility, his pride, and his sensibility; he must earn his subsistence. But by what means? He was ignorant of business; and he knew not how to turn his accomplishments to account. Such were his meditations, until illness and delirium deprived him of them, and of reason together.

At the expiration of a week, in which Mr. Vincent attended his patient very regularly, Sobieski was able to remove into the front room; but uneasiness about the debts which he had so unintentionally incurred retarded his recovery; and made his hours pass away in cheerless meditation on the means of repaying the good widow, and of satisfying the avidity of the apothecary. Pecuniary ob-

ligation was a load to which he was unaccustomed; and, once or twice, the wish almost escaped his heart, that he had died.

Whenever he was left to think, such were his reflections; but Mrs. Robson, who discovered that he appeared more feverish, and had worse nights, after being much alone during the day, contrived, though she was obliged to be in her little shop, to leave either Nanny to attend his wants, or little William to amuse him.

This child, by its uncommon quickness, and artless manner, gained upon the count, who was ever alive to helplessness and innocence. Children and animals always found a friend and protector in him. From the '*majestic war-horse, with his neck clothed in thunder,*' to '*the poor beetle that we tread upon,*' every creature of creation, met an advocate of mercy in his breast: and, as human nature is prone to love what it has been kind to, Thaddeus never saw either children, dogs, or even that poor slandered and abused animal the cat, without shewing them some spontaneous act of attention.

Whatever of his affection he could spare from memory, the count lavished upon the little William. He hardly ever left his side, where he sat on a stool, prattling about any thing that came into his head; or, seated on his knee, he followed, with his eyes and playful fingers, the hand of Thaddeus as he sketched a horse or a soldier for his pretty companion.

In this way he slowly acquired sufficient strength to allow him to quit his dressing-gown, and prepare for a walk.

A hard frost succeeded to the chilling damps of November, and looking out of the window, he longed, almost eagerly, again to inhale the fresh air. After some tender altercations with Mrs. Robson, who feared to trust him even down stairs, he at length conquered; and taking the little William in his hand, folded his pelise round him, and promising to venture no farther than the King's Mews, was suffered to go out.

As he expected, he found the keen breeze act like a charm on his debilitated frame; and, with braced nerves and exhilarated spirits, he walked twice up and down the place, whilst his companion played before him, throwing stones, and running to pick them up. At this moment, one of the king's carriages, pursued by a concourse of people, suddenly drove in at the Charing-cross gate. The frightened child screamed and fell. Thaddeus, seeing its danger, darted forward, and seizing the heads of the horses, which were within a yard of the boy, stopped them: meanwhile, the mob gathering about, one of them lifted up William, who continued his cries. The count now let go the reins, and, for a few minutes, tried to pacify his little charge; but finding that his alarm and shrieks were not to be quelled, and that his own figure, from its singularity of dress, (his high cap and feathers adding much to his height,) drew on him the whole attention of the people, (who quitted the carriage, and collected round him,) he took the trembling child in his arms, and, walking through the Mews, was followed by some of the by-standers almost to the very door of Mrs. Robson's shop.

Seeing the people, and her grandson sobbing on the breast of her guest, she ran out, and hastily asked what had happened. Thaddeus simply answered, that the boy had been frightened. But when they entered the house, and he had thrown himself, exhausted on a seat, William, as he stood by his knee, told his grandmother, that if Mr. Constantine had not stopped the horses, he must have been run over. The count was now obliged to relate the whole story ; which ended with the blessings of the poor woman for his goodness in risking his own life for the preservation of her darling child.

Thaddeus in vain assured her that the action deserved no thanks.

"Well," cried she, "it is like yourself, Mr. Constantine ; you think all your good deeds nothing : and yet any little odd thing that I can do, out of pure love, to serve you, you cry up to the skies. However, we won't fall out ; I say, Heaven bless you, and that is enough ! Has your walk refreshed you ? But I need not ask ; you have got a fine colour."

"Yes," returned he, rising and taking off his cap and cloak, "it has put me in a glow, and made me quite another creature." As he finished speaking, he dropped the things from the hand that held them, and staggered back a few paces against the wall.

"Good Lord ! what is the matter ?" cried Mrs. Robson, alarmed, and looking in his face, which was now as pale as death, "what is the matter ?"

"Nothing, nothing," returned he, recovering himself, and gathering up the cloak he had let fall, "don't mind me, Mrs. Robson ; nothing," and he

was leaving the kitchen, but she followed him, terrified at his look and manner.

"Pray, Mr. Constantine!"

"Nay, my dear madam," said he, leading her back, "I am not well; I believe my walk has overcome me. Let me be a few minutes alone, till I have recovered myself. It will oblige me."

"Well, Sir, as you please!" and she courtesied; then laying her withered hand fearfully upon his arm, "forgive me, dear Sir," said she, "if my attentions are troublesome. Indeed I fear that sometimes great love appears like great impertinence; I would always be serving you, and therefore I often forget the wide difference between your honour's station and mine."

The count could only press her hand gratefully, and with an emotion, that made him hurry up stairs. When in his own room, he shut the door, and cast a wild and inquisitive gaze around the apartment; then throwing himself into a chair, he struck his head with his hand, and exclaimed, "It is gone! What will become of me? of this poor woman, whose substance I have consumed?"

It was true, the watch, by the sale of which he calculated to defray the charges of his illness, was indeed lost. A villain, in the crowd, having perceived the sparkling of the chain to which it was united, had taken it unobserved from his side; and he knew nothing of his loss, until feeling for it, to see the hour, he discovered his misfortune.

The shock went like a stroke of electricity through his frame; but it was not until the last glimmering of hope was extinguished, on his examining his room, where he thought he might have left it, that he saw the full horror of his situation.

He sat for some minutes absorbed, and almost afraid to think. It was not his own, but the necessities of the poor woman, who had perhaps incurred debts on herself to afford him comforts, which bore so hard upon him. At last, rising from his seat, he exclaimed,

"I must determine on something. Since this is gone, I must seek what else I have to part with, for I cannot long bear suspense."

He opened the drawer which contained his few valuables.

With a trembling hand he took them out one by one. There were several trinkets which had been given to him by his mother; and a pair of inlaid pistols which his grandfather put into his belt on the morning of the dreadful tenth of October; his miniature lay beneath them; the mild eyes of the palatine seemed beaming with affection upon his grandson: Thaddeus snatched it up, kissed it fervently, and then laid it back into the drawer, whilst he hid his face with his hands.

When he recovered himself, he replaced the pistols, believing that it would be sacrilege to part with them. Without allowing himself time to think, he put a gold pencil case, and a pair of brilliant sleeve-buttons, into his waistcoat-pocket.

He descended the stairs with a soft step, and passing the kitchen-door unperceived by his landlady, crossed through a little court; and then anxiously looking from right to left, to find any place in which he might probably dispose of the trinkets, he took his way up Castle-street, and along Leicester-square.

When he turned up the first street to his right, he was impeded by two persons who stood in his path, the one selling, the other buying, a hat. The thought immediately struck Thaddeus of asking one of these men (who appeared to be a Jew and a vender of clothes) to purchase his pelise. By parting with a thing to which he annexed no more value than the warmth it afforded him, he should possibly spare himself the pain, for this time at least, of sacrificing those gifts of his mother, which had been bestowed upon him in happier days, and hallowed by her caresses.

He did not permit himself to hesitate, but desired the Jew to follow him into a neighbouring court. The man obeyed ; and having no ideas independent of his trade, asked the count what he wanted to buy.

" Nothing : I want to sell this pelise," returned he, opening it. The Jew, without any ceremony, inspected the covering and the fur.

" Aye, I see it is black, lined with sable ; who would buy it of me ? It is embroidered, and nobody wears such things here."

" Then I am answered," replied Thaddeus.

" Stop, Sir," cried the Jew, pursuing him ; " what will you take for it ?"

" What would you give me ?"

" Let me see. It is very long and wide. At the utmost I cannot offer you more than 5 guineas.

A few months ago, it had cost the count twelve times as much ; but glad to get any money, however small, he readily closed with the man's price ; and, taking off the cloak, he gave it to him, and put the guineas into his pocket.

He had not walked much farther, before the piercing cold of the evening, and a shower of snow, which began to fall, made him feel the effects of his loss; however that did not annoy him; he had been too heavily assailed by the pitiless rigours of misfortune, to regard the pelting of the elements. Whilst the wind blew in his face, and the sleet falling on his dress, lodged in its embroidered lappels, he went forward, calculating whether it were likely that this money, with the few shillings he yet possessed, would be sufficient to discharge what he owed. Unused as he had been to all kinds of expenditure which required attention, he supposed, from what he had already seen of a commerce with the world, that the sum he had received from the Jew was not above half what he wanted; and, with a beating heart, he walked towards one of those shops, which Mrs. Robson described, when she spoke of the irregularities of her son, who had nearly reduced her to beggary.

The candles were lit. And, as he hovered about the door, he distinctly saw the master through the glass, assorting some parcels on the counter. He was a gentleman-like man; and the count's feelings took quite a different turn from those with which he had accosted the Jew; who, being a low, sordid wretch, that looked upon the people with whom he trafficked as pieces of wood, Thaddeus felt little repugnance at bargaining with him: but the sight of a respectable person, before whom he was to present himself as a man in poverty, as one who in a manner appealed to charity, all at once overcame the resolution of Sobieski, and he debated whether or not he should return. Mrs. Robson, and her probable distresses, rose before him;

and, fearful of trusting his pride any farther, he pulled his cap over his face, and entered the shop.

The man bowed very civilly on his entrance, and requested to be honoured with his commands. Thaddeus felt his face glow ; but, indignant at his own weakness, he walked up to the counter, and laying down the gold case, said, in a voice which, notwithstanding his emotion, he compelled to be without appearance of confusion, " I want to part with this."

The man, astonished at the dignity of his air, and the nobility of his dress, (for the star did not escape his eye,) looked at him for a moment, holding the case in his hand. The count, hurt by the steadiness of his gaze, rather haughtily repeated what he had said. The man hesitated no longer. He had been accustomed to similar requests from the emigrant French *noblesse ;* but there was a loftiness, and an air of authority, in the countenance and mien of this person, which surprised and awed him ; and with a respect, which even the application could not counteract, he opened the case, and inquired of Thaddeus, what was the price he affixed to it.

" I leave that to you," replied the count.

" The gold is solid," returned the man, laying it down, " but it is very thin ; I cannot give more than three guineas. Though the workmanship is fine, it is not in the fashion of England, and will be of no benefit to me till it is melted."

" You may have it ;" said Thaddeus, hardly able to articulate, as he again laid the gift of his mother out of his hand.

The man directly paid him down the money, and the count, with a bursting heart, darted out of the shop.

Mrs. Robson was shutting up the windows of her little parlour, when he hastily passed her, and glided up the stairs. Hardly believing her senses, she hastened after him, and just got into the room as he drank off a glass of water.

"Good Lord, Sir," cried she, "where has your honour been? I thought you were all the while in the house, and I would not come near, though I was very uneasy; and there has been poor William crying himself blind, because you desired to be left alone."

Thaddeus was unprepared to make an answer. He was in hopes to have gotten in as he had stolen out, undiscovered; for he determined not to agitate her good mind, by the history of his loss. He would not allow her to know any thing of his embarrassments, from a sentiment of justice, as well as of that pride, which all his sufferings and philosophy could not wholly subdue.

"I have been taking a walk, Mrs. Robson."

"Dear heart! I thought when you staggered back, and looked so ill, after you brought in William, that you had over-walked yourself!"

"No; I fancy my fears had a little discomposed me; and I hoped that more air might do me good; I tried it, and it has: but I am grieved for having alarmed you."

This ambiguous speech perfectly satisfied his kind landlady. Thaddeus, much fatigued by a bodily exertion, which, in the present feeble state of his frame, nothing less than the perturbation of his mind could have carried him through, went directly to bed, where tired nature soon found temporary repose in a profound sleep.

CHAP. XI.

Next morning, the count found himself rather better than worse by the exertions of the preceding day. When Nanny appeared as usual with his breakfast, and little William, (who always sat on his knee, and shared his bread and butter) he desired her to request her grandmother to send to Mr. Vincent with his compliments, and to tell him, that he was so well at present as to decline any farther medical aid, and, therefore, wished to have his bill.

Mrs. Robson, who could not forget the behaviour of the apothecary, undertook to deliver the message herself, happy in the triumph she should enjoy over the littleness of Mr. Vincent's suspicions.

After the lapse of a quarter of an hour, she reappeared in the count's room with the apothecary's assistant; who, with many thanks, received the sum total of his accompt, which amounted to three guineas for ten days' attendance.

The man having withdrawn, Thaddeus told Mrs. Robson, he must next defray the smallest part of the vast debt, which his heart should ever owe to her parental care.

"O, bless your honour; it goes to my heart to take a farthing of you! but these poor children," cried she, laying a hand on each, and her eyes glistening; "they look up to me as their all here, and my quarter-day was due yesterday, else, dear Sir, I should have scorned to have been like doctor

Vincent, and have taken your money the moment you offered it."

"My good madam," returned Sobieski, giving her a chair, "I am sensible of your kindness; but it is your just due; and the payment of it can never lessen my gratitude for the friendship which you have shewn to me, a poor stranger."

"Then, there, Sir," said she, looking almost as ashamed as if she were robbing him, when she laid it on the table, "there is my bill. I have regularly set down every thing. Nanny will bring it to me." And the good woman, quite disconcerted, hurried out of the room.

Thaddeus looked after her with admiration and reverence.

"There goes," thought he, "in that lowly and feeble frame, as generous and noble a spirit as ever animated the breast of a princess! Here, Nanny," said he, glancing his eye over the paper, "there is the gold with my thanks; and tell your grandmother that I am astonished at her economy."

This affair over, the count was relieved of a grievous load; and, turning the remaining money in his hand, how he might replenish the little stock before it were expended, next occupied his attention. Notwithstanding the pawn-broker's civil treatment, he recoiled at again presenting himself at his shop. Besides, should he dispose of all that he possessed, it would not be of sufficient value to subsist him for a month. He must think of some source within himself that was not likely to be so soon exhausted. To be reduced a second time to the misery which he had endured yesterday, from suspense and wretchedness, appeared too dreadful to be hazarded; and he ran over in his

memory the different merits of his several accomplishments.

He could not make any use of his musical talents, for, at public exhibitions of himself, his soul revolted; and as to his literary acquirements, his youth, and being a foreigner, precluded all hopes on that head. At length he found that his sole dependence must rest on his talents for painting. Of this art he had always been remarkably fond; and his taste easily perceived that there were many drawings exhibited for sale much inferior to those which he had executed for mere amusement.

He decided at once; and purchasing by the means of Nanny, pencils and Indian ink, he set to work.

When he had finished half a dozen drawings, and was considering how he might find the street in which he had seen the print-shops, the recollection occurred to him of the impression his appearance had made on the pawn broker. He perceived the wide difference between his apparel and the fashion of England; and, seeing with what security from impertinence he might walk about, if he could so far cast off the relics of his former rank as to change his dress, he got up with an intention to go out, and purchase a surtout coat, and hat, for that purpose; but catching an accidental view of his figure, and the star of St. Stanislaus, as he passed the glass to the door, he no longer wondered at the curiosity, which such an appendage, united with poverty, had attracted. Rather than again subject himself to a similar situation, he summoned his young messenger; and, by her assistance, furnished himself with an English hat and coat, whilst, with his penknife, he cut away the em-

broidery of the order, from the cloth to which it was affixed.

Thus accoutred, with his hat flapped over his face, and his great coat wrapped round him, he put his drawings into his bosom, and, about eight o'clock, walked out on his disagreeable errand. After some wearying search, he at last found Great Newport Street, the place he wanted; but as he advanced, his hopes died away, and his fears and reluctance awakened.

He stopped at the door of the nearest print-shop. All that he had suffered at the pawn-broker's re-assailed him, if possible, with redoubled violence. What he presented there, possessed a fixed value, and was at once to be taken or refused; but now he was going to offer things of mere taste, and he might meet not only with a flat denial, but affronting remarks.

He walked to the threshold of the door, then as hastily withdrew, and hurried two or three paces down the street.

"Weak, contemptible, that I am!" said he to himself, as he again turned round, "where is all my reason and rectitude of principle, that I would rather endure the misery of dependence and self-reproach, than dare the attempt to seek support from the fruits of my own industry?"

He quickened his step, and started into the shop, almost fearful of his former irresolution. He threw his drawings instantly upon the counter.

"Sir, you purchase drawings. I have these to sell. Will they suit you?"

The man took them up without deigning to look at the person who accosted him, and turning them

over in his hand, "One, two, three, hum! there is half a dozen. What do you expect for them?"

"I am not acquainted with the prices of these things."

The printseller hearing this, thought, by managing well, to get them for what he liked, and throwing them over with an air of contempt, resumed,

"And pray, where may the views be taken?"

"They are recollections of scenes in different parts of Germany."

"Ah," replied the man, "mere drugs! I wish, my honest friend, that you could have brought subjects not quite so threadbare, and a little better executed; they are but poor things at best! But every dauber, now-a-days, sets up for a fine artist; and thinks that *we* are to *pay* him for his idleness and conceit."

Thaddeus, insulted by the speech, and, above all, the manner of the printseller, was snatching up the drawings, to leave the shop without a word, when the man, observing his design, and afraid to lose them, laid his hand on the heap, exclaiming,

"Let me tell you, young man, it does not become a person in your situation to be so huffy to their employers. I will give you a guinea for the six, and you may think yourself well paid."

Without further hesitation, whilst the count was striving to subdue the choler which urged him to knock him down, the man laid the gold on the counter, and was slipping the drawings into a drawer; but Thaddeus, snatching them out again, suddenly rolled them up, and walked out of the shop as he said:

"Not all the money, of all your tribe, would tempt an honest man to pollute himself by exchanging a second word with one so contemptible."

Irritated at this unfeeling treatment, he returned home too much provoked, to think much of the consequences which might follow a similar disappointment.

The widow, who, in some measure, had become used to the fluctuations of the count's looks and behaviour, ceased altogether to tease him with inquiries which she saw he was loth to answer. She now allowed him to walk in and out without a remark; and silently contemplated his pale and melancholy countenance, when, after a ramble of the greatest part of the day, he returned home exhausted and dispirited.

William was always the first to welcome his friend at the threshold, by running to him, taking hold of his coat, and asking to go with him up stairs. The count usually gratified him; and brightened many dull hours, with his innocent caresses.

This child was literally his only earthly comfort; for he saw that, in him, he could still excite those emotions of happiness, which had once afforded him his sweetest joy. William ever greeted him with smiles; and when he entered the kitchen sprang to his bosom, as if that were the seat of peace, as it was of virtue. But, alas! fortune seemed averse to lend any thing long to the unhappy Thaddeus, which might render his desolate state more tolerable.

Just arisen from the bed of sickness, he required the hand of some tender nurse to restore his wasted vigour, instead of being reduced to the hard vigils of poverty and want. His recent disappointment, added to a cold which he caught, increased his fever and debility; yet he adhered

to the determination, not to appropriate to his own subsistence, the few valuables, which he had assigned as a deposit for the charges of his rent.

During a fortnight he never tasted any thing better than bread and water; but this hermit's fare was accompanied by the thought, that if it ended in death, his sufferings would then be over; and the widow amply remunerated by what little of his property remained.

In this state of body and mind, he received a most painful shock, when, one evening, returning from a walk of many hours, in the place of his little favourite, he met Mrs. Robson in tears at the door. She told him that William had been sickening all the day, and was now so delirious, that neither she nor his sister could hold him quiet.

Thaddeus went to the side of the child's bed, where he lay gasping on the pillow, and held down by the crying Nanny. The count touched his cheek.

"Poor child," exclaimed he, "he is in a high fever. Have you sent for Mr. Vincent?"

"O, no; I had not the heart to leave him."

"Then I will go directly," returned Thaddeus; "there is not a moment to be lost."

The poor woman thanked him. Hastening through the streets with a rapidity and eagerness, which nearly overset many of the foot passengers, he arrived at Lincoln's Inn Fields; and in less than five minutes after he had quitted Mrs. Robson's door, he brought back the apothecary.

On Mr. Vincent's examining the pulse and countenance of his little patient, he declared the symptoms to be the small pox, which some casualty had

repelled, but must be brought out, else the boy's life might be in danger.

Mrs. Robson, in a paroxysm of distress, now recollected that a girl had been brought into her shop three days ago, just recovered from that frightful malady.

Thaddeus tried to subdue the fears of the grandmother; and at last succeeded in persuading her to go to bed, whilst he and Nanny would watch by the pillow of the invalid.

Towards morning, the disorder broke out in the child's face, and he recovered his recollection. The moment he fixed his eyes on the count, who was leaning over him with parental solicitude, he stretched out his little arms, and begged to lie on his breast. Thaddeus refused him gently, fearing that, by any change of position, he might catch cold, and so again retard what had now so fortunately appeared; but the poor child thought the denial unkind, and began to weep so violently, that his anxious friend believed it better to gratify him, than hazard the irritation of his fever by agitation and crying.

Thaddeus took him out of bed, and rolling him in one of the blankets, laid him in his bosom, and drawing his dressing gown round him, to shield his face from the fire, held him in that situation asleep for nearly two hours.

When Mrs. Robson came down stairs at six o'clock in the morning, she kissed the hand of the count as he sustained her grandson in his arms, and, almost speechless with gratitude to him, and solicitude for the child, waited the arrival of the apothecary.

On his second visit, he said a few words to her of comfort; but whispered to the count, as he was feeling William's pulse, that nothing short of the strictest care could save the boy, the infection he had received being of the most malignant kind.

These words of Mr. Vincent fell like an unrepealable sentence on the heart of Thaddeus. They appeared prophetic. Casting his eyes down on the discoloured features of the patient infant, he fancied that he already beheld its clay-cold face, and its little limbs, stretched in death. The idea was bitterness to him; and, pressing the boy to his breast, he resolved that no attention should be wanting on his part, to preserve him one moment from the grave. And he kept his promise.

From that hour, until the day in which the poor babe expired in his arms, he never laid him out of them for ten minutes together: and when he did breathe his last sigh, and raised up his little eyes, Thaddeus met their dying glance with a pang, which he thought his soul had long lost the power to feel. His heart seemed to stop: and, covering the motionless face of the dead child with his hand, unable to speak, he made a sign to Nanny to leave the room.

The girl, who from respect had been accustomed to obey even his slightest nod, went to her grandmother, who was in the shop.

The instant the girl quitted the room, the count, with mingled awe and grief, lifted the little corpse from his knee; and without allowing himself to cast another glance on the face of the poor infant, now released from suffering, he put it on the bed, and throwing the sheet over it, sunk into a chair, and burst into tears.

The entrance of Mrs. Robson in some measure restored him ; for, the moment she perceived her guest with his handkerchief over his eyes, she judged what had happened, and, with a piercing scream, flew forward to the bed, where, pulling down the covering, she uttered another shriek, and must have fallen on the floor, had not Thaddeus, and little Nanny, who ran in at her cries, caught her in their arms, and bore her to a chair.

Her soul was too much agitated to allow her to continue long in a state of insensibility ; and when she recovered she would have again approached the deceased child, but the count held her down, and trying by every means in his power to sooth her, so far succeeded as to melt her agonies into tears.

Whilst she concealed her venerable head in the bosom of her granddaughter, he once more lifted the remains of the little William ; and thinking it best, for the tranquillity of the unhappy grandmother, to take him out of her sight, carried him up stairs, and laid him on his own bed.

By the time that he returned to the kitchen, one of the female neighbours, having heard an unusual outcry, and suspecting the cause, kindly stepped in to offer her consolation and services. Mrs. Robson could only reply by the sobs of an anguished mind, which were answered by the loud weeping of poor Nanny, who lay with her head against the table.

When the count came down, he thanked the good woman for her benevolent intentions, and took her up stairs into his apartments. Pointing to the open door of the bed-room, "There, madam," said he, "you will find the remains of my dear little friend. I beg you will direct every

thing for his interment, as you think will give satisfaction to Mrs. Robson. I would spare that excellent woman every pang in my power."

All was done according to his desire; and Mrs. Watts, the charitable neighbour, both from her own tenderness of disposition, and reverence for "the extraordinary young gentleman who lodged with her friend," performed her task with kindness and activity.

"O! Sir," cried Mrs. Robson, weeping afresh, as she entered the count's room, "O! Sir, how shall I ever repay all your goodness? and Mrs. Watts! good soul! she has acted like a sister to me. But indeed, indeed, I am yet the most miserable woman that lives. I have lost my dearest child, and must strip his poor sister and myself, to bury him. That cruel doctor Vincent, though he might have imagined my distress, sent his accompt late last night, saying he wanted to make up a large bill, and he wished I would let him have all, or part of the payment. Heaven knows, I have not a farthing in the house: but I will send poor little Nanny out to pawn my silver spoons; for, alas! I have no other means of satisfying the cruel man."

"Rapacious wretch!" cried Thaddeus, rising indignantly from his chair, and for a moment forgetting how incapable he was to afford relief, "you shall not be indebted one instant to his mercy. I will pay him."

The words had passed his lips: he could not retract, though conviction immediately followed, that he had not the means: and he would not have retracted, even should he be necessitated to sell every thing that he possessed.

Mrs. Robson was overwhelmed by this generous promise, which indeed saved her from ruin. Had her little plate been pledged, it could not have covered one half of Mr. Vincent's demand: who, to do him justice, would as soon have swallowed the bitterest drug in his shop, as have done any thing intentionally to cause the distress which he had occasioned. But, having been so readily paid by Thaddeus for his own illness, and observing his great care and affection for the deceased child, he did not doubt, that rather than allow Mrs. Robson a minute's uneasiness, her lodger would defray his bill. So far he calculated right; but he had not sufficient sagacity to foresee, that in getting his money this way, he should lose the future business of Mrs. Robson and her friend.

The child was to be buried on the morrow; the expenses of which event Thaddeus saw that he must discharge also: and he had engaged to pay Mr. Vincent that night. He had not a shilling in his purse. Over and over he contemplated the impracticability of answering these debts; yet he could not for an instant repent of what he had undertaken: he thought he was amply recompensed for bearing so heavy a load, in knowing that he had taken it off the worn-down heart of another.

Since his unmannerly treatment at the printseller's, he had not sufficiently conquered his pride, to attempt an application to another. Therefore, he had no prospect of collecting the money, but by selling some more of his valuables to the pawnbroker.

For this purpose, he took his sabre, his pistols, and the fated brilliants which he had brought back

on a similar errand. He lifted them out of their deposit with less reluctance than before. They were now going to be devoted to gratitude and benevolence; an act which he knew his parents, were they alive, would warmly approve; and here he allowed the end to satisfy the means.

About half after six in the evening, he prepared himself for his task. Whether it be congenial with melancholy to seek the gloom, or whether the count found himself less observed under the shades of night, is not evident; but, since his exile, he preferred the dusk to any other part of the day.

Before he went out, he asked Mrs. Robson for Mr. Vincent's bill. Sinking with obligation and shame, she put it into his hand, and he left the house. When he approached a lighted lamp, he opened the paper to see the amount; and finding it was almost two pounds, he hastened forwards to the pawnbroker's.

The man was in the shop alone. Thaddeus thought himself fortunate; and after subduing a few qualms, entered the door. The moment he laid his sword and pistols on the counter, and declared his wish, the man, even through the disguise of a large coat and slouched hat, recollected him. This honest money-lender carried sentiments in his breast above his occupation. He did not commiserate all who presented themselves before him, because many exhibited, too evidently, the excesses which brought them to his shop; but there was something in the figure and manner of the count Sobieski, which struck him at first sight; and, by keeping its station in his thoughts, it excited such an interest in his mind, as to produce

pleasure when he discerned the noble foreigner in the person before him.

Mr. Burnet (for so this money-lender was called) asked him what he demanded for the arms.

"I want, perhaps, more than you would give. But I have something else here," laying down the diamonds; "I want eight guineas."

Mr. Burnet looked at them, and then at their owner, hesitated, and then spoke.

"I beg your pardon, Sir; I hope that I shall not offend you, but these things appear to have a value annexed to them, independent of their price; they are inlaid with crests and cyphers."

The blood flushed over the cheeks of the count. He had forgotten this circumstance; unable to answer, he waited to hear what the man would say.

"I repeat, Sir, I mean not to offend, but you appear a stranger to these transactions. I only wish to suggest, that, in case you should ever like to repossess these things, had you not better pledge them?"

"How?" asked Thaddeus, irresolutely, and not knowing what to think of the man's manner.

At that instant some other people came into the shop; and Mr. Burnet, gathering up the diamonds and the arms in his hands, said, "If you do not object, Sir, we will settle this business in my back parlour."

The delicacy of this behaviour penetrated the mind of Thaddeus; and, without demurring, he followed him into a room. As Mr. Burnet offered his guest a chair, the count took off his hat, and laid it on the table. Burnet contemplated the saddened dignity of his countenance with renewed

interest and respect; and, entreating him to be seated, resumed the conversation.

"I see, Sir, you do not understand the meaning of pledging, or pawning, for it is one and the same thing; but I will explain it in two words. If you leave these things with me, I will give you a paper in acknowledgment, and *lend* on them the guineas you request; which, when you return to me, with a stated interest, you shall have your deposit in exchange."

Sobieski received this offer with pleasure and thanks. He had entertained no idea of any thing more being meant by the trade of a pawnbroker, than a man who bought what others wished to sell.

"Then, Sir," continued Burnet, opening an escrutoire, "I will give you the money, and write the paper I spoke of."

As he put his hand to a drawer, he heard voices in an adjoining passage, and instantly shutting up the desk, he caught up the things on the table, threw them behind a curtain, and hastily taking the count by the hand, "My dear Sir," cried he, "do oblige me, and step into that closet; you will find a chair. A person is coming, whom I will dispatch in a few seconds."

Thaddeus, rather surprised at such hurry, did as he was desired; and the door was closed on him just as the parlour door opened. Being aware, from such concealment, that the visitor came on secret business, he found his situation not a little awkward. Seated behind a curtain window, which the lights in the room made transparent, he could not avoid seeing, as well as hearing, every thing that passed.

"My dear Mr. Burnet," cried an elegant young creature, who ran into the apartment, "positively, without your assistance, I shall be undone."

"Any thing in my power, madam," returned Mr. Burnet, with a distant, respectful voice; "will your ladyship sit down?"

"Yes; give me a chair: I am half dead with distraction. Mr. Burnet, I must have another hundred upon those jewels."

"Indeed, my lady, it is not in my power; you have already had twelve hundred, and, upon my honour, that is a hundred and fifty more than I ought to have given."

"Pugh, who minds the honour of a pawnbroker!" cried the lady, laughing; "you know very well you live by cheating."

"Well, ma'am," returned he, with a goodnatured smile, "as your ladyship pleases."

"Then I please that you let me have another hundred. Why man, you know you lent Mrs. Hinchinbroke two thousand upon a case of diamonds not a quarter so many as mine."

"But consider, madam, Mrs. Hinchinbroke's were of the best water."

"Positively, Mr. Burdet," exclaimed her ladyship, purposely miscalling his name, "not better than mine! The king of Sardinia gave them to Sir Charles when he knighted him. I know mine are the best, and I must have another hundred. Upon my soul, my servants have not had a guinea of board wages these four months, and they tell me they are starving. Come, make haste, Mr. Burnet; you cannot expect me to stay here all night; give me the money."

"Indeed, my lady, I cannot."

"Heavens, what a brute of a man you are! There," cried she, taking a string of pearls from her neck, and throwing it on the table, "lend me some of your trumpery out of your shop, for I am going immediately from hence to take up the Misses Dundas to the play; and so give me the hundred on that, and let me go."

"This is not worth a hundred."

"What a teasing man you are!" cried her ladyship angrily. "Well, let me have the money now, and I will send you the bracelets which belong to the necklace to-morrow."

"Upon those conditions I will give your ladyship another hundred."

"O do; you are the veriest miser I ever met with. You are worse than Shylock, or,—Good Lord! what is this?" exclaimed she, interrupting herself, and taking up the draft he had laid before her; "and have you the conscience to think, Mr. Pawnbroker, that *I* will offer this at your banker's? that I will expose myself so far? No, no; take it back, and give me gold. Come, dispatch! else I cannot go to the play. Look, there is my purse," added she, shewing it, "make haste and fill it."

After satisfying her demands, Mr. Burnet handed her ladyship out the way she came in, which was by a private passage; and, having seated her in her carriage, made his bow.

Meanwhile, the count Sobieski, wrapped in astonishment at the profligacy which the scene he had witnessed implied, remained in concealment until the pawnbroker returned and opened the closet-door.

"Sir," said he, colouring, "you have undesignedly, on your part, been privy to a very delicate affair; but my credit, Sir, and your honour."

"Shall both be sacred," replied the count, anxious to relieve the poor man from his perplexity, and forbearing to express surprise: But Burnet perceived it in his look, and before he proceeded to fulfil his engagement with him, stepped half way to the escrutoire, and resumed:

"You appear amazed, Sir, at what you have seen. And, if I am not mistaken, you are from abroad."

"Indeed I am amazed," replied Sobieski; "and I am from a country, where the slightest suspicion of a transaction, such as this, would brand the woman with infamy."

"And so it ought," answered Burnet, "though, by that assertion, I speak against my own interest; for it is by such as Lady Villiers, that we make our money. Now, Sir," continued he, drawing nearer to the table, "perhaps, after what you have just beheld, you will not hesitate to credit what I am going to tell you. I have now in my hands, the jewels of one dutchess, of three countesses, and of women of fashion without number. When these ladies have an ill run at play, they apply to me in their exigences; they bring their diamonds here, and, as their occasions require, on this deposit I lend them money; for which they make me a handsome present, when they are released."

"Gracious Heaven! exclaimed Thaddeus, "what a degrading system of deceit must govern the lives of these women!"

"It is very lamentable," returned Burnet, "but so it is. And they continue to manage matters

very cleverly. By giving me their note, or word of honour, (for if these ladies are not honourable with me, I have their reputations so much in my power, that I keep them in awe ; and, whatever be their characters, I have no fears on that head ;) I allow them to have the jewels out for the birth-days, and receive them again when their exhibition is over. As a compensation for these little indulgences, I expect considerable additions to the present at the end."

Thaddeus could hardly believe such a history of those women, whom travellers mentioned, as not only the most lovely, but the most amiable creatures in the world.

"Surely, Mr. Burnet," cried he, "these women must despise each other, and become contemptible even to our sex !"

"O, no," rejoined the pawnbroker, "they seldom trust each other in these affairs. All my fair customers are not so silly as that pretty little lady who just now left us. She, and another woman of quality, have made each other confidants in this business. And Lord have mercy upon me when they come together ! They are as ravenous of my money as if it had no other use but to supply them. As to their husbands, brothers, and fathers, they are usually the last people who suspect or hear of these matters : Their applications, when they run out, are made to Jews and professed usurers, a race completely out of our line."

"But are all English women of quality of this disgraceful stamp ?"

"No, Heaven forbid !" cried Burnet, "if these female spendthrifts were not held in awe by the dread of superior characters, we could have no de-

pendence on their promises. O, no ; there are ladies about the court, whose virtues are as eminent as their rank : women, whose actions might all be performed in mid-day, before the world ; and them, I never see within my doors."

" Well, Mr. Burnet," rejoined Thaddeus, smiling, " I am glad to hear that. Yet I cannot forget the unexpected view of the so famous British fair, which this night has offered to my eyes. It is strange !"

" It is very bad indeed, Sir," returned the man, giving him the money and the paper he had been preparing ; " but if you should have occasion to call again upon me, perhaps you may be astonished still farther."

The count bowed ; and, thanking him for his kindness, wished him a good evening, and left the shop.

It was about seven o'clock when Thaddeus arrived at the apothecary's. Mr. Vincent was from home. To say the truth, he had purposely gone out of the way. For though he did not hesitate to commit a shabby action, he wanted courage to face its consequence ; and, to avoid the probable remonstrances of Mrs. Robson, he commissioned his assistant to receive the amount of the bill. The count, without making an observation, having paid the man, was returning homeward, along Duke's-street and the piazzas of Drury-lane Theatre, when the crowd, pressing round the doors, constrained him to stop.

After two or three ineffectual attempts to get through the bustle, without throwing himself into the midst of the splendid groupes, which were

passing from their carriages to the doors, he retreated a little behind the mob, at the moment when a chariot drew up, and a gentleman stepping out with two ladies, darted with them into the house. One glance was sufficient for the count, who recognised his friend Pembroke Somerset, in high dress, gay, and laughing. The heart of Thaddeus sprang to him at the sight; and, forgetting his neglect, and his own misfortunes, he ejaculated,

"Somerset!"

Trembling with eagerness and pleasure, he pressed through the crowd, and entered the passage, at the instant the green door shut in upon his friend.

The disappointment was dreadful. To be so near Somerset, and to lose him, was more than he could sustain. His bounding heart recoiled; and the chill of despair running through his veins, turned him almost faint. Leaning against the door, he took his hat off to give himself a little air. He scarcely had stood a minute in this situation, revolving whether he should follow his friend into the house, or wait until he came out again, when a gentleman begged him to make way for a party of ladies that were entering. Thaddeus moved on one side; but the opening of the green door casting a strong light, both on his face, and the groupe behind, his eyes and those of the impertinent inquisitor of the Hummums met each other.

Whether the man were conscious that he deserved chastisement for his former insolence, and dreaded to meet it now, cannot be explained; but he turned pale, and shuffled by Thaddeus, as if he were fearful to trust himself within reach of his

grasp. For the count, he was too deeply interested in his own pursuit, to waste one surmise upon him.

He continued to muse on the sudden and unexpected sight of Pembroke Somerset, which had conjured up ten thousand fond and distressing recollections; and, with impatient anxiety, determining to watch till the performance was over, he thought of inquiring his friend's address of the servants; but, on looking round for that purpose, he perceived that the chariot had driven away.

Thus foiled, he returned to his post near the green door; which was opened at intervals, by footmen, passing and repassing. Seeing that the chamber within was a lobby in which it would be less likely that he should miss his object, than if he stood without, he entered with the next person that approached; and, finding seats along the sides of the place, he sat down on the one nearest to the stairs.

His first idea was to proceed into the play-house. But, on reflection, he considered the little chance of discovering any particular individual in so vast a building, as not equal to the expense he must incur. Besides, from the dress of the gentlemen who entered the box-door, he was sensible that a great coat and round hat were not admissible.

Having remained above an hour, with his eyes invariably fixed on the stairs, he observed that same curious person, who had passed almost directly after his friend, come down the steps, and walk out of the door. In two minutes he was returning with a smirking countenance, and alert steps, when his eyes accidentally falling on the count, (who sat with his arms folded, and himself almost hidden by the shadow of the wall,) he faltered in his walk;

and, stretching out his neck towards him, the gay grin left his features; and exclaiming in an impatient voice, "Confound him!" he hastened once more into the house.

This rencontre with his Hummums acquaintance affected Thaddeus as slightly as the former; and without annexing even a thought to his figure, as it flitted by him, he remained watching the passage until half after eleven: at which hour the doors being thrown open, the company began to pour forth.

The count's hopes were again on his lips and in his eyes. With the first party who came down the steps he rose; and planting himself close to the bottom stair, drew his hat over his face, and narrowly examined each groupe as it descended. Every set that approached made his heart palpitate: how often did it rise and fall, during the long succession, which continued moving, for near half an hour!

By twelve, the house was cleared. He saw the middle door locked; and, motionless with disappointment, did not attempt to stir, until the man, who held the keys, told him to go, as he was about to fasten the other doors.

This roused Thaddeus; and as he was preparing to obey, he asked the man, if there were any other passage from the boxes.

"Yes," cried he, "there is one that leads into Drury-lane."

"Then, by that I have lost him!" was the reply which he made to himself. And, returning homewards, he arrived there a few minutes after twelve.

CHAP. XII.

THADDEUS awoke in the morning with his heart full of the last night's rencontre. One moment, he regretted that he had not been seen by his friend; and in the next, when he surveyed his altered state, was almost reconciled to the disappointment: then reproaching himself for a pride so unbecoming his principles, and dishonourable to friendship, he asked, if he were in Somerset's place, and Somerset in his, whether he could ever pardon the morose delicacy, which prevented the communication of his friend's misfortunes, and arrival in the same kingdom with himself?

These reflections soon persuaded his judgment to what he was so much inclined, determining him to inquire Pembroke's address of every one likely to know a man of Sir Robert Somerset's consequence; and then to venture a letter.

In the midst of these meditations the door opened, and Mrs. Robson appeared, drowned in tears.

"My dear, dear Sir!" cried she, "my William is going; I have just taken a last look of its sweet face. Will you go down, and say farewell, to the poor child you loved so dearly?"

"No, my good madam;" returned Thaddeus, his straying thoughts at once gathering round this mournful centre, "I will rather retain you here until the melancholy task be entirely accomplished."

With a gentle violence he forced her upon a seat, and, in silence, supported her head on his breast, against which she unconsciously leaned and wept. He listened with a depressed heart to the removal of the coffin ; and at the closing of the street-door, which forever shut the little William from that house, in which he had been the source of pleasure, a tear trickled down the cheek of Thaddeus ; and the sobbings of the poor grandmother were audible.

The count, incapable of speaking, pressed her hand in his.

" O, Mr. Constantine !" cried she, " see how my supports, one after the other, are taken from me ! first my son and now his infant ! To what shall I be reduced ?"

" You have still, my good Mrs. Robson, a friend in heaven, who will supply the place of all you have lost on earth."

" True, dear Sir ; I am a wicked creature to speak as I have done : but it is hard to suffer ; it is hard to lose all we loved in the world !"

" It is," returned the count, greatly affected by her grief. " But God, who is perfect wisdom, as well as perfect love, chooseth rather to profit us, than to please us, in his dispensations. Our sweet William has gained by our loss ; he is blest in heaven, while we weakly lament him on earth. Besides, you are not yet deprived of all ; you have a granddaughter."

" Ah ! poor little thing ! what will become of her when I die ? I used to think, what a precious brother my darling boy would prove to his sister, when I should be no more !"

This additional image, which her fancy had conjured up, augmented the affliction of the good old

woman. And Thaddeus, looking on her with affectionate compassion, exclaimed,

" Mrs. Robson, the same almighty Being that protected me, the last of my family, will protect the orphan offspring of so excellent a woman as you are."

Mrs. Robson lifted up her head for a moment. She had never before heard him utter a sentence of his own history ; and what he now said added to the tender solemnity of his manner, for an instant arrested her attention. He went on.

" In me you see a man, who, within the short space of three months, has lost a grandfather that loved him as fondly as you did your William ; a mother, whom he saw expire before him, and whose sacred remains he was forced to leave in the hands of her murderers ! Yes, Mrs. Robson, I have neither parents nor a home. *I was a stranger and you took me in ;* and Heaven will reward your family in kindness. At least I promise, that, whilst I live, whatever be my fate, should you be called hence, I will protect your granddaughter with a brother's care."

" May Heaven in its mercy bless you !" cried Mrs. Robson, dropping on her knees. Thaddeus raised her with gushing eyes ; and, having replaced her in a seat, left the room for a few minutes to recover himself.

In the evening Mrs. Watts, according to the count's desire, called with an estimate of the expenses attending the child's interment. Fees, and every charge collected, the demand on his benevolence was six pounds. The sum proved rather more than he expected, but he paid it without a demur, leaving himself only a few shillings.

He considered what he had done as the fulfilment of a duty so indispensable, that it must have been accomplished even by the sacrifice of his uttermost farthing. Gratitude and distress held claims upon him, which he never allowed his necessities in the smallest instance to transgress. All gifts of mere generosity were beyond his power, and consequently, in a short time, beyond his wish; but to the cry of want and wretchedness his hand and heart were ever open. Often has he, in the street, given away to a starving child that pittance, which was to purchase his own hard meal, and never felt such neglect of himself a privation. To have turned his eyes and ears from the little mendicant would have been the hardest struggle; and the remembrance of such inhumanity would have haunted him on his pillow. This being the disposition of the count Sobieski, he found it more difficult to bear calamity, when viewing another's poverty whom he could not relieve, than when assailed himself, by penury in all its shapes of desolation.

Towards night, the idea of Somerset again presented itself. When he fell asleep his dreams repeated the scene at the play-house; again he saw him, and again he eluded his grasp.

His waking thoughts were not less true to their object; and the next morning he went to a coffee house in the lane, where he called for breakfast, and inquired of the master, if he knew any thing of Sir Robert Somerset. The question was no sooner asked, than it was answered to his satisfaction. The Court Guide was examined, and he found this address: '*Sir Robert Somerset, Bart. Grosvenor Square,—Somerset Castle, L—shire,——Deerhurst, C——shire.*'

Gladdened by the discovery, Thaddeus hastened home ; and, unwilling to affect his friend by a sudden appearance, with an overflowing heart he wrote the following letter :

" *To Pembroke Somerset, Esq. Grosvenor Square.*

" Dear Somerset !

" Will the name at the bottom of this paper surprise you ? Will it give you pleasure ? I cannot suffer myself to retain a doubt, although you have, by the silence of two years, almost convinced me that I am forgotten. In truth, Somerset, I had resolved never to obtrude myself and my misfortunes on your knowledge, until last Wednesday night, when I saw you going into Drury-lane theatre ; the sight of you quelled all my resentment, and I called after you, but you did not hear. Pardon me, my dear friend, that I speak of resentment. It is a hard lesson to learn, that of being resigned to the forgetfulness of those whom we love.

" Notwithstanding that I lost my pocket-book, with your direction, in a skirmish, soon after your departure, I have written to you frequently at a venture ; and yet, though you knew in what spot in Poland you left Thaddeus and his family, I have never heard of you since the day of our separation. You must have some good reason for your silence ; at least I hope so : and let me beg, that I may either hear from, or see you, directly after you receive this.

" Doubtless, public report has afforded you some information relative to the destruction of my ever-beloved country ! I bear its fate on myself. You will find me in a poor lodging at the bottom of St.

Martin's lane. You will find me changed in every thing. The first horrors of grief have subsided; and my dearest consolation rises in the midst of my affliction, out of what was its bitterest cause: I thank Heaven, that my revered grandfather and mother were taken from a consummation of ills, that would have reduced them to a misery, which I am content to endure alone.

"Come to me, dear Somerset. To look on you, to press you in my arms, will be a happiness, which even in hope makes my heart throb with pleasure.

"I will remain at home all day to-morrow, in the expectation of seeing you; mean while adieu, my dear Somerset! You will find, at No. 5, St. Martin's Lane, your very affectionate

"THADDEUS CONSTANTINE SOBIESKI.

"*Friday noon.*

"P. S. Inquire for me by the name of Mr. Constantine."

With the most delightful emotions Thaddeus sealed this letter, and gave it to Nanny, with orders to inquire at the post-office when he might expect an answer. The child returned with information, that it would reach Grosvenor Square in an hour, and that he could have a reply by three o'clock.

Three o'clock arrived and no letter. Thaddeus counted the hours until midnight, but they brought him nothing but disappointment. The whole of the succeeding day wore away in the same uncomfortable manner. His heart bounded at every step, which sounded in the passage; and, throwing open his room door, he listened to every person that spoke, but no voice bore any resemblance to that of Somerset.

Night again shut in; and the count, overcome by a train of doubts, in which despondence held the greatest share, threw himself on his bed, though unable to close his eyes.

Whatever be our afflictions, not one human creature, who has endured misfortune, will hesitate to aver that, of all the tortures incident to mortality, there are none like the rackings of suspense. It is the hell, which Milton describes with such horrible accuracy; in its hot and cold regions, the anxious soul is alternately tossed from the ardours of hope, to the petrifying rigours of doubt and dread. Men who have not been suspended between confidence and fear, in their judgment of a beloved friend's faithfulness, are ignorant of '*the nerve whence agonies are born.*' It is, when sunk in sorrow; when adversity loads us with divers miseries; and our wretchedness is complete; it is then, we are compelled to acknowledge, that though life is brief, there are few friendships which have strength to follow it to the end.

Such were the reflections of the count Sobieski, when he arose in the morning from his sleepless pillow. The idea that the letter might have been delayed afforded him a faint hope, which he cherished all day, clinging to the expectation of seeing his friend before sunset. But Somerset did not appear; and Thaddeus, obliged to seek an excuse for his absence, in the supposition of his application having miscarried, determined to write once more, and to deliver the letter himself at his friend's door. Accordingly, with emotions different from those with which he had addressed him a few days before, he wrote these lines:

"*To Pembroke Somerset, Esq.*

"If he, who once called Thaddeus Sobieski his friend, have received a letter which that exile addressed to him on Friday last, this note will meet the same neglect. But if this be the first intelligence that tells Somerset his friend is in town; perhaps he may overlook that friend's change of fortune; he may visit him in his distress, who will receive him with open arms at his humble abode in St. Martin's Lane.

Sunday Evening, No. 5, St. Martin's Lane."

Thaddeus, having sealed the letter, walked out in search of Sir Robert Somerset's habitation. After some inquiries, he found Grosvenor Square; and, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, was directed to the house, by the light of the lamps and the lustres, which shone through the open windows. He hesitated a few minutes on the pavement, and looked up. An old gentleman was standing with a little boy at the nearest window. Whilst the count's eyes were fixed on these two figures, he saw Somerset himself come up to the child, and lead it away towards a groupe of ladies.

Thaddeus immediately flew to the door, with a tremor over his frame, which communicated itself to the knocker, for he knocked with such violence, that the door was opened in an instant by half a dozen footmen at once. He spoke to one.

"Is Mr. Pembroke Somerset at home?"

"Yes," replied the man, who thought, by his plain dress, that he could not be an invited guest; "but he is engaged with company."

"I do not want to see him now," rejoined the count: "only give him that letter, for it is of consequence."

"Certainly, Sir," replied the servant; and Thaddeus instantly withdrew.

He now turned homewards with his mind more than commonly depressed. There was a something in the whole affair which pierced him to the soul. He had seen the house that contained the man he most warmly loved, but he had not been admitted within it. He could not forbear recollecting, that when his gates opened, wide as his heart, to welcome Pembroke Somerset, how he had been implored by his then grateful friend, to bring the palatine and the countess to England, where his father would be proud to entertain them as the preservers of his son. How different from these professions did he find the reality! Instead of seeing the doors unclose to receive him, he was allowed to stand like a beggar on the threshold, and he heard them shut against him, whilst the form of Somerset glided above him, even as the shadow of his buried joys.

These discomforting retrospections on the past, and painful meditations on the present, continued to occupy his mind, until passing over from Piccadilly to Coventry Street, he perceived a wretched looking man, almost bent double, accosting a party of people in broken French, and imploring their charity.

The voice and the accent being Sclavonian arrested the ear of Thaddeus. Drawing close to the man, as the party proceeded without taking notice of his application, he hastily asked, "are you a Polander?"

"Father of mercies!" cried the beggar, catching hold of his hand, "am I so blessed! have I at last

met him ?" and, bursting into tears, he leaned upon the arm of the count, who, hardly able to articulate, with surprise, exclaimed, " Dear, worthy Butzou ! What a time is this for you and I to meet! But come, you must go home with me."

" Willingly, my dear lord," returned he ; for I have none. I begged my way from Harwich to this town; and have already spent two dismal nights in the streets."

" O, my country !" cried the full heart of Thaddeus.

" Yes," continued the poor old soldier, " it received its death wound when Kosciuszko and my honoured master fell."

Thaddeus could not reply ; but, supporting the exhausted frame of his friend, who was hardly able to walk, after a few minutes, gladly descried his own door.

The widow opened it the moment he knocked ; and, seeing some one with him, was retreating, when Thaddeus, who found from the silence of Butzou, and his increasing feebleness, that he was fainting, begged her to allow him to take his companion into her kitchen. She instantly made way, and the count placed the now insensible old man in the arm-chair by the fire.

" He is my friend, my father's friend !" cried Thaddeus, looking at his pale and haggard face, with a strange wildness in his own features, " for Heaven's sake give me something to restore him !"

Mrs. Robson, in dismay, and literally having nothing better in the house, gave him a glass of water.

" That will not do ;" exclaimed he, still upholding the motionless body on his arm, " have you no wine ? nothing ? He is dying for want."

"None, Sir; I have none;" answered she, frightened at the violence of his manner; "run, Nanny, and borrow some of Mrs. Watts."

"Do," said Thaddeus; "and bring me a bottle from the nearest inn." As he spoke, he threw her the only half-guinea he possessed, and added, "fly, for he may die in a moment."

The child flew like lightning to the Golden-cross; and brought in the wine just as Butzou had opened his eyes, and was gazing at Thaddeus, with a languid agony, that penetrated his soul. Mrs. Robson held the water to his lips. He swallowed a little, and scarcely articulated, whilst his head dropped back on the chair, "I am perishing for want of food."

Thaddeus caught the bottle from Nanny, and, pouring some wine into a glass, made him drink nearly all. This draught a little revived him. He raised himself in his seat; and, though still panting and speechless, leaned his swimming head upon the bosom of his friend, who knelt by his side, whilst Mrs. Robson was preparing some toasted bread and mulled wine.

After much exertion between the good landlady and the count, they sufficiently recovered the poor invalid, to enable him to walk up stairs, and lay down on the bed. The drowsiness usually attendant on debility, aided by the fumes of the wine, threw him into an immediate and deep sleep.

Thaddeus, seeing him at rest, thought it proper to rejoin Mrs. Robson; and by a partial history of his friend acquaint her with the occasion of the foregoing scene. He found the good woman surprised and concerned, but no way displeased; and, in a few words, he gave her a summary explana-

tion of the precipitancy with which, without her permission, he had introduced a stranger under her roof.

The substance of what he said, related, that the person up stairs, having served with him in the army, on the ruin of his country, (which he could no longer conceal was Poland,) he hastened in quest of him to England; and, in his journey, he sustained misfortunes, which had reduced him to the state she saw.

"I met him," continued he, "as a beggar in the street; and, whilst he lives, I shall hold it my duty to protect him. I love him for his own sake, and I honour him for my grandfather's. Besides, Mrs. Robson," cried he, with additional energy, "before I left my country, I made a vow to my sovereign, that wherever I should meet this brave old man, I would serve him to the last hour of his life. Therefore we must part no more. Will you give him shelter?" added he, in a subdued voice, "Will you allow me to retain him in my apartments?"

"Willingly, Sir; but how can I accommodate him? he is already in your bed, and I have not one to spare."

"Leave that to me, best, kindest of women!" exclaimed the count; "your permission has rendered me happy."

He then wished her a good night; and returning up stairs, wrapped himself in his dressing-gown, and passed the night by the little fire of the sitting room.

CHAP. XIII.

Owing to comfortable refreshment, and a night of undisturbed sleep, general Butzou awoke in the morning much recovered from the weakness, which subdued him the preceding day.

Thaddeus observed this change with pleasure. Whilst he sat by his bed, ministering to him with the care of a son, he dwelt with a melancholy delight on his reverend features ; and listened to his languid voice, with those tender associations of the heart, which are delicious, though they pierce it with anguish.

" Tell me, my dear general," said he, for I can bear to hear it now ; " tell me what has befallen my unhappy country since I quitted it."

" Every calamity," cried the brave old man, shaking his head, " that tyranny could devise."

" Well, go on ;" returned the count, with a smile, which too truly declared that the composure of his air was assumed ; " we, who have beheld her sufferings and yet live, need not fear hearing them described ! Did you see the king before he left Warsaw ? He told me, that he was to be banished to Grodno some time in the last month."

" No," replied Butzou, " our oppressors took care of that. Whilst you, my lord, were recovering of your wounds in the citadel, I set off for Sachoryn to join prince Poniatowski. In my way thither I met some soldiers, who informed me,

that his highness, having been compelled to discharge the troops, was returning to support his brother under the indignities, which the haughtiness of Suwarrow might premeditate. I then directed my steps towards Sendomir, where I hoped to find Wawrzecki with a few faithful followers; but here too I was disappointed. Two days before my arrival, that general had, according to orders, disbanded the whole party. I now found that Poland was completely in the hands of her ravagers, and I prepared to return. I was shocked and agonized at every step I re-trod. I beheld the shores of the Vistula lined on every side with Russian troops. Ten thousand were posted on her banks, and eighteen thousand amongst the ruins of Prague and Villanow.

"When I approached the walls of Warsaw, imagine, my dear count, how great was my indignation! How barbarous, how unmanly, the conduct of our enemies! Batteries of cannon were erected around the city, which, on the least symptom of discontent, were commanded to level it with the ground.

"On the morning of my arrival, I was hastening to the palace, to pay my duty to the king, when a Russian officer intercepted me, and threatened, that if I attempted to pass, my obstinacy should be fatal to me, and hazardous to his majesty, whose confinement and sufferings were augmented in proportion to the adherents he retained amongst the Poles. Hearing this, I was turning away, overwhelmed with grief and anger, just as the doors of the audience-chamber opened, and the counts Potocki, Kilinski, and several others of your grandfather's dearest friends, were led out under

a strong guard. I was standing motionless with surprise, when Potocki, perceiving me, held forth his hand. I took it, and, wringing it in the bitterness of my heart, uttered some words, which I cannot remember, but the Russian bade me beware how I again gave way to such injurious warmth.

"Farewell, my worthy general," said the count, "you see we are arrested. We loved Poland too faithfully for her enemies; and for that reason we are to be sent prisoners to Petersburgh. Sharing the fate of Kosciuszko, our chains are our distinction; such a collar of merit is the most glorious order which the imperial Catherine can bestow:—The knights of St. Stanislaus would reject all other from her hands."—"Sir, I cannot admit of this conversation," cried the officer of the guard; and commanding the escort to proceed, I lost sight of these illustrious patriots, probably forever.

"I understood from the few Poles who remained in the citadel, that the good Stanislaus was to be sent on the same dismal journey to Grodno the next day. They also told me, that you had quitted Poland the moment your wounds would allow you to move, that you might avoid the sight of Suwarrow's triumphant entry, which happened on the 9th of November last. On the eighth, I believe, you left Warsaw for England."

"Yes," replied the count, who listened with a breaking heart to this distressing narrative; "and doubtless, I saved myself much misery."

"You did. One of the magistrates described to me the whole scene, at which I would not have been present for worlds. He told me, that when the morning arrived, in which the Russian was to make his public entrée, not a citizen would be seen,

that was not brought out by compulsion. A dead silence reigned in the streets; the doors and windows of every house remained so closed, that a stranger might have supposed it to be a general mourning; and it was the bitterest, which could have fallen upon our souls! At this moment, when Warsaw, I may say, lay dying at the feet of her conqueror, the Russian troops marched into the city, and lined the roads, the only spectators of their own horrible tragedy. At length, with eyes which could no longer weep, the magistrates reluctant, and full of indignation, proceeded to meet Suwarrow, on the bridge of Prague. When they came near the procession, they presented the keys of Warsaw on their knees——."

"On their knees!" interrupted Thaddeus, starting up, and the blood flushing over his face.

"Yes," answered Butzou, "on their knees."

"Father of heaven!" exclaimed the count, walking about the room with emotion, "why did not the earth open and swallow them? Why did not the blood, which saturated the spot on which they knelt, cry out to them? O Butzou, this humiliation of Poland is worse to me than all her miseries!"

"I felt as you feel, my lord;" continued the general, "and I expressed myself with the same resentment; but the magistrate, who related to me the circumstance, urged in excuse for himself and his brethren, that such a form was necessary; and had they refused, probably their lives would have been forfeited.

"Well," inquired Thaddeus, resuming his seat, "but where was the king during this transaction?"

"In the castle, where he soon underwent a similar scene; and received orders to be present

next day at a public thanksgiving; at wh
inhabitants of Warsaw were also forced to
to perform a *te Deum* in gratitude for the de
tion of their country. I thank Heaven that I was spared from witnessing this monstrous blasphemy; I was then at Sendomir. The day after I heard these horrid accounts, I saw the carriage, which contained the good Stanislaus, guarded, like a traitor's, out of the gates; and that very hour I left the city. I travelled towards Hamburgh, where I took my passage to Harwich. Owing to excessive fatigue, one of my old wounds broke out afresh; and, continuing ill a week, I expended all my money. Reduced to my last shilling, and eager to find you, I begged my way from that town to this. I had already spent two miserable days and nights in the open air, with no other sustenance than the casual charity of passengers, when Heaven sent you to save me from perishing in the streets."

Butzou pressed the hand of his young friend, as he concluded. Displeasure still kept its station on the count's features.

The good general observed it with satisfaction, well pleased that indignation at the supposed pusillanimity of his countrymen, prevented those bursts of grief, which he had expected from his sensible nature, when he should be informed that the ruin of Poland was confirmed.

Towards evening general Butzou fell asleep. Thaddeus, leaning back in his chair, fixed his eyes on the fire, and mused with amazement and sorrow, on what had passed. When it was almost dark, and he was yet lost in reflection, Mrs. Robson gently opened the door, and presenting a letter; "Here, Sir," said she, "is a letter, which a

servant has just left ; he told me it required no answer."

Thaddeus sprung from his seat at the sight of the paper, and, almost catching it from her, his former gloomy cogitations dispersed before the hopes and fond emotions of friendship, which now lit up in his bosom. Mrs. Robson withdrew. He looked at the superscription, it was the hand writing of his friend. Tearing it asunder, two folded papers presented themselves ; he opened them, and they were his own letters, returned without a word. His beating heart was suddenly checked. Letting the papers fall from his hand, he dropped on a seat, and closed his eyes, as if he would shut them from the world and its ingratitude.

Unable to recover from astonishment, his thoughts whirled about in a succession of accusations, surmises, and doubts, which seemed for a few minutes to drive him to distraction.

" Was it really the hand of Somerset ?"

Again he examined the *envelope*. It was ; and the enclosures were his own letters, without one word of apology for such ingratitude.

" Could he make one ? No," replied Thaddeus to himself. " Unhappy that I am, to have been induced to apply twice to so despicable a man ! Oh, Somerset," cried he, looking at the papers as they lay before him, " was it necessary that insult should be added to unfaithfulness and ingratitude, to throw me off entirely ? Good Heaven ! did he think, because I wrote twice, I would persecute him with applications ? Well, I have been told this of mankind ; but, that I should find it in him !"

In this way, agitated and muttering, and walking up and down the room, he spent another wakeful and cheerless night.

Next morning, when the count went down stairs to beg Mrs. Robson to attend his friend until his return, she mentioned what uneasiness he occasioned her the preceding night, as she heard him most of the time moving above her head. He was accounting to her for his restlessness, by complaining of a head-ache, when she interrupted him by saying, "O no, Sir; I am sure it is the hard boards you lie on, to accommodate the poor old gentleman. I am certain you will make yourself ill."

Thaddeus thanked her for her solicitude, but, declaring that all beds, hard or soft, were alike to him, he left her; and, with his drawings in his pocket, once more took the path to Great Newport Street.

Indignation against his fickle friend, and anxiety for the tranquillity of general Butzou, whose age, infirmities, and sufferings, threatened a speedy termination of his life, determined the count to sacrifice all false delicacy and weakness, and to hazard another attempt, at acquiring the means of affording those comforts to the sick veteran, which his condition demanded. Happen how it would, he resolved that Butzou should never know the complete wreck of his property. He shuddered at loading him with the additional distress of thinking that he was a burthen on his protector.

Thaddeus passed the door of the printseller who behaved so ill to him on his first application; and walking to the farthest shop on the same side, entered it, and, laying his drawings on the counter, requested the master to look at them. The man opened the packet; and the count, dreading a second repulse, or even more than similar insolence, hastily added:

"They are scenes in Germany. If you like to have them, their price is a guinea."

"Are you the painter, Sir?" asked the man.

"Yes, Sir. Do they please you?"

"Yes;" answered the man, examining them nearer, "there is a breadth and freedom in the style which is novel, and may take. I will give you your demand."

Thaddeus, rejoiced that he had succeeded where he entertained no hope, with a bow was leaving the shop, when the man called after him, "Sir! Sir!"

Thaddeus returned, prepared to hear some impertinent remark.

It is strange, but it is true; that those who have been thrust by misfortune to a state beneath their birth and expectations, consider themselves the objects of universal hostility. They see contempt in every eye, they suppose insult in every word; the slightest neglect is sufficient to set the sensitive pride of the unfortunate in a blaze: and, alas! how little is this sensibility respected by the rich and gay in their dealings with the unhappy! To what an addition of misery are the wretched exposed; meeting not only those contumelies, which the prosperous are not backward to bestow, but those fancied ills, which, however unfounded, keep the mind in a constant fever with itself, and warfare with the surrounding world!

Repeated insults infused into the count Sobieski much of this anticipating irritability; and it was with a very haughty step, that he turned back, to hear what the printseller meant to say.

"I only want to ask, whether you follow this art as a profession?"

"Yes."

"Then, I shall be glad if you can furnish me with six such drawings every week."

"Certainly," replied Thaddeus, pleased with the probability of securing something towards the support of his friend.

"Then bring me another half dozen next Monday."

Thaddeus promised, and with a relieved mind took his way homewards.

Who is there in England that does not remember the dreadful winter of 1794, when the whole country lay buried in a thick ice, which seemed eternal? Over that ice, and through those snows, the venerable general Butzou begged his way from Harwich to London. He rested at night under the shelter of some shed or out-house; and cooled his feverish thirst with a little water, taken from under the broken ice which locked up the springs. The effect of this was a painful rheumatism, which fixed itself in his limbs, and now rendered them nearly useless.

Two or three weeks passed over the heads of the general and his young protector: Thaddeus cheering the old man with his smiles; and he, in return, imparting the only pleasure to him, which his melancholy heart could receive; the conviction that his attentions and affection were productive of comfort.

In the exercise of these duties, the count not only found his health gradually recover its tone, but his mind become more tranquil, and less prone to those sudden floods of regret, which were rapidly sapping his life. By a strict economy on his own part, he managed to pay the widow and sup-

port his friend out of the weekly profits of his drawings, which were now and then augmented by a commission to do one or two more than the stipulated number.

Thus, conversing with Butzou, reading to him when awake, or pursuing his drawing when he slept, Thaddeus spent the time until the beginning of March.

One fine star-light evening in that month, just before the frost broke up, after painting all day, he put on his hat, and, desiring little Nanny to take care of the general, he left his work at the print-seller's, and then proceeded through Piccadilly, intending to go as far as Hyde Park corner, and return.

Much pleased with the beauty of the night, he walked on, not remarking that he had passed the turnpike, until he heard a scream. The sound seemed to come from near the Park-wall. He hurried along, and, at a short distance, perceived a woman struggling with a man, who was swearing, and behaving in a very brutal manner.

Without a moment's hesitation, Thaddeus, with one blow of his arm, sent the fellow reeling against the wall. But, whilst he supported the outraged person, who was fainting, the man recovered himself, and, flying at her champion, aimed a stroke at his head with an immense bludgeon, which the count catching hold of, as it descended, wrenched out of his hand. The horrid oaths of the ruffian, and the hysterical shrieks of the woman, collected a mob, when the villain, fearing worse usage, made off, and left Thaddeus to restore the terrified woman at his leisure.

As soon as she was able to speak, she thanked her deliverer, in a voice and language, which assured him that it was no common person whom he had befriended. Though, in the circumstance of her distress, all would have been the same to him; a helpless female was insulted, and, whatever her rank might be, he thought she had an equal claim on his protection.

The mob dispersed; and the count, finding the lady capable of walking, begged permission to see her safe home.

"I thank you, Sir," replied she; "and I accept your offer with gratitude. Besides, after your generous interference, it is requisite I should account to you how a woman of my appearance came out at this hour without attendance. I have no other excuse to advance for such imprudence, than the declaration, that I have often done so with impunity. I have a friend, whose husband being in the guards, lives near the barracks. We often drink tea with each other; sometimes my servants come for me; and sometimes, when I am wearied and indisposed, I come away earlier, and alone. This happened to night: and I have to thank your gallantry, Sir, for my rescue from the first outrage of the kind which ever assailed me."

By the time that a few more complimentary words on her side, and a modest reply from Thaddeus, had passed, they stopped before a house in Grosvenor Place. The lady knocked at the door; and, as soon as it was opened, the count was taking his leave, but she laid her hand on his arm, and exclaimed,

"No, Sir; I must not lose the probability of convincing you, that you have not succoured a

person unworthy of your kindness. I entreat you to walk in !"

Thaddeus was too much pleased with her manner not to accept this invitation. He followed her up stairs into a drawing-room, where a young lady was seated at work.

"Miss Egerton," cried the lady, as she entered and introduced the count, "here is a gentleman, who has this moment saved me from the hands of a ruffian. You must assist me to express my gratitude."

"I would with all my heart," returned she; "but your ladyship confers benefits so well, you cannot be at a loss how to receive them."

Thaddeus took the chair which a servant set for him, and, with mingled pleasure and admiration, turned his eyes on the lovely woman whom he had rescued. She threw off her cloak and veil, and displayed a figure and countenance so full of dignity and interest, that he formed an immediate desire to secure her acquaintance.

Her ladyship begged him to lay aside his great-coat, as she must insist upon his supping with her. There was a commanding softness in her manner, and a gentle, yet unappealable decision in her voice, which he could not withstand; and he prepared to obey, although he was aware, that the fashion and richness of the military dress concealed under his coat, would give her ideas, which his situation could not answer.

The lady did not notice his hesitation, but, ringing the bell, desired the servant to take the gentleman's hat and coat. Thaddeus instantly saw in the looks of both the ladies what he feared.

"I perceive," said the elder, as she took her seat, "that my deliverer is in the army; yet I do not recollect having seen that uniform before."

"I am not an Englishman," returned he.

"Not an Englishman!" exclaimed Miss Egerton, "and speak the language so accurately! You cannot be French?"

"No, madam; I had the honour of serving under the king of Poland."

"Then, his was a very gallant court I suppose," rejoined Miss Egerton, with a smile; "for I am sorry to say, that there are few about St. James's, who would have ventured to have done what you did by lady Tinemouth."

The count returned the young lady's smile.

"I have seen too little, madam, of Englishmen of rank, to shew any gallantry in defending this part of my sex against so fair an accuser." Indeed he recollected the officers in the park, and the perfidy of Somerset, and thought, that he had no reason to give them more of his respect, than their countrywoman considered fit to bestow.

"Come, come Maria," cried lady Tinemouth; "though no woman has less cause to speak well of mankind than I have, I will not permit my countrymen to be run down *in toto*. I dare say this gentleman will agree with me, that it shews neither a candid nor a patriot spirit."

"I dare say he will not agree with you, lady Tinemouth. No gentleman yet, who had his wits about him, ever agreed with an elder lady against a younger. Now, Mr. Gentleman! for it seems that is the name by which we are to address you, what do you say?"

Thaddeus almost laughed at the singular way she had chosen to ask his name ; and, allowing some of the gloom, which generally obscured his fine eyes, to disperse, he answered her with a smile,

" My name is Constantine."

" Well, you have replied to my last question first ; but I will not let you off about my bearish countrymen. Don't you think, Mr. Constantine, that I may call them so, without any breach of good manners to them, or duty to my country ? For you see her ladyship hangs much upon patriotism."

Lady Tinemouth shook her head.

" O Maria, Maria, you are a strange mad-cap."

" I don't care for that ; I will have Mr. Constantine's unprejudiced reply. I am sure, if he had taken as long a time in answering your call, as he does mine, the ruffian might have killed and eaten you too, before he moved to your assistance. Come, Sir, may I not say that they are bears ?"

" Certainly. A pretty woman may say any thing."

" Positively, Mr. Constantine, I won't endure contempt ! Say such another word, and I will call you as abominable an animal as the worst of them."

" But I am not a proper judge, Miss Egerton. I have never been in company with any of these men ; so, to be impartial, I must suspend my opinion."

" And not believe my word ?"

Thaddeus bowed.

" There, lady Tinemouth," cried she, affecting pet, " take your champion to yourself ; he is too great a savage for me."

" Thank you, Maria," returned her ladyship, giving her hand to the count to lead her to the

supper-room ; " This is the way she quarrels with every man that comes into my house, and then her ill humour transforms them to its own likeness."

" And where is the man," observed Thaddeus, " who would not be happy under the spells of so beautiful a Circe ?"

" It won't do, Mr. Constantine," cried she, taking her place opposite to him ; " my anger is not to be appeased by calling me names ; you don't mend the matter much, by likening me to a heathen and a witch."

Lady Tinemouth bore her part in the conversation of the evening in a strain more in unison with the count's mind. However, he found no inconsiderable degree of amusement from the unreflecting volubility, and giddy sallies of her friend ; and, on the whole, spent the few hours he passed there, with some perceptions of his almost forgotten sense of pleasure.

He was in an elegant apartment, he was in the company of two lovely and accomplished women, and he was the object of their entire attention and gratitude. He had been used to such scenes in his days of happiness, when he was ' *the expectancy and rose of the fair state, the glass of fashion, and the mould of form, the observed of all observers ;*' and their re-appearance awakened, with tender remembrances, an associating sensibility, which made him rise with regret when the clock struck one.

Lady Tinemouth bade him good night, with an earnest request that he would shortly repeat his visit. This invitation gratified him much ; and they parted, mutually delighted with each other.

CHAP. XIV.

PLEASED as the count was, with the acquaintance to which his gallantry had introduced him, he did not repeat his call for a long time.

A few mornings after his meeting with lady Tinemouth, the hard frost broke up. The change in the atmosphere so dreadfully affected the general, by producing a relapse of his rheumatic fever, that his friend watched by his pillow night and day for ten days. At the end of this period, he recovered sufficiently to sit up and read ; or to amuse himself, by registering the melancholy events of the last campaigns, in a large book, with plans of the different battles. The sight of this volume would have distressed Thaddeus had he not seen that it afforded comfort to the poor veteran, whom it transported back into the midst of scenes on which he delighted to dwell ; yet, he would often lay down his pen, shut the book, and weep like an infant.

The count left him one morning at this employment, and strolled out with the intention of calling on lady Tinemouth. As he walked along by Portland-house, he perceived Pembroke Somerset with a gentleman leaning on his arm, coming out of Bond-street.

All the blood in the count's body seemed rushing to his heart. He trembled. The ingenuous smile on his friend's countenance, and his features so sweetly marked with frankness, made his resolution falter.

"But proofs," cried he to himself, "are absolute!" and turning his face to a stand of books which was near him, he stood there until Somerset had passed. He went by him speaking these words:

"I trust, father, that ingratitude is not his vice."

"But it is yours, Somerset!" murmured Thaddeus, as for a moment he gazed after them, and then proceeded on his walk.

When his name was announced at lady Tinemouth's, he found her ladyship and another lady, but not Miss Egerton. Lady Tinemouth expressed her pleasure at this visit, and her surprise that it had been so long deferred.

"The pain of such an apparent neglect of your ladyship's goodness," replied he, "has been added to my anxiety for the declining health of a friend, whose increased illness is my apology."

"I wish," returned her ladyship, her eyes beaming approbation, "that all my friends could excuse their absence so well."

"Perhaps they might if they chose," observed the other lady, "and with equal sincerity."

Thaddeus understood the incredulity couched under these words. So did lady Tinemouth.

"However," rejoined she, "be satisfied, Mr. Constantine, that I believe you sincere."

The count bowed.

"Fie, lady Tinemouth," cried the lady, "you are partial; nay, you are absurd; did you ever yet hear a man speak truth to a woman?"

"Lady Sara!" replied her ladyship, with one of those arch glances which seldom visited her eyes, "where will be your vanity, if I assent to this?"

"In the moon, with man's sincerity."

Thaddeus paid little attention to this dialogue. His thoughts, in spite of himself, were wandering after the figures of Somerset and his father.

Lady Tinemouth, whose fancy had not been quiet about him, since the hour in which chance introduced him to her acquaintance, observed his present absence without noticing it. Indeed the fruitful imagination of Maria Egerton had not lain still. She declared, "that he was a soldier, by his dress; a man of rank, from his manners; an Apollo, in his person; and a hero, from his gallantry!"

Thus did Miss Egerton describe him to lady Sara Roos; "and," added she, "what convinces me that he is a man of fashion, he has not been within these walls since we told him, that we should take it as a favour."

Lady Sara was eager to see this handsome stranger. Having previously determined to drop in at lady Tinemouth's, under some excuse or other, every morning, until her curiosity was gratified, she was not a little pleased when she heard his name announced.

Lady Sara was married; but she was young and beautiful also, and she liked that her power should be acknowledged by others besides her husband. The instant she beheld the count Sobieski, she formed the wish to entangle him in her chains. She learnt, by his pale countenance and thoughtful air, that he was a melancholy character, and, above all things, she sighed for such a lover. She expected to receive from one of his cast, a tenderness, a devotedness; in short, a fervent, wild, and romantic passion, which would feed on her sighs, and its own fires, to eternity. Thaddeus appeared to her to be the very creature of whom she had been

in search. His abstraction, his voice and eyes, the one so touching, the other so neglectful of any thing but the ground, were irresistible, and she resolved from that moment (in her own words) "to make a dead set at him."

Lady Tinemouth not less pleased with this second view of her new acquaintance, than she had been at the first, directed her discourse to him, accompanied by all that winning interest so endearing to a liberal heart. Whilst she was speaking, lady Sara, who never augured well to the success of her fascinations, when the countess addressed herself to any of her victims, tried every means in her power to draw aside the attention of the count. She played with her ladyship's dog; but, that not succeeding, she determined to strike him at once with the elegance of her figure. Complaining of heat, she threw off a large green velvet mantle, which she wore, and, rising from her chair, walked towards the window.

When she looked round to enjoy her victory, she saw that this manœuvre had failed like the rest; for the provoking countess was still standing between her and Thaddeus. Almost angry, she flung open the sash, and, putting her head out of the window, exclaimed in her best modulated tones,

"How d'ye do?"

"I hope your ladyship is well this fine morning!" was answered in the voice of Pembroke Somerset.

Thaddeus grew pale, and the countess, feeling the cold, turned round to ask lady Sara to whom she was speaking.

"To a pest of mine, my dear," returned she; and then stretching out her neck, she resumed, "But where, in the name of Heaven, are you going, Somerset, with all that travelling apparatus?"

"To Deerhurst; we are going to take lord Arun down. But I keep your ladyship in the cold. Good morning."

"My compliments to Sir Robert. Good bye! good bye!" and, waving her white hand, until his curricle was out of sight; when she turned round, her desires were gratified, for the elegant stranger was standing with his eyes fixed on that hand. But, had she known, that, for any cognizance they took of its beauty, they might as well have been fixed on vacancy, she would not have pulled down the window, and reseated herself with such an air of triumph.

The count took his seat with a sigh, and lady Tinemouth did the same.

"So that is the son of Sir Robert Somerset?"

"Yes," replied her ladyship, "and what do you think of him? He is called very handsome."

"Your ladyship has forgotten that I am near-sighted," answered the countess; "I could not discriminate his features, but I think his figure fine. I remember his father was a handsome man, and a man of wonderful talents."

"That may be," resumed lady Sara, laughing, and anxious to excite some emotion of rivalry in the breast of Thaddeus. "I am sure I ought not to call in question his talents and taste, for he has often wished that fate had reserved me for his son." Her ladyship sighed, and looked down.

This sigh and gesture had more effect upon her victim than all her exhibited graces. So difficult

it is to break affection and habit. Any thing relating to Pembroke Somerset could yet so powerfully interest the count, as to stamp itself on his features. Besides, the appearance of any latent disquietude, where all seemed splendour and vivacity, painfully reminded him of the chequered lot of man. His eyes were resting upon her ladyship, full of a tender commiseration, pregnant with compassion for her, himself, and all the world, when she raised her head. The meeting of such a look from him filled her with agitation. She felt something strange at her heart. His eyes seemed to have penetrated to its inmost devices. Blushing like scarlet, she got up to hide an embarrassment not to be subdued ; and, hastily wishing the countess a good morning, courtesied to him, and left the room.

Her ladyship entered the carriage with feelings all in commotion. She could not account for the confusion which his look had occasioned ; and, half angry at a weakness so like a raw inexperienced girl, she determined to become one of lady Tinemouth's constant visitors, until she should have brought him (as she had done most of the men about court) to her feet.

These were her ladyship's resolutions as she rolled along towards St. James's Place. But she a little exceeded the fact in her statement ; for, notwithstanding that she could have counted as many lovers as most women, both before and after her marriage, yet few of them would have ventured so far as to trust the consequence of a kneeling petition. In spite of her charms, these worthy

lords and gentlemen had all to a man adopted the oracle of the poet, that,

> "Love, free as air, at sight of human ties
> "Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies !"

They all professed to adore lady Sara ; and some were caught by her beauty, others by her eclat, but neither of them had the most distant wish to make this beauty and eclat his own legal property.

The young marquis of Severn fluttered round her ladyship, during the first year of his appearance at court ; but at the end of that time, instead of offering her his hand, he married the daughter of a rich city banker.

Lady Sara, who was at her father's house in the country when this intelligence arrived, was so incensed, that, to shew her disdain of this apostate lover, she set off the same evening for Scotland, with Harry Roos, a grandson of the duke of Lincoln. They were married, and her ladyship had the triumph of being presented to her majesty the same day with the marchioness of Severn.

When the whirlwind of her resentment subsided, she began most dismally to repent her union. She loved captain Roos as little as she had loved lord Severn. She had admired the rank and gallantry of the one ; and the profound adoration of the other made a friend of her vanity. But now, since her revenge was gratified, and the homage of Harry Roos, ceasing to excite the envy of her companions, from the hour in which he became her husband, she grew weary of his attentions ; and was very happy, when the admiralty ordered him to take the command of a ship bound to the Mediterranean.

The last fervent kiss, which he imprinted on her lips, as they breathed out the cold "Good bye.

Roos, take care of yourself!" seemed to her the seal of freedom; and she returned into her dressing-room, not to weep, but to rejoice in the project of a thousand festivities and a thousand lovers.

Left at an early age without a mother, and ignorant of the duties of a wife, she thought, that if she kept her husband and herself out of Doctors' Commons, she should do no harm by amusing herself with the heart of every man who came in her way. Thus, she hardly moved without a train of admirers. She had already attracted every one worthy of the trouble; and had listened to their compliments and insolent presumptions, until she was almost tired of both; when Miss Egerton related to her the countess's rencontre with the gallant foreigner.

As soon as her ladyship heard that he was of rank, (for Miss Egerton was not backward to affirm the dreams of her own imagination,) she formed an earnest wish to see him: and when, to her infinite satisfaction, he did present himself, in her eyes he exceeded every thing that had been described. To secure such a conquest, she thought would not only raise the envy of the women, but make the men look about them, to discover some novel and more attractive way than they had hitherto found, to prove the truth of their devotion.

Whilst lady Sara was meditating on her new plans, the count and lady Tinemouth remained alone. Her ladyship talked to him on various subjects; but he answered ill upon them all, and sometimes very wide of the matter. At last, conscious that he must be burthensome, he arose, and, looking paler and more depressed than when he entered, wished her a good morning.

"I am afraid, Mr. Constantine, you are unwell."

Thaddeus, like most people who desire to hide what is passing in their minds, gladly assented to this as an excuse for a taciturnity which he could not overcome.

"Then," cried her ladyship, "I hope you will favour me with your card, that I may know where to send to inquire after your health."

Thaddeus was confounded, and looked down for a moment; then, returning into the room, he took up a pen, which lay on the table, and said,

"I will write my address to a place, where any of your ladyship's commands may reach me; but I will do myself the honour to repeat my call very soon."

"I shall always be happy to see you," replied the countess, while he was writing; "but, before I engage you in a promise, of which you may afterwards repent, I must tell you, that you will meet with dull entertainment at my house. I see very little company; and were it not for the inexhaustible spirits of Miss Egerton, I believe I should become a complete misanthrope."

"Your house will be my paradise!" exclaimed the count, with an earnestness, to the force of which he did not immediately attend.

Lady Tinemouth smiled.

"I must warn you here, too," cried she; "Miss Egerton must not be the deity of your paradise. She is already under engagements, which preclude all hope on that head."

Thaddeus blushed at being mistaken, and wished to explain himself.

"You misunderstand me, madam. I am not insensible to beauty; but, upon my word, at that

moment, I had nothing else in my thoughts, than gratitude for your ladyship's kindness to an absolute stranger."

"That is true, Mr. Constantine, you are an absolute stranger, if the want of a formal introduction, and an ignorance of your family, constitute that title. But your protection introduced you to me; and there is something in your appearance, which convinces me, that I need not be afraid of admitting you into the very scanty number of my friends."

Thaddeus perceived the delicacy of lady Tinemouth, who wished to know who he was, and yet was unwilling to give him pain by a question so direct, that he must answer it. As she now proposed it, she left him entirely to his own discretion; and he determined, as far as he could, without exposing his real name and circumstances, to satisfy her very proper curiosity.

The countess, whose benevolent heart was deeply interested in his favour, observed the changes of his countenance with an anxious desire that he would be ingenuous. Her solicitude did not arise from any doubts of his quality and worth, but she wished to be enabled to reply with promptness to the inquisitive people who might see him at her house.

"I hardly know," said Thaddeus, "in what words to express my sense of your ladyship's generous confidence in me; and that my character is not undeserving of such distinction, time, I trust, will prove." He paused for a moment, and then resumed: "For my rank, lady Tinemouth, it is now of little consequence to my comfort; rather,

perhaps, a source of mortification; for——," he hesitated, and then proceeded, with a faint colour tinging his cheek, "exiles from their country, if they would not covet misery, must learn to forget; hence I am no other than Mr. Constantine; though, in acknowledgment of your ladyship's goodness, I deem it only just that I should not conceal my real quality from you.

"My family was one of the first in Poland. Even in banishment, the remembrance that its virtues were as well known as its name, affords some alleviation to the conviction, that when my country fell, all my property and all my kindred were involved in the ruin. Soon after the dreadful sealing of its fate, I quitted it; and, by the command of a dying parent, who expired in my arms, sought a refuge in this island, from degradations, which, otherwise, I could neither repel nor avoid."

Thaddeus stopped; and the countess, struck by the graceful modesty with which this simple account was related, laid her hand upon his.

"Mr. Constantine, I am not surprised at what you have said. The melancholy of your air induced me to suspect that you were not happy; and my sole wish, in penetrating your reserve, was to shew you, that a woman can be a sincere friend."

Tears of gratitude and respect glistened in the count's eyes. Incapable of making a suitable reply, he pressed her hand to his lips. She rose; and, willing to relieve a sensibility that delighted her, added, "I will not detain you longer; only let me see you soon."

Thaddeus uttered a few, inarticulate words, whose significancy conveyed nothing, but every

thing was declared by their confusion. The countess's eloquent smile shewed, that she comprehended their meaning ; and he left the room.

On his return home, he found general Butzou in better spirits, still poring over his journal. This paper seemed to be the representative of all which had ever been dear to him. He dwelt upon it, and talked about it, with a doating eagerness bordering on insanity.

These symptoms, increasing from day to day, gave his young friend considerable uneasiness. He listened with pain to the fond dreams which took possession of the poor old man ; who delighted in saying, that much might yet be done in Poland, when he should be recovered, and they be enabled to return together to Warsaw, and stimulate the people to resume their rights.

Thaddeus at first attempted to prove the emptiness of these schemes ; but, seeing that contradiction on this head threw the general back into deeper despondency, he thought it better to affect the same sentiments ; too well perceiving, that death would soon terminate these visions, with his life.

Accordingly, as far as lay in the count's power, he satisfied all the fancied wants of his revered friend ; who, on every other subject, was perfectly reasonable ; but at last he became so absorbed in this chimerical plot, that even conversation, and his meals seemed to oppress him with restraint.

When Thaddeus, with sorrow, perceived that his company was rather irksome than a comfort to his friend, he the more readily repeated his visits to lady Tinemouth. She now looked for his entrance at least once a day. If ever a morning

and evening passed away without his appearance, he was sure of being scolded by Miss Egerton, reproached by the countess, and frowned at by lady Sara Roos. This lady contrived, in defiance of all other engagements, to drop in every night at lady Tinemouth's. Her ladyship was not more surprised at this sudden attachment of lady Sara to her house, than pleased with her society, who she found, on intimate acquaintance, could lay aside that tissue of affectation and fashion which she wore in public, and really become a charming woman.

Though lady Sara was vain, she was mistress of sufficient sense to penetrate with tolerable certainty into the characters of her acquaintance. Most of the men with whom she had hitherto associated, having been jumbled together in those large assemblies, where individuality is absorbed in the general mass of insipidity and ceremony, she saw that they were frivolous, or, at the least, warped in taste and principle; and the fascinations that she used, to subdue them, were the best suited to their capacity,—her beauty, her thoughtlessness, and her caprice. But, on the reverse, when she formed the wish to entangle such a man as Thaddeus, she soon discovered that, to engage his attention, she must appear in the unaffected graces of nature. To this end, she took pains to display the loveliness of her person in every movement and position; yet she managed the action with so inartificial and frank an air, that she seemed the only being present, who was unconscious of the versatility and power of her charms. She conversed with good sense and propriety. In short, she appeared completely different from the gay, ridiculous creature whom he had seen some weeks before, in the countess's parlour.

He now admired, both her person and her mind. Her winning softness, the vivacity of Miss Egerton, and the kindness of the countess, beguiled him many an evening from the contemplation of melancholy scenes at home.

One night, it came into the head of Maria Egerton to banter him about his military dress. "Do, for Heaven's sake, my dear Don Quixote," cried she, "let us see you out of your rusty armour! I declare, I am tired of the sight. Somehow, I do think you would be merrier out of that *customary suit of solemn black!*"

This demand was not pleasing to the count; but he good-humouredly replied, "I knew not, till you were so kind as to inform me, that a man's temper depends on his clothes."

"Else, I suppose," cried she, interrupting him, "you would have changed yours before. Therefore, I expect, that you will do as I bid you now, and put on a christian's coat against the next time you enter this house."

Thaddeus was at a loss what to say; he only bowed; and the countess and lady Sara smiled at her nonsense.

When they parted for the night, this part of the conversation passed off from all minds but that of lady Tinemouth. She had considered the subject, but in a different way from Maria. Maria supposed that the handsome Constantine wore the dress of his country because it was the most becoming. But as such a whim did not correspond with the other parts of his character, lady Tinemouth, in her own mind, attributed this adherence to his national habit, to the right cause.

She remarked, that, whenever she wished him to meet any agreeable people at her house, he always declined these introductions under the plea of his dress, though he never proposed to alter it. This conduct, added to his silence on every subject which related to the public amusements about town, led her to conclude, that, like the banished nobility of France, he was encountering the various inconveniences of poverty in a foreign land. She hoped that he had escaped its horrors; but she could not be certain, for he always shifted the conversation when it too closely referred to himself.

These observations haunted the mind of lady Tinemouth, and made her anxious to contrive some opportunity in which she might have this interesting Constantine alone: and, by a proper management of the discourse, lead to some avowal of his real situation. Hitherto, her benevolent intentions were frustrated by various interruptions, at various times. Indeed had she been actuated by mere curiosity, she would long ago have resigned the trial as fruitless; but sincere pity and esteem kept her still watchful, until the very hour in which her considerate heart was fully satisfied.

One morning, when she was writing in her cabinet, a servant informed her that Mr. Constantine was below in the parlour. Pleased at this circumstance, she took advantage of a slight cold that affected her, and, hoping to be able to draw something out of him in the course of a *tete-a-tete*, begged he would come to her room.

When he entered, she perceived that he looked more pensive than usual. He sat down by her, and expressed his concern at her indisposition. She sighed heavily, but remained silent. Her thoughts

were too much occupied with her benevolent plan, to decide exactly what to answer. She had determined to give him a cursory idea of her own unhappiness; and thus, by her confidence, attract his.

"I hope Miss Egerton is well?" inquired Thaddeus.

"Very well, Mr. Constantine. A heart at ease almost ever keeps the body in health. May she long continue as happy as at this period, and never know the disappointments of her friend!"

He looked at the countess.

"It is true, my dear Sir," continued she. "It is hardly probable that the mere effect of thirty-five years could have made the inroads on my person which you see; but sorrow has done it; and, with all the comforts you behold around me, I am miserable. I have no joy independent of the few friends which Heaven has preserved to me; and yet," added she, "I have another anxiety united with those of which I complain: some of my friends, who afford me the consolation I mention, deny me the only return in my power, the office of sharing their griefs."

Thaddeus understood the expression of her ladyship's eye, and the tenderness of her voice, as she uttered these words. He saw to whom the kind reproach was directed, and he looked down confused and oppressed.

The countess resumed.

"I cannot deny, what your countenance declares; you think I mean you. I do, Mr. Constantine; I have marked your melancholy; I have weighed other circumstances; and I am sure that you have many things to struggle with, besides those regrets, which must ever hang about the bosom of a brave

man, who has witnessed the destruction of his country. Forgive me, if I give you pain, (added she, observing his heightening colour,) I speak from a real esteem ; I speak to you, as I would to my own son, were he in your situation."

" My dearest madam !" cried the count, overcome by her benevolence, " you have judged rightly ; I have many things to struggle with ; I have a sick friend at home, whom misfortune hath nearly bereft of reason ; and whose wants are now so complicated and expensive, that never till now did I know the complete desolation of a man, without a country or a profession. For myself, lady Tinemouth, adversity has few pangs ; but for my friend, for an old man, whose deranged faculties have forgotten the change in my affairs ; he who leans on me for support and comfort ; it is this that must account to your ladyship for those inconsistencies in my manner and spirits, which are so frequently the subject of Miss Egerton's raillery."

Thaddeus, in the course of this short and rapid narrative, gradually lowered the tone of his voice ; and, at the close, covered his face with his hand. He had never before confided the history of his embarrassments to any creature ; and he thought, (notwithstanding that it had been almost petitioned from him,) that he committed an outrage on the firmness of his character, by having, in any way, acknowledged the weight of his calamities.

Lady Tinemouth considered a few minutes, and then addressed him.

" I should ill repay this generous confidence, my young friend, were I to hesitate a moment in forming some plan which may prove of service to you. You have told me no more, dear Mr. Con-

stantine, than I suspected. And I had something in view." Here the countess stopped, expecting that her auditor would interrupt her. He remained silent, and she proceeded ; " you spoke of a profession, of an employment."

" Yes, madam," returned he, taking his hand from his eyes ; " I should be glad to engage in any profession or employment that you would recommend."

" I have little interest," answered her ladyship, " with people in power ; therefore I cannot propose any thing which will in any degree suit with your rank ; but the employment that I have in view several of the most illustrious French nobility have not disdained to execute."

" Do not fear to mention it to me," cried the count, perceiving her reluctance ; " I would attempt any thing that is not dishonourable, to render service to my poor friend."

" Well then, would you have any objection to teach languages ?"

Thaddeus immediately answered, " None in the world."

" Then," replied her ladyship, greatly relieved by the manner in which he received her proposal, " I will now tell you, that about a week ago, I paid a visit to lady Dundas, the widow of Sir Hector Dundas, the rich East-Indian Director. Whilst I was there, I heard her talking with her two daughters about finding a proper master to teach them German. That language has become a very fashionable accomplishment amongst literary ladies ; and, Miss Dundas being a member of the Blue-stocking Club, you instantly flashed across my

mind. Lady Dundas was making a thousand objections against the vulgarity of various teachers whom the young ladies proposed ; and I, deeming it a favourable opportunity, told her ladyship, that if she could wait a few days, I would sound a friend of mine, who I knew, if he would condescend to take the trouble, must be the most eligible person imaginable. Lady Dundas and the girls gladly left it to me, and I now propose it to you."

"And I," replied he, "with a thousand thanks, accept the task."

"Then I will make the usual arrangements," returned her ladyship, "and send you the result."

After half an hour's farther conversation, lady Tinemouth became more impressed with the unsophisticated delicacy and dignity of the count's mind ; and he, more grateful than utterance could declare, left his respects for Miss Egerton, and took his leave.

CHAP. XV.

The next morning, whilst Thaddeus was vainly explaining to the general, that he no longer possessed a regiment of horse ; which the poor old man wanted him to order out, to try the success of some manœuvres which he had devised, little Nanny brought in a letter from Slaughter's, whither he had desired lady Tinemouth to direct. He opened it, and found these contents :—

"My dear Sir ! so anxious was I to terminate the affair with lady Dundas, that I went to her house last night. I affirmed it, as a great obligation, that you would undertake the trouble to teach her daughters ; and I insist, that you do not, from any romantic ideas of candour, invalidate what I have said : I know the world too well not to be convinced of the truth of Dr. Goldsmith's maxim, '*If you be poor, do not seem poor, if you would avoid insult as well as suffering.*'

"I told Miss Dundas, that you had undertaken the task solely at my persuasion ; therefore I could not propose other terms than a guinea for two lessons. She is rich enough for any expense, and made no objection to my demand : besides, she presented the inclosed, by way of entrance-money. Thus, I have settled all preliminaries ; and you are to commence your first lesson on Monday, at two o'clock. But, before then, pray let me see you.

"Cannot you dine with us on Sunday? I have informed Miss Egerton of as much of the affair as I think necessary, to account for your new occupation. In short, good girl as she is, I thought it most prudent to set her and lady Sara on the same scent that I have done the Dundases; therefore do not be uneasy on that head.

"Come to-morrow, if not before, and you will give real pleasure to your sincere friend,

"ADELIZA TINEMOUTH.

"*Saturday morning, Grosvenor-place.*"

Truly grateful to the active friendship of the countess, and looking at the general, who appeared perfectly happy in the prosecution of his wild schemes, Thaddeus exclaimed to himself, "By these means, I shall at least have it in my power to procure all the assistance, which your melancholy state requires!"

On opening the inclosed, which her ladyship mentioned, he found it to be a bank note for ten pounds. Both the present and its amount gave him pain: not having done any service to earn it, he regarded the money more as a gift, than as a bond of engagement. However, he found that this delicacy, with many other painful repugnancies, must, at this moment, be laid aside; and, without farther self-torment, he consigned the money to the use, for which he was aware the countess intended it, namely, to provide himself with an English dress.

During these various reflections, he did not leave lady Tinemouth's letter unanswered. He thanked her sincerely for her zeal; and declined dining with her the next day, on account of leaving

his poor friend so long alone ; but promised to come in the evening, when he should be retired to rest.

This excuse was regretted by none more than lady Sara Roos ; who, having heard from lady Tinemouth on Saturday morning, that she expected Mr. Constantine to dinner on Sunday, invited herself to be one of the party. She had now seen him constantly for near a month ; and, to her amazement, found, that in seeking to entrap him, she only had ensnared herself. Every word he uttered penetrated to her heart ; every glance of his eyes shook her frame like electricity. She had now no necessity to affect softness ; a young and seducing passion imparted to her voice and countenance all its bewitching pathos.

Thaddeus was not insensible to the enchantment which this intoxicating power threw around her ; but it did not reach as far as she intended. He confessed that she was a lovely woman, who might have affected his senses had she been free, and his heart been as in happier days. He knew that she was a married woman ; and, as he believed her to be a virtuous one, he could not credit the evidence of his observations, which would often have whispered to him the language, that her ladyship wished to convey.

When lady Tinemouth mentioned to lady Sara and Miss Egerton, the great favour she had conferred on the Miss Dundases, by prevailing on Mr. Constantine to undertake the task of teaching them German, lady Sara could hardly conceal her vexation. She was angry at the count for his acquiescence, and hated lady Tinemouth for having made the proposal.

Miss Egerton laughed at the scrape into which lady Tinemouth had brought his good nature; and declared, that she would tell him next day, at dinner, what a mulish pair of misses he had presumed to manage.

It was the youngest of these misses that excited lady Sara's displeasure. Euphemia Dundas was very pretty; she had a large fortune at her disposal; and what might not such united temptations effect on the mind of her favourite? Torn with jealousy she caught at the mention of his coming to dinner on the morrow; and offering to be one of the party, resolved to put on all her charms, that she might make one more essay, on the hitherto insensible soul of Thaddeus, before she beheld him enter scenes so likely to extinguish her hopes.—Hopes of what? she never allowed herself to inquire. She knew that she never had loved her husband, that now she hated him, and was devoted to another. To be assured of a reciprocal passion from that other, she believed was the extent of her wish. Thinking that she held her husband's honour safe as her life, she determined to do what she liked with her heart. Her former admirers were now neglected; and, to the astonishment and admiration of the graver part of her acquaintance, she relinquished all those dissipated assemblies, in which she had so recently been the brightest attraction, to seclude herself whole evenings by the domestic fire-side of the countess of Tinemouth.

Thus, whilst the world were admiring a conduct, which they supposed would give a lasting happiness to herself and to her husband, she was cherishing a passion, which might prove the destruction of both.

On Sunday evening, the count Sobieski entered lady Tinemouth's drawing-room just as Miss Egerton seated herself before the tea equipage. At the sight of him, she nodded her head, and called him to sit by her. Lady Tinemouth returned the grateful pressure of his hand. Lady Sara received him with a palpitating heart; and stooped her head to remove something that seemed to incommode her foot; but this was only a feint, to hide the blushes which were burning on her cheek. No one observed her confusion; so common it is, for those who are the constant witnesses of our actions to be the most ignorant of their expression and tendency.

Thaddeus could not be so uninformed. The frequent falling of her eye, when it met his; the unequivocal intonation of her voice, and sometimes the framing of her speech, often made him shiver. He gladly obeyed a second summons from the gay Maria, and drew his chair close to hers.

Lady Sara observed his motion with a jealous pang which she could not conceal; and, pulling her seat as far on the opposite side as possible, began in silence to sip her tea.

"Ye powers of gallantry!" suddenly exclaimed Miss Egerton, pushing away the table, and lifting her eye-glass to her eye, "I declare I have conquered! Look, lady Tinemouth; look, lady Sara! if Mr. Constantine does not better become this English dress, than his Polish horribles, drown me for a false prophetess!"

"You see I have obeyed you, madam," returned Thaddeus, bowing.

"Ah! you are in the right. Most men do it cheerfully, when they know that they will gain by

the bargain. Now, you look like a christian : before, you always reminded me of some stalking hero in tragedy."

" Yes," cried lady Sara, forcing a smile, and ready to weep with mortification, " yes, and now he exhibits a striking resemblance to George Barnwell."

Maria, who did not perceive the anger and sarcasm couched under this remark, good humouredly replied.

" True, lady Sara ; but I don't care for his being in black ; obedience was the thing I wanted, and I have it in his present appearance."

" Pray, lady Tinemouth," asked her ladyship, seeking to revenge herself on his alacrity to obey Miss Egerton, the cause of which her jealousy misapprehended, " what o'clock is it ? I have promised to be at lady Sarum's concert by nine."

" It is not eight," returned the countess ; besides, this is the first time I have heard of your engagement. I hoped your ladyship would have spent all this evening with us."

" No," answered lady Sara, " I cannot." And ringing the bell, she rose.

" Bless me, lady Sara !" cried Miss Egerton, " you are not going ? Don't you hear that it is only eight o'clock ?"

Lady Sara, busying herself about tying her cloak, affected not to hear her, and told the servant who opened the door, to order her carriage.

Lady Tinemouth, much surprised at this precipitation, but far from guessing the cause, requested the count to see her ladyship down stairs.

" I would rather not," cried she in a quick voice ; and, darting out of the room, was followed by

Thaddeus ; who got up with her flying footsteps, just as she reached the street door. He hastened past her, to assist her into the carriage, and saw, by the light of the flambeaux, her face streaming with tears. He had already extended his hand as she approached, when her ladyship, instead of accepting it, struck it down with her left hand ; and, whilst he stood motionless with astonishment, jumped into the carriage, and, with an indignant tone, ordered it to Berkley-square. He remained stupified for a few minutes, looking after her ; then returned into the house, too well able to translate the meaning of all this petulance.

When he re-ascended the stairs, lady Tinemouth expressed her wonder at the whimsical departure of her friend ; but, as Thaddeus (who was really disturbed) returned a vague reply, the subject ended.

Miss Egerton, who hardly thought two minutes on the same thing, sent away the tea board ; and, sitting down by the count, exclaimed,

" Mr. Constantine, I hold it right, that no man should be thrown into a den of wild beasts, without knowing what kind of monsters he shall meet there. Hence, as I find that you have undertaken the taming of that *ursa major*, lady Dundas, and her cubs, I must tell you what they are like.—Will you hear me ?"

" Certainly."

" Will you attend to my advice ?"

" If I like it."

" Ha !" replied she, returning his smile with another ; " that is just such an answer as I would have made myself, so I won't quarrel with you. Lady Tinemouth, you will allow me to draw your friends' pictures ?"

"Yes, Maria, provided you don't make them caricatures. Remember, your candour is at stake; to-morrow, Mr. Constantine will judge for himself."

"And I am sure he will agree with me. Now, lady Dundas, if you please? I know that your ladyship is a great stickler for precedence."

Lady Tinemouth laughed, and interrupted her.

"I declare, Maria, you are a very daring girl. What do you not risk, by giving way to this satirical spirit?"

"Not any body's love that I value, lady Tinemouth; *you* know that I never *daub* a *fair* character; *Mr. Constantine* takes me on your credit; and, if you mean *Charles Montresor*, he is as bad as myself, and dare not for his life have any qualms."

"Well, well, proceed," cried her ladyship, "I will not interrupt you again."

"Then," resumed she, "I must begin with lady Dundas. In proper historical style, I shall commence with her birth, parentage, and education. For the first, my father told me, that he remembers her, when she was the maid of governor Sefton's wife, at Surat. Soon after their arrival, this pretty Abigail, by some means cajoled old Hector Dundas, (who was then exercising the same command over some other Indian province,) to marry her. When she came back to England, she coaxed her foolish husband to appropriate some of his ill-gotten riches to the purchase of a baronetcy. I suppose, the appellation *Mistress* put her in mind of her *ci-devant* servantship; and, in a happy hour, he complied, and she became *my lady*. That over, Sir Hector had nothing more to do in this world. He was so good as to think so himself; and, to

add to his former obligations, had the civility to walk out of it; for one night, whether he had been dreaming of his feats in India I cannot affirm, but he marched out of his bed-room window and broke his neck. Ever since that fortunate event, lady Dundas has exhibited the finest parties about town. And though she is as vulgar as she is rich, every body goes to see her; but whether in compliment to their own taste, or her silver muslins, I don't know, for there are half a dozen titled ladies of her acquaintance, who, to my certain knowledge, have not bought a ball dress this twelvemonth. Well, how do you like lady Dundas?"

"I do not like your sketch," replied Thaddeus, with a secret sigh, that from such a woman he was to receive an obligation.

"Come, don't sigh about my veracity," interrupted she, "I do assure you, I should have been more correct, had I been more severe; for, she is as ill-natured as she is vulgar, and as presumptuous as ignorant; in short, she is a fit mother for the delectable Miss Dundas, whose description you shall have in two questions. Can you imagine Socrates in his wife's petticoats? Can you imagine a pedant, a scold, and a coquette, in one woman? If you can, you have a foretaste of Diana Dundas. She is large and ugly, and thinks herself delicate and handsome; she is self-willed and ignorant, and believes that she is wise and learned; for, unhappily, she has wriggled herself amongst the *blue stockings;* and, to sum up all, she is the most malicious creature breathing."

"My dear Maria!" cried lady Tinemouth, laying her hand on her arm, and alarmed at the effect her high colouring might have on the mind of

Thaddeus; "for Heaven's sake be temperate! I never heard you so unbecomingly harsh in my life."

Miss Egerton peeped archly in her face.

"Are you serious, lady Tinemouth? You know that I would not look unbecoming in your eyes. Come, shake hands with me, and I will be more merciful to the gentle Euphemia, for I intend that Mr. Constantine shall be her lover. Won't you?" cried she, resigning her ladyship's hand. Thaddeus shook his head. "I don't understand your lord Burleigh nods; answer me in words, when I have finished; for I am sure you will immediately unclasp your heart to receive the sweet creature. She is so tiny and so pretty, that I never see her without thinking of some gay little trinket, all over precious stones. Her eyes are two diamond sparks, melted into lustre: and her teeth, seed pearl, lying between rubies. So much for the casket; but for the quality of the jewel within, I leave you to make the discovery."

Miss Egerton, having run herself out of breath, suddenly stopped. Thaddeus, seeing that he was called upon to say something, made an answer, which only drew upon him a new volley of raillery. Lady Tinemouth tried to avert it, but she failed; and Maria continued, with very little interruption, until the party separated for the night.

Now that the count thought himself secure of the means of payment, he sent the next day to consult a physician respecting the situation of the general. When Dr. Cavendish saw and conversed with the venerable Butzou, he gave it as his opinion, that the malady had originated in grief.

"I can too well suppose that," replied Thaddeus.

"Then," rejoined the physician, "I fear, Sir, that unless I know something of its cause, my visits will prove almost useless."

The count was silent. The doctor resumed—

"I shall be grieved if his sorrows be of too delicate a nature to be trusted with a man of honour: for, in these cases, unless we have some knowledge of the springs of the madness, we lose much time, and perhaps entirely fail of a cure. Our discipline is addressed, both to the body and mind of the patient."

Thaddeus perceived the necessity of compliance, and did so without farther hesitation.

"The calamities, Sir, which have occasioned the derangement of my friend, need not be any secret; too many have shared them with him; his sorrows have been public ones. You must learn by his language, Dr. Cavendish, that he is a foreigner and a soldier; he held the rank of general, in the king of Poland's service. Since the period in which his country fell, his wandering senses have approximated to what you see."

Dr. Cavendish paused for a moment, before he answered the count; then, fixing his eyes upon the veteran, who was sitting at the other end of the room, forming the model of a fortified town, he said—

"All that we can do, at present, Sir, is to permit him to follow his schemes without contradiction; meanwhile, strengthening his system with proper medicines, and lulling its irritation by gentle opiates. We must proceed cautiously, and I trust, in Heaven, that success will crown us at last."

When the doctor had written his prescription, and was preparing to go, Thaddeus offered him his

fee ; but the good Cavendish taking the hand that presented it, and closing it on the guinea, " No, my dear Sir," said he, " real patriotism is too much the idol of my heart, to allow me to receive payment when I behold her face. Suffer me, Mr. Constantine, to visit you and your brave friend as a friend, or I never come again."

" Sir, this generous conduct to strangers ?"

" Generous to myself, Mr. Constantine, and not to strangers ; I cannot consider you as such ; for men, who devote themselves to their country, must find a brother in every honest breast. I will not hear of our meeting on any other terms."

Thaddeus could not immediately form a reply adequate to the sentiment which the generosity and philanthropy of the doctor awakened. Whilst he stood, incapable of speaking, Cavendish, with one glance of his penetrating eye, decyphered his countenance ; and, giving him a friendly shake by the hand, disappeared.

The count took up his hat ; and, musing all the way he went, on the unexpected scenes we meet in life ; disappointment where we expected kindness, and friendship where no hope could arise ; he arrived at the door of lady Dundas, in Harley-street.

He was instantly let in ; and, with much ceremony, ushered into a splendid library, where he remained, in expectation of his pupils. Before they entered, they allowed him sufficient time to examine its costly furniture, its glittering book-cases, bird-cages, globes, and reading-stands, all shining with burnished gilding ; its plaster casts of the nine muses, which stood in nine recesses about the room, draperied with blue net looped up

with artificial roses ; and, on each side of a fine cut-steel Rumford stove were placed, on sandal-wood pedestals, two five-feet statues of Apollo and Minerva.

Thaddeus had twice walked round these fopperies of learning, when the door opened, and lady Dundas, dressed in a morning wrapper, made of Indian shawls, waddled into the apartment. She neither bowed nor courtesied to the count, who was standing when she entered, but, looking at him from head to foot, said, as she passed, "So you are come ;" and, ringing the bell, called to the servant in no very soft tones, "Tell Miss Dundas, that the person lady Tinemouth spoke of is here." Her ladyship then sat down close to the fire, in one of the little gilded chairs, leaving Thaddeus still standing on the spot where he had bowed to her entrance.

"You may sit down," cried she, not deigning to look at him, and stirring the fire ; "for my daughter may not choose to come this half hour."

"I prefer standing," replied the count, who could have laughed at the accuracy of Miss Egerton's picture, had he not prognosticated many disagreeables to himself, from the ill manners, of which this was a specimen.

Lady Dundas took no farther notice of him. Turning from her bloated countenance, (which pride, as well as high eating, had swoln from prettiness to deformity,) he walked to a window, and stationed himself there, looking into the street, until the door was again opened, and two ladies made their appearance.

"Miss Dundas," cried her ladyship, "here is the young man who is to teach you German."

Thaddeus bowed; the younger of the ladies courtesied; and so did the other, not forgetting to accompany such condescension with a toss of the head, that the effect of undue humility might be done away.

Whilst a servant was setting chairs round a table, on which was painted the judgment of Hercules, lady Dundas again opened her lips.

"Pray, Mr. Thingumbob, have you brought any grammars, and primers, and dictionaries, and syntaxes, with you?"

Before he had time to reply in the negative, Miss Dundas, with a frown, interrupted her mother.

"I wish, madam, that you would leave the arrangement of my studies to myself. Does your ladyship think, that we would learn out of any book, which had been touched by other people? Thomas," cried she, to a servant, "send Stevens hither."

Thaddeus silently contemplated this strange mother and daughter, whilst the pretty Euphemia paid the same compliment to him. During his stay, he ventured to look once only, at her Sylphid figure. There was an unreceding something in her liquid blue eyes, when he chanced to meet them, which displeased him; and he saw, that, from the instant she entered the room, she had never ceased staring in his face.

He was a little relieved by the maid putting the books on the table: and Miss Dundas, taking a seat, desired him to sit down by her, and arrange the lessons. Lady Dundas was drawing to the other side of the count, when Euphemia suddenly whisking round, pushed before her mother, and actually elbowed her out with this exclamation—

"Dear mamma! you don't want to learn!" and she squeezed herself upon the edge of her mother's chair; who, very angrily, getting up, declared, that rudeness to a parent was intolerable from such well bred young women; and left the room.

Euphemia blushed at this reproof, more than at her conduct; and Miss Dundas added to her confusion, by giving her a second reprimand. Thaddeus, who pitied the evident embarrassment of the little beauty, to relieve her, presented to her the page in the German grammar with which they were to begin. This had the desired effect, and for an hour and a half they prosecuted their studies with close attention.

Whilst the count continued his directions to her sister, and then turned his address to herself, Miss Euphemia, wholly unseen by him, with a bent head, was affecting to hear him, though at the same time she looked obliquely through her thick flaxen ringlets; and gazing with wonder and admiration on his face, as it inclined towards her, said to herself, "If this man were a gentleman, I should think him the most charming creature in the world."

"Will your task be too long, madam?" inquired Thaddeus, "will it give you any inconvenience to remember?"

"To remember what?" asked she, for in truth she had neither seen what he had been pointing at, nor heard what he had been saying.

"The lesson, madam, that I have just been proposing."

"Shew it to me again, and then I shall be a better judge."

He did as he was desired; and was taking his leave, when she called after him,

"Pray, Mr. Constantine, come to-morrow at two. I want you particularly."

The count bowed and withdrew.

"And what do you want with him to-morrow, child?" asked Miss Dundas, "you are not accustomed to be so fond of improvement."

Euphemia knew very well what she was accustomed to be fond of; but not choosing to let her austere sister into her predilection for the contemplation of superior beauty, she merely answered, "You know, Diana, that you often reproach me for my absurd devotion to novel reading, and my repugnance to graver books; now I want at once to be like you, a woman of great erudition; and, for that purpose, I will study day and night at the German, till I can read all the philosophers, and be a fit companion for my sister."

This speech from Euphemia, (who had always been so declared an enemy to pedantry, as to affirm, that she learnt German, merely, because it was the fashion,) would have awakened Miss Dundas to some suspicion of a covert design, had she not been in the habit of taking down such large draughts of adulation, that where herself was the subject of encomium, she gave it full confidence. Euphemia, who seldom administered these doses, but to serve particular views, seeing, in the present case, that a little flattery was necessary, felt no compunction in sacrificing sincerity to the gratification of her caprice. Weak of understanding, she had fed on works of imagination, until her mind loathed all other kind of food. Not content with devouring the elegant pages of Mackenzie, West, and De

Genlis, she flew with voracious appetite, to sate herself on the "garbage" of any circulating library that fell in her way.

The effects of such a taste were soon exhibited in her manners. Being very pretty, she became very sentimental. She dressed like a wood nymph; and talked, as if her soul were made up of love and sorrow: though neither of these emotions she knew by experience, nevertheless, she was ever the victim of some ill-fated passion; at least she fancied herself, at different periods, in love with all the fine men about town.

By this management, she kept faithful to her favourite principle, that '*love was a want of her soul!*' As it was the rule of her life, it ever trembled on her tongue; ever introduced the confession of any new attachment, which usually happened three times a year, to her dear friend, Miss Arabella Rothes. Fortunately for the longevity of their mutual friendship, owing to the compulsion of an old uncle, this young lady lived in an ancient house, forty miles to the north of London. This latter circumstance proved a pretty distress for their pens to descant on, and Arabella remained a most charming sentimental writing stock, to receive the catalogue of Miss Euphemia's lovers; indeed, that gentle creature might have matched every lady in Cowley's calender with a gentleman. Every throb of her heart could have acknowledged a different master. First, the fashionable sloven, Augustus Somers, lounged and sauntered himself into her good graces: but his dishevelled hair, soiled linen, and dirty great coat, not exactly meeting her ideas of an elegant lover, she gave him up at the end of three weeks. The next object her

eyes fell upon, as most opposite to her former fancy, was the charming marquis of Inverary. But here all her arrows failed, for she never could extract more than a *how d'ye do?* from him, through the long lapse of four months; during which time she continued as constant to his fine figure, and her own folly, as could have fallen to the lot of any poor despairing damsel. However, my lord was so cruel, so perfidious, as to allow several opportunities to pass, in which he might have declared his passion; and she told Arabella, in a letter of six sheets, that she would bear it no longer.

She put this wise resolution in practice; and had already played the same game with half a score, (the last of whom was a young guardsman, who had just rode into her heart, by managing his steed with the air of an Alexander, every day in Hyde Park,) when Thaddeus made his appearance before her.

The moment she fixed her eyes on him, her inflammable imagination was set in a blaze. She forgot his apparent subordinate quality, in the nobleness of his figure; and, once or twice that evening, whilst she was flitting about the sparkling cynosure of the dutchess of Orkney's masquerade, her thoughts hovered over the handsome foreigner.

She viewed the subject, first one way and then another, and in her ever-varying mind, '*he was every thing by turns, and nothing long;*' but at length she argued herself into a belief, that he must be a man of rank from some of the German courts, who having seen her somewhere unknown to herself, had fallen in love, and persuaded lady Tinemouth to introduce him as a language-master to her fam-

ily, that he might be enabled to appreciate the disinterestedness of her disposition.

This wild idea having once gotten into her head, received instant credence. She resolved, without seeming to suspect it, to treat him as his quality deserved, and to deliver sentiments in his hearing, which should charm him with their delicacy and generosity.

With these chimeras floating in her brain, she returned home, went to bed, and dreamed that Mr. Constantine had turned out to be *Monsieur*, had offered her his hand, and that she was conducted to the altar by a train of princes and princesses, his brothers and sisters.

She awoke the next morning from these deliriums, in an ecstacy, deeming them prophetic; and, taking up her book, began, with a fluttering attention, to scan the lesson which Thaddeus had desired her to learn.

CHAP. XVI.

THE following day at noon, as the count Sobieski was crossing over Cavendish-square, to keep his appointment in Harley-street, he was met by lady Sara Roos. She had spoken with the Miss Dundases the night before, at the masquerade; where, discovering the pretty Euphemia through the dress of Eloisa, her jealous and incensed heart, could not withstand the temptation of hinting at the captivating Abelard, whom she had elected to direct her studies. Her ladyship soon penetrated into the situation of Euphemia's heated fancy; and drew from her, without betraying herself, that she expected to see her master the following day. Lady Sara, stung to the soul, immediately quitted the rooms, and, in a paroxysm of disappointment, determined to throw herself in his way, as he went to their house.

With this hope, she had already been traversing the square upwards of an hour, when her anxious eye at last caught a view of his figure, proceeding along Margaret-street. Hardly able to support her tottering frame, shaken as it was with contending emotions, she accosted him first; for he was passing straight onwards, without looking to the right or the left. On seeing her ladyship he stopped, and expressed his pleasure at the meeting.

"If you *really* are pleased to meet me," said she, forcing a smile, "take a turn with me round the square. I want to speak with you."

Thaddeus bowed, and her ladyship put her arm through his, but remained silent for a few minutes, in evident confusion. The count recollected that it must now be quite two. He knew the awkwardness of making the Miss Dundases wait; and, notwithstanding his reluctance to appear impatient with lady Sara, he found himself obliged to say,

"I am sorry that I must urge your ladyship to honour me with your commands, for it is already past the time when I ought to have been with the Miss Dundases."

"Yes," cried lady Sara, angrily, "Miss Euphemia told me as much; but, Mr. Constantine, as a friend, I must warn you against her arts; as well as against those of another lady, who would do well to correct the boldness of her manner."

"Whom do you mean, madam?" interrogated Thaddeus, surprised at her warmth, and totally at a loss to conjecture to whom she alluded.

"A little reflection would answer you," returned she, wishing to retreat from an explanation, yet stimulated by her double jealousy to proceed; "She may be a good girl, Mr. Constantine, and I dare say she is; but a woman, who has promised her hand to another, ought not to flirt with you. What business had Miss Egerton to command you to wear an English dress? But she must now see the danger of her conduct, by your having presumed to obey her."

"Lady Sara!" exclaimed the count, much hurt at this speech, "I hardly understand you; yet I believe I may venture to affirm, that in all which you have just now said, you are mistaken. Who can witness the general frankness of Miss Eger-

ton, or listen to the candid manner with which she avows her attachment to Mr. Montressor, and conceive that she possesses any thoughts, which would not do her honour to reveal? And for myself," added he, lowering the tone of his voice, "I trust, the least of my faults is presumption. It never was my character to presume on any lady's condescension; and if dressing as she desired, be deemed an instance of that kind, I can declare upon my word, had I not found other motives besides her raillery, my appearance should not have suffered any change."

"Are you sincere, Mr. Constantine?" cried lady Sara, now smiling with pleasure.

"Indeed, I am; and happy, if my explanation have met with your ladyship's approbation."

"Mr Constantine," resumed she, "I have no motive but one, in my discourse with you; friendship." And, casting her eyes down, she sighed profoundly.

"Your ladyship does me honour."

"I would have you regard me with the same confidence that you pay lady Tinemouth. My father possesses the first patronage in this country; therefore I have it a thousand times more in my power than she has, to render you a service."

Here her ladyship overshot herself: she had not calculated well on the nature of the mind she wished to ensnare.

"I am grateful to your generosity," replied Thaddeus; "but on this head I must decline your kind offices. Whilst I consider myself the subject of one king, though he be in a prison, I will not accept of any employment under another who is in alliance with his enemies."

Lady Sara discovered her error the moment he had made his answer; and, in a disappointed tone, exclaimed, "Then you despise my friendship!"

"No, lady Sara; it is an honour far beyond my merits: and my gratitude to lady Tinemouth must be doubled, when I recollect, that I possess it through her means."

"Well," cried her ladyship, "have that as you will; but I expect, as a specimen of your confidence in me, that you will be wary of Euphemia Dundas. I know that she is artful and vain, and finds amusement in attracting the affections of men; and then, notwithstanding her affected sensibility, she turns them into a subject for laughter."

"I thank your ladyship," replied the count; "but in this respect, I think that I am safe, both from the lady and myself."

"How?" asked lady Sara, rather too eagerly, "is your heart?"—She paused, and looked down.

"No, madam;" replied he, sighing as deeply as herself, but with his thoughts far from her, and the object of their discourse; "I have no place in my heart to give to love. Besides, the quality in which I appear at lady Dundas's would preclude the vainest man alive, from supposing, that such behaviour from any lady to him, could be possible. Therefore, I am safe; though I acknowledge my obligation to your ladyship's caution."

Lady Sara was satisfied with the first part of this answer. It declared that his heart was unoccupied; and as he had accepted her proffered friendship, she doubted not, but that when assisted by more frequent displays of her fascinations, she could destroy its lambent nature, and, in the end, light

up in his bosom a similar fire to that which consumed her own.

The almost unconscious object of all these desires began, internally, to accuse his vanity of being too fanciful in the formation of suspicions, which, on a former occasion, he had believed himself forced to admit; and, blushing at a quickness of perception, which his contrition nominated a weakness, he found himself at the bottom of Harley-street.

Lady Sara called her servant to walk nearer to her; and, telling Thaddeus, that she should expect to meet him the next evening at lady Tinemouth's, wished him good morning.

He was certain that he must have staid at least half an hour beyond the time when he had promised to be with the sisters. Anticipating very haughty looks, and, perhaps, a reprimand, he knocked at the door, and was again shewn into the library. Miss Euphemia was sitting alone.

The count offered some indistinct excuse for having made her wait, but Euphemia, with good humoured alacrity, interrupted him.

"O, pray don't mind; you have made nobody wait but me, and I can easily forgive it; for mamma and my sister chose to go out at one, it being May-day, to see the chimney-sweepers dine at Mrs. Montague's. They did as they liked; and I preferred staying at home to repeat my lesson."

Thaddeus, thanking her for her indulgence, sat down, and, taking the book, began to question her. Not one word could she recollect. She smiled.

"I am afraid, madam, that you have never thought of it since yesterday morning."

"Indeed I have thought of nothing else; you must forgive me; I am very stupid, Mr. Constan-

tine, at learning languages, and German is so harsh —at least to my ears! Cannot you teach me any other thing? I should like to learn of you of all things, but do think of something else besides this odious jargon! Cannot you teach me how to read poetry elegantly? Shakspeare, for instance; I doat upon Shakspeare!"

"That would be strange presumption in a foreigner."

"No presumption in the least," cried she, "if you can do it, pray begin; there is Romeo and Juliet."

Thaddeus pushed away the book with a smile.

"I cannot do it. I understand him with as much ease, as you, madam, will soon do German, if you apply; but I cannot pretend to read him aloud."

"Dear me, how vexatious! But I must hear you read something. Do, take up that Werter. My sister got it from the Prussian ambassador, and he tells me it is sweetest in its own language."

The count opened the book.

"But you will not understand a word of it."

"I don't care for that; I have it by heart in English; and if you will only read his last letter to Charlotte, I know I can follow you in my own mind."

To please this whimsical little creature, Thaddeus turned to the letter, and read it forward with a pathos, that was natural to his voice and character. When he came to an end, and closed the volume, the cadence of his tones, and the lady's memory, did ample justice to her sensibility. She looked up, and smiling through her watery eyes, which glittered like violets wet with dew, drew out her perfumed handkerchief, and wiping them, said:

"I thank you, Mr. Constantine. You see, by this irrepressible emotion, that I feel Goethe, and did not ask you a vain favour."

Thaddeus bowed, for he was at a loss to guess, what kind of a reply could be expected by such a strange creature.

She continued:

"You are a German, Mr. Constantine. Did you ever see Charlotte?"

"Never, madam."

"I am sorry for that; I should have liked to have heard what sort of a beauty she was. But, don't you think she behaved cruelly to Werter? Perhaps you knew him?"

"No, madam; this lamentable story happened before I was born."

"How unhappy for him! I am sure you would have made the most charming friends in the world! Have you a friend, Mr. Constantine?"

The count looked at her with surprise. She laughed at the expression of his countenance.

"I don't mean such friends as one's father, mother, sisters, and relations; most people have enough of them. I mean a tender, confiding friend, to whom you unbosom all your secrets; who is your other self, a second soul! In short, a creature in whose existence you forget your own!"

Thaddeus followed, with his eyes, the heightened colour of the fair enthusiast; who, accompanying her rhapsody with action expressive as her words, had to repeat her question, '*have you such a friend!*' before he found recollection to answer her in the negative.

The count, who never had been used to such extravagant behaviour in a woman, would have re-

garded Miss Euphemia Dundas as little better than insane, had he not been prepared by Miss Egerton's description; and he now acquiesced in her desire, to detain him another hour, half amused and half wearied with her aimless and wild fancies. But here he was mistaken; her fancies were not aimless; his heart was the game she had in view; and she determined, that a desperate attack should make it her own, in return for the deep wounds, which she had received from every tone of his voice, whilst reading the Sorrows of Werter.

Thaddeus spent near a fortnight in the constant exercise of his occupations. In the mornings, until two, he prepared those drawings, by the sale of which he was empowered to pay the good Mrs. Robson, for the care of his friend. And he hoped, that when the ladies in Harley-street should think it time to defray any part of their now large debt to him, he might be enabled to liquidate the very long bill of his friend's apothecary. But the Misses Dundas possessed too much money to think of its utility; they used it as counters; for they had no conception, that to other people it was the purchaser of almost every comfort. Their comforts came so certainly, that they supposed they grew, of necessity, out of their situation; and that their great wealth owned no other commission, than to give splendid parties, and buy fine things. Their golden shower being exhaled by the same power of vanity, by which it had been shed, they as little regarded its dispersion, as they had marked its fall.

Hence these amiable ladies never once recollected, that their master ought to receive some weightier remuneration for his visits, than the honour of paying them; and, as poets tell, that all

honours are atchieved by much hardihood, so these two sisters, though in different ways, seemed resolved, that Thaddeus should purchase his distinction with adequate pains.

Notwithstanding that Miss Dundas continued very remiss in her lessons, she unrelentingly required the count's attendance ; and, sometimes not in the most gentle language, reproached him for a backwardness, which she owed entirely to her own inattention and stupidity. The fair Diana would have been the most learned woman in the world, could she have found any fine-lady path to the temple of science ; but the goddess who presides there, being only to be won by arduous climbing, poor Miss Dundas, like the indolent monarch, who made the same demand of the philosophers, was obliged to lay the fault of her own slippery feet on the weakness of her conductors.

As Thaddeus despised her most heartily, he bore ill humour from that quarter with unshaken equanimity. But the pretty Euphemia was not so easily managed ; she had now completely given up her fanciful soul to this prince in disguise ; and already began to act a thousand extravagancies. Diana, without suspecting the object, soon discovered that she was in one of her love fits. Indeed she cared nothing about it ; and leaving her to pursue the passion as she liked, poor Euphemia, according to her custom, when labouring under this whimsical malady, addicted herself to solitude. This romantic taste she generally indulged, by taking her footman to the gate of the green in Cavendish square, where he stood until she performed a pensive saunter up and down the walk. After this, she returned, adjusted her hair in the Madona fashion,

because the count had, one day, admired the female head in a holy family, by Guido, over the chimney-piece; then, seating herself in some becoming attitude, she usually waited, with her eyes constantly turning to the door, until the object of these pains presented himself. She impatiently watched all his motions and looks, whilst he attended to her sister; and, the moment he was done, ran over her own lessons with greater volubility than clearness. This finished, she shut the books, and employed the remainder of the time in translating a number of little mottos into German, which she composed for boxes, baskets, and other frippery.

One day, when the count, as usual, was tired to death with making common sense out of so much nonsense, Euphemia, observing that Diana was at the other end of the room with the honourable Mr. Lascelles, (for Miss Dundas, to give an eclat to her new studies, had lately opened her library door to morning visitors,) thought that she might do what she wished without detection: and hastily drawing a folded paper from her pocket, she desired Thaddeus to take it home, and translate it into what language he liked.

The count, surprised at her manner, held it in his hand.

"Put it in your pocket," added she, in a hurrying voice, "else my sister will see it, and ask what it is!"

Thaddeus, full of wonder, obeyed her; and the little beauty, having executed her scheme, seemed quite intoxicated with delight. When he was preparing to withdraw, she called to him, and asked him when he should see lady Tinemouth.

"This evening, madam."

"Then," returned she, "tell her ladyship, that I shall come and sit half an hour with her to-night; and here," added she, running up to him, "present her that rose with my love." Whilst she put it into his hand, she whispered, in a low voice, "and you will tell me what you think of those verses which I have given you."

Thaddeus blushed, and bowed. He hurried out of the house into the street; as if, by that haste, he could altogether have gotten out of a dilemma, to which he feared all this foolish mystery of Euphemia was only the introduction.

Though the count Sobieski was, of all men in the world, perhaps the least inclined to vanity; yet he must have been also the most stupid, if he had not been convinced, by this time, of the criminal attachment of lady Sara. Added to this disagreeable certainty, he more than half dreaded a similar folly in Miss Euphemia.

Can a man see himself the daily object of a pair of melting eyes; hear everlasting sighs at his entrance and departure; day after day receive tender, though covert, addresses about disinterested love; can he witness all this, and be sincere, when he affirms that it is the language of indifference? If that be possible, the count Sobieski has no pretensions to modesty. He comprehended the '*discoursing*' of Miss Euphemia's '*eye*,' also the tendency of the love-sick mottos, which, under various excuses, she put into his hand; and, with many a smile mixed with pity, he contemplated her childish absurdity.

A few days prior to that in which she made this appointment with the count, she presented to him another of her devices, which ran thus: "frighted

love, like a wild beast, shakes the wood in which it hides."

Thaddeus almost laughed at the oddity of this conceit.

"Do, dear Mr. Constantine," cried she, "translate it into the sweetest French you can; for I mean to have it put into a medallion, and to give it to the person whom I most value on earth!"

There was something so truly ridiculous in the sentence, that, reluctant to allow even Miss Euphemia to expose herself so far, he considered a moment how he should make any thing so bad, better, and then said, "I am afraid I cannot translate it literally: but surely, madam, you can do it yourself!"

"Yes, but I like your French better than mine; so set about it."

He had done the same kind of thing a hundred times, and, without farther parley, wrote as follows:

"L'amour, tel qu'une biche blessee, se trahit lui-meme par sa crainte, qui fait remuer le feuillage qui le couvre."

"Bless me, how pretty!" cried she, and immediately put it into her bosom.

To this unlucky addition of the words *se trahit lui-meme*, Thaddeus was indebted for the present of the folded paper. The ever-working imagination of Euphemia, in a moment seized the inserted thought as a delicate avowal, that he was the wounded deer, which he had substituted in place of the wild beast; and, as soon as he arrived at home, he found the effects of her mistake in the packet, which she had given with so much secresy.

When he broke the seal something dropped out, and fell on the carpet. He took it up, and blushed

like scarlet, on finding a gold medallion, with the words he had altered for Miss Euphemia engraved on blue enamel. With an agitated hand he next looked at the envelope; it contained a copy of verses, with this line written at the top,

"*To him who will apply them.*"

On perusing farther, he found them to be Mr. Philip's beautiful translation of that ode of Sappho, which runs:

"Blest as the immortal gods is he,
"The friend who fondly sits by thee,
"And hears and sees thee all the while,
"Softly speak, and sweetly smile!

"'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
"And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
"For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
"My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

"My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
"Ran quick through all my vital frame;
"O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
"My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

"In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
"My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
"My feeble pulse forgot to play:
"I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away!"

"EUPHEMIA."

Thaddeus threw both them and the medallion together on the table, and sat for a few minutes, considering how he should extricate himself from an affair so truly farcical.

He was thinking of at once giving up the task of attending either of the sisters, when, his eyes falling on the uncomplaining but melancholy features of his poor friend, he exclaimed, "No; for thy

sake, gallant Butzou, I will brave every scene, however abhorrent to my heart !"

Well aware, from observation on Miss Euphemia, that the seeming tenderness, which prompted an act so wild and unbecoming, originated in mere caprice, he did not hesitate in determining to return the things in as handsome a manner as possible, and, by so doing, at once crush the whole affair. He felt no pain in forming these resolves ; because he saw, that not one impulse of her conduct sprung from her heart. It was a whim raised by him to day, which might be superseded by another to-morrow.

But how different was the case with regard to lady Sara ! Her uncontrolled nature could not long brook the restraints of friendship. Every attention that he gave to lady Tinemouth, every civility that he paid to Miss Egerton, or to any other lady whom he met at the countess's, went like a dagger to her soul ; and, whenever she could gain his ear in private, she generally made him sensible of her misery, and his own unhappiness in being its cause, by reproaches, which too unequivocally proclaimed their source.

He now saw that her ladyship had given way to a dangerous and headstrong passion ; and, allowing for the politeness which is due from his sex, he tried, by an appearance of the most stubborn coldness, and an obstinate perversity in shutting his apprehension against all her speeches and actions, to stem a tide which threatened her with ruin.

Lady Tinemouth at last began to open her eyes to the perilous situation of both her friends. Highly as she esteemed Thaddeus, she knew not the extent of his integrity. She had lived too long

about the court of Great Britain ; and had seen too many men from the courts of the continent, to place much reliance on the honour of a single and unattached young man, when assailed by rank, beauty, and love.

Alarmed at what might be the result of her observations, and fearing to lose any time, she had that very evening, in which she expected the count to supper, drawn out of lady Sara the unhappy state of her heart.

The dreadful confession was made by her ladyship, with repeated showers of tears, and in paroxysms of agony which pierced the countess to the soul.

" My dear lady Sara," cried she, " for Heaven's sake remember your duty to captain Roos !"

" I shall never forget it," exclaimed her ladyship, shaking her head mournfully, and striking her breast with her clenched hand, " I never look on the face of Constantine, that I do not execrate from my heart, the vows which I have sworn to Roos ; but I have bound myself his property ; and, though I hate him, whatever it may cost me, I will never forget, that my faith and honour are my husband's."

Lady Tinemouth, with a countenance bathed in tears, put her arms round the waist of lady Sara, who now sat motionless, with her eyes fixed on the fire.

" Dear lady Sara ! that was spoken like yourself. Do more ; abstain from seeing Mr. Constantine."

" Don't require of me, that !" cried her ladyship. " I could easier rid myself of existence. He is the very essence of my happiness. It is only in his company, that I forget that I am a wretch."

"This is obstinacy, my dear lady Sara! This is courting danger."

"Lady Tinemouth, urge me no more on the subject. Is it not enough," continued she sullenly, "that I am miserable? Would you drive me to desperation! If there be danger, you brought me into it."

"I!"

"Yes, you, lady Tinemouth; you introduced him to me."

"But you are married. Handsome and amiable as he is, could I suppose——"

"Nonsense!" cried her ladyship, interrupting her, "you know that I am married to a mere fool! But it is not because Constantine is handsome, that I like him. No; though no human form can come nearer to perfection, yet it was not that: it was you. You, and Maria Egerton, were always telling me of his bravery; what wealth and honours he had sacrificed in the service of his country; how nobly he succoured the distresses of others; how heedless he was of his own. This fired my imagination, and won my heart. No, it was not his beauty; I am not so despicable!"

"Dear lady Sara, be calm!" entreated her ladyship, completely at a loss how to manage a spirit, whose violence exceeded her conception; "Think, my dear friend, what horrors you would experience, if Mr. Constantine were to discover this predilection, and presume upon it! You know where even the best of men are vulnerable."

The eyes of lady Sara sparkled with pleasure at this surmise of the countess.

"Why surely, lady Sara!" exclaimed lady Tinemouth, doubtingly.

"Don't fear me, lady Tinemouth; I know my own dignity too well to do any thing disgraceful; yet I would acquire the knowledge that he loves me, at almost any price. But he is cold," added she, sinking again into despondence, "he is a piece of obstinate petrefaction, which heaven itself could not melt!"

Lady Tinemouth was glad to hear this account of Thaddeus; and began to take a little confidence from his side; but just as she was preparing to speak farther, the drawing-room door opened, and Miss Euphemia Dundas was announced.

Lady Sara gave the little beauty such a withering look, when she expressed her amazement at not seeing Mr. Constantine, that, had her ladyship's eyes been Medusean, poor Euphemia would, ever after, have stood there, a stone statue of disappointment.

Meanwhile, the count having seen Dr. Cavendish, and received a favourable opinion of his friend, wrote the following note to Miss Euphemia; and then arranged his dress, before he proceeded to Grosvenor Place.

"*To Miss Euphemia Dundas.*

"Mr. Constantine very much admires the taste of Miss Euphemia Dundas, in the choice of those verses, which she did him the honour of requesting he would translate into the most expressive language; and he has to the utmost of his abilities obeyed her commands in Italian, thinking that the best adapted, both for versification and the subject.

Mr. Constantine equally admires the style of the medallion, which Miss E. Dundas condescended to enclose for his inspection, and assures her that the letters are correct."

When the count entered lady Tinemouth's drawing-room, he saw that his young *enamorata* was already arrived, and in close conversation with the countess. Lady Sara, now that the discovery was made, thought it unnecessary to put any restraint on her temper before her ladyship. Seating herself alone on a sofa, she was inwardly upbraiding Constantine, for what she termed an absolute assignation with Euphemia, when his name was announced.

Her half resentful eyes, yet swimming in the tears, which her discourse with lady Tinemouth had occasioned, sought his averted face, which was regarding Miss Dundas with a look of surprise and disgust. This pleased her; and the more so, as he only slightly bowed to her rival, shook the countess by the hand, and then returning, took his station beside her on the sofa.

She would not trust her triumphant eyes to wander towards lady Tinemouth, but immediately asked him some trifling question. At the same moment, Euphemia tapped him on the arm with her fan, and inquired how it happened that she had arrived first.

He answered lady Sara. Euphemia impatiently repeating her demand, "How did it happen that I arrived first?" "I suppose, madam," replied he, smiling, "because you were so fortunate as to set out first. I do not believe, that I am ever with lady Tinemouth before eight; and now, it wants five minutes of the hour. But had I been so happy as to have preceded you, I should certainly have executed your commands, and have delivered your message and present to lady Tinemouth. I hope your ladyship will permit me to do it now?" said

he, rising, and taking Euphemia's rose from his button as he approached the countess; "Miss Euphemia Dundas has done me the honour to make me the bearer of *sweets to the sweet;* and thus I surrender my trust." He bowed, and put the flower into lady Tinemouth's hand, who smiled, and thanked Euphemia. But the little beauty blushed like her own rose; and murmuring within herself at the literal mind of her favourite, whom she thought as handsome as Cimon, and as stupid too, she flirted her fan, and asked Miss Egerton, whether she had read Charlotte Smith's last delightful novel.

The evening passed off more agreeably to the count, than he had augured from the scene, that presented itself on his entrance. Lady Sara always gave him pain; Miss Euphemia teased him to death; but, to-night, the storm which had agitated the breast of her ladyship, having subsided into thoughtfulness, it imparted so abstracted an air to her ever lovely countenance, that Sobieski, merely to elude communication with Euphemia, remained near her; and by paying those attentions, which he could not avoid, he so deluded the wretched lady Sara, as to subdue her melancholy into that enchanting softness, which rendered her the most captivating of women.

The only person present who did not approve the change was lady Tinemouth. At every dissolving smile of her Circean ladyship, she beheld the intoxicating cup at the lips of Thaddeus, and dreaded its effect. Euphemia was too busily employed repeating some new poems; and too intensely dreaming of what her tutor might say on the verses and medallion, to observe the danger-

ous ascendancy which the superior charms of lady Sara might acquire over the breast of Constantine. Indeed, she had no suspicion of finding a rival in her ladyship ; and when a servant announced the arrival of her mother's coach, and she saw by her watch, that it was twelve o'clock, she rose reluctantly, exclaiming,

" I dare say some plaguing people have arrived, who are to stay with us, else mamma would not have sent for me so soon."

" I call it late :" said lady Sara, who would not lose any opportunity of contradicting her, " So I will thank you, Mr. Constantine," addressing herself to him, " to hand me to my coach, at the same time."

Euphemia bit her lip at this movement of her ladyship ; and followed her down stairs, reddening with anger. She got into her carriage, but would not suffer the servant to close the door until she had seen lady Sara seated in hers ; then, calling to Mr. Constantine, she desired him to come into the coach.

Lady Sara leaned her head out of the window. As she saw the man whom she loved, step into lady Dundas's carriage, she, in her turn, bit her lips almost through with vexation.

" Home, my lady ?" asked the servant, touching his hat.

" No, not till Miss Dundas's coach drives on."

Miss Euphemia desired Thaddeus to come in for a moment ; and reluctantly he obeyed.

" Mr. Constantine !" cried the pretty simpleton, trembling with expectation, " have you opened the paper I gave you ?"

"Yes, madam," returned he, holding the door open, and widening it with one hand as he spoke, whilst, with the other, he presented his note, "and I have the honour, in that paper, to have executed your commands."

Euphemia caught it eagerly; and Thaddeus, immediately leaping out, wished her a good night, and hurried back into the house. Whilst the carriages drove away, he ascended to the drawing-room to take leave of the countess.

Lady Tinemouth, seated on the sofa, was leaning thoughtfully against one of its arms, when he re-entered. He approached her.

"I wish you a good night, lady Tinemouth."

She turned her head.

"Mr. Constantine, I wish you would stay a little longer with me. My spirits are disturbed, and I am afraid it will be near morning before Maria returns from Richmond. These rural balls are sad dissipated amusements!"

Thaddeus laid down his hat, and took a seat by her side.

"I am happy, dear lady Tinemouth, at all times to be with you; but I am sorry to hear, that you have met with any thing to discompose you. I was afraid, when I came in, that something disagreeable had happened: your eyes—"

"Alas! if my eyes were always to shew when I have been weeping, they might ever be telling tales!" Her ladyship passed her hand across her eyes, as she spoke, and added, "we may think on our sorrows with an outward air of tranquillity; but we cannot always speak of them, without shewing that the subject gives us agitation."

"Ah, lady Tinemouth!" exclaimed the count, drawing closer to her, "Could not even your sensible heart escape calamity?"

"To cherish a sensible heart, my young friend," replied she, "is not a very effectual way to oppose the pressure of affliction. On the reverse, such a temper extracts unhappiness from causes, which might escape dispositions of less susceptibility. Ideas of sensibility and sympathy are pretty toys for a novice to play with; but change those wooden swords into weapons of real metal, and you will find the points through your heart, before you are aware of the danger. At least, I found it so. Mr. Constantine, I have frequently promised to explain to you, the reason of the sadness, which so often tinges my conversation; indeed, I know not when I shall be in a fitter humour to indulge myself at your expense, for I never was more wretched, never stood more in need of the consolation of a friend."

She covered her face with her handkerchief, and remained so for some time. Thaddeus pressed her hand several times, and waited in respectful silence until she recommenced.

"Forgive me, my dear Sir; I am very low to-night—very nervous. Having encountered two or three distressing circumstances to day, these tears relieve me. You have heard me speak of my son, and of my lord; yet I never collected resolution to recount how we were separated. This morning, I saw my son pass my window, he looked up, but the moment I appeared, he turned away, and hastened down the street. Though I have received many stronger proofs of dislike, both from his father and himself, yet slight as this offence may

seem, it pierced me to the heart. O, Mr. Constantine, to know that the child to whom I gave life, regards me with abhorrence, is dreadful—is beyond even the anxious partiality of a mother, either to excuse or palliate !"

"Perhaps, dear lady Tinemouth, you misjudge lord Harwold ; he may be under the commands of his father, and yet, inwardly, long to shew you his affection and duty."

"No, Mr. Constantine, your heart is too good to know what may be the guilt of another. Gracious Heaven ! am I obliged to speak so of my own son ! He who was my darling ! He who once loved me so dearly ! But, hear me, my dear Sir ; you shall judge for yourself ; and you will wonder that I am now alive to endure more. I have suffered by him, by his father, and by a dreadful woman, who not only tore my husband and children from me, but stood by till I was beaten to the ground. Yes, Mr. Constantine, any humane man would shudder, as you do, at such an assertion ; but it is too true. Soon after lady Sophia Lovel became the mistress of my lord, and persuaded him to take my son from me, I heard that the poor boy had fallen ill through grief, and lay sick at his lordship's house in Hampshire. I heard he was dying. Imagine my agonies. Wild with distress, I flew to the lodge, and, forgetful of any thing but my child, was hastening across the park, when I saw this woman, this lady Sophia, approaching me, followed by two female servants. One of them carried my daughter, then an infant, in her arms ; and the other, a child of which this unnatural wretch had recently become the mother. I was flying towards my little Albina, to clasp her to my

heart, when lady Sophia caught hold of my arm. Her voice now rings in my ears. 'Woman!' cried she, 'leave this place, or you shall be compelled to do so.'

"Struggling in vain to break from her, I implored only to be permitted to embrace my child; but she held me fast, and, regardless of my cries, ordered both the women to return into the house. Driven to despair, I dropped on my knees, conjuring her, by her feelings as a mother, to allow me for one moment to see my dying son; and that I would promise, by my hopes of everlasting happiness, to cherish her child as my own, should it ever stand in need of a friend. The horrid woman only laughed at my prayers, and left me lying in a swoon upon the grass. When I recovered, the first objects I beheld were my lord and lady Sophia standing near me, and myself in the arms of a man servant, whom they had commanded to carry me outside of the gate. At the sight of my husband, I sprang to his feet, when, with one dreadful blow of his hand, he knocked me to the ground. Merciful providence! I wonder that I retained my senses! I beseeched him to give me a second blow, that I might suffer no more.

"'Take her out of my sight,' cried he, 'she is mad.'

"I was taken out of his sight, more dead than alive; and led by his pitying servants to an inn, where I was afterwards confined three weeks with a brain fever. From that hour, I never knew a day of health."

Thaddeus was shocked beyond utterance at this relation. The paleness of his countenance being the only reply he made to her ladyship, she resumed.

"I have gone out of order. I proposed to inform you clearly of my situation, but the principal outrage of my heart rose immediately to my lips. I will commence regularly, if I can methodize my recollection.

"The earl of Tinemouth married me from passion: I will not sanctify his emotions by the name of affection; though," added she, forcing a smile, whilst turning her head towards the looking-glass, she put aside the crape veil which shaded her face, "these faded features too plainly declare, *that, of all mankind, I loved but him alone!* I was just fifteen when he came to visit my father, who lived in Berkshire. My father, Mr. Cumnor, and his father, lord Harwold, had been friends at college. My lord, then Mr. Stanhope, was young, handsome, and captivating. He remained the autumn with us; and at the end of that period declared an affection for me, which my own heart too readily answered. About this time he received a summons from his father, and we parted. Like most girls of my age, I cherished an unconquerable bashfulness against admitting any confidant in my attachment; hence my parents knew nothing of the affair, until it burst upon them in the cruelest shape.

"About two months after Mr. Stanhope's departure a letter arrived from him, urging me to fly to Scotland. He alleged as a reason for such a step, that his grandfather, the earl of Tinemouth, insisted on his forming a union with lady Sophia Lovel, who was a young widow, and the favourite niece of the most powerful nobleman in the kingdom. Upon this demand, he told the earl, on whom his affections were placed. His lordship,

whose passions were those of a madman, broke out into such horrid execrations of myself and family, as Mr. Stanhope confessed, made him forget his duty; and he peremptorily swore, that no power on earth should compel him either to marry so notorious a woman as lady Sophia Lovel, or to give up me. He concluded with repeating his entreaties that I would consent to go with him to Scotland. The subject of this letter alarmed me, and I shewed it to my parents. My father answered it in a manner befitting his own character, but he irritated the impetuous passions of my lover, almost to phrenzy. In short, in a paroxysm of rage, he flew to his grandfather, upbraided him with the ruin of his happiness; and so exasperated the old man, that he drew his sword upon him; and had it not been for the interference of lord Harwold, a most fatal catastrophe might have ensued. To end the affair at once, lord Harwold, whose gentle nature embraced the mildest measures, obtained the earl's permission to send Mr. Stanhope abroad.

"Meanwhile, I was upheld by my father, who is now no more, in firmly rejecting my lover's entreaties for a private marriage. As Stanhope's grandfather was equally deaf to all compromise, he at length was persuaded, by his excellent father, to accompany a relation to France.

"At the end of a few weeks, Mr. Stanhope began to regard his cousin as a spy; and after a violent quarrel they parted, no one knowing to what quarter my lover directed his steps. I believe I was the first who heard any tidings of him. I remember well, it was in 1771, about three and twenty years ago, that I received a letter from him; (O! how legibly are these circumstances written in my

memory !) it was dated from Italy, where he told me that he had resided in absolute retirement, during the period of his banishment, under the assumed name of Sackville."

At this name, Thaddeus evinced the most violent emotions of horror; and, with every feature fixed in dismay, fell back on the sofa.

The countess caught hold of his hand.

"What is the matter? For Heaven's sake! what is the matter?"

The bolt of indelible disgrace had struck to his heart; it was some minutes before he could recover; but when he did speak, he said, "Pray go on, madam. I am subject to spasms in my breast. Pray forgive me, and go on; I shall become better as you proceed."

"No, my dear friend; I will quit my dismal story at present, and resume it some other time."

"Pray, continue it now," rejoined Thaddeus; "I shall never be more fit to listen. Do, I entreat you."

"Are you sincere in your request? I fear I have already tired you."

"No; I am sincere; let me hear it all. Do not hold back any thing which relates to that barbarian Englishman who married *you*!"

"Alas he did," resumed her ladyship; "for when he returned, which was in consequence of the earl of Tinemouth's death, my father was also dead, who might have stood between me and my inclinations, and so preserved me from many succeeding sorrows. I sealed my fate, and became his wife.

"The father of my husband was now earl of Tinemouth; and, as he had never been averse to our

union, he presented me with a cottage on the banks of the Wye, where I passed three delightful years, the happiest of womankind. My husband, my mother, and my infant son, formed my felicity; and greatly I prized it; too greatly to be allowed a long continuance!

"At the end of this period, some gay friends came down to visit us. When they returned to town, they persuaded my lord to be one in the party. He went, after much entreaty, because he expected that I should be confined in the course of three weeks. And, from that fatal day all my sufferings took their rise.

"Lord Harwold, instead of being with me in a fortnight, as he had promised, procrastinated his absence, under various excuses, from week to week, during which interval my Albina was born. Day after day I anticipated the delight of putting her into the arms of her father; but she was three months old before he appeared; and, ah! how changed. He was gloomy to me, uncivil to my mother, and hardly looked at the child."

Lady Tinemouth stopped at this part of her narrative to wipe away her tears. Thaddeus was sitting forward to the table, leaning on his arm, with his hand covering his face. The countess was grateful for an access of sympathy, which she did not expect; and taking his other hand, as it lay motionless on his knee, "What a consolation would it be to me," exclaimed she, "durst I entertain a hope, that I may one day behold, but half of this pity in my son!"

Thaddeus only pressed her hand, he did not venture to reply; he could not tell her that she de-

ceived herself even here, that he did not deplore only her misfortunes, but owed the agonies which were shaking him, to the injuries of his own mother, whom the villanous conduct of this very earl, under the name of Sackville, had devoted to a life of sorrow. He had derived existence from the husband of lady Tinemouth! The conviction humbled him, crushed him, and trod him to the earth.

The countess resumed,—

"It would be impossible, my dear Sir, to describe to you the gradual changes which assured me, that I had lost the heart of my husband. Before the end of the winter, he left me again; and I saw him no more, until that hour when he struck me to the ground.

"Lord Tinemouth came into Monmouthshire about six weeks after I parted with my lord. I was surprised and rejoiced to see my good father-in-law; but how soon were my emotions driven into a different course! He revealed to me, in the tenderest manner possible, that, during lord Harwold's first visit to town, he had, unknown to him, been in the habit of spending entire evenings with lady Sophia Lovel.

"'This woman,' added he, 'is the most artful creature breathing. In spite of her acknowledged dishonour, you well know that my deceased father would gladly have married her to my son; and now, it seems, actuated by revenge, she resents lord Harwold's refusal of her hand, by seducing him from his wife. Alas! I am too well convinced that the errors in my son's temper bear a strict analogy with those of his grandfather. Impatient of contradiction, flattery can mould him to what shape it pleases. Lady Sophia has discovered these weak

points in his character ; and, I am informed by his steward, that she has persuaded him, that you impose on his affection, by detaining him from the world. This argument must have been well seconded by other fascinations, for in regard to beauty she is only moderate ; yet she has succeeded, and my deluded son has accompanied her to Spain.'

" You may imagine, Mr. Constantine, my distraction at this intelligence. I was like one frantic ; and lord Tinemouth, fearing to trust me in such despair out of his sight, brought us all with him to London. In less than four months afterwards, I was deprived of this inestimable friend by a paralytic stroke. His death summoned the new earl to England. Whilst I lay on a sick bed, into which I had been thrown by the shock, my lord and his mistress arrived.

" They immediately assumed the command of my lamented protector's house, and ordered my mother to clear it directly of me. My heart-broken parent obeyed, and I was carried, in a senseless state, to a lodging in the nearest street. But, when this dear mother returned for my children, neither of them were permitted to see her. The malignant lady Sophia, actuated by an insatiable hatred of me, easily wrought on my frantic husband, (for I must believe him mad,) to detain them entirely. A short time after this, that dreadful scene happened, which I have before described.

" Year succeeded year, during which time I received many cruel insults from my husband, many horrible ones from my son ; for I had been advised to institute a suit against my lord, in which I only pleaded for the return of my children. I lost my cause, owing, I hope, to bad counsel, not

to the laws of my country. I was adjudged to be separated from the earl, with a maintenance of six hundred a-year, which he hardly pays. I was tied down never to speak to him, his son, or his daughter. Though this sentence was passed, I never acknowledged its justice, but wrote several times to my children. Lord Harwold, who is too deeply infected with his father's cruelty, has either returned my letters unopened, or with insulting replies. For my daughter, she keeps an undeviating silence; and I have not even seen her since that moment, when she was hurried from my eyes in Tinemouth Park.

"In vain her brother tries to convince me that she detests me; I will not believe it; and the hope, that should I survive her father, I may yet embrace my child, has been, and will be, my source of comfort until it be fulfilled, or I bury my disappointment in the grave."

Lady Tinemouth put her handkerchief to her eyes, which were again flowing with tears. Thaddeus thought he must speak, if he would not betray an interest in her narrative, which he determined no circumstance should ever humble him to reveal; and, raising his head from his hand, unconsciously discovered to the countess, his dry and blood-shot eyes, flushed cheek, and convulsed lip.

"Kind, sympathising Constantine! surely such a heart as thine never would bring sorrow to the breast of a virtuous husband!"

These were her ladyship's thoughts, though she did not give them utterance. Thaddeus rose from his seat.

"Farewell, lady Tinemouth," said he, taking his hat, "may Heaven bless you, and pardon your husband!"

Then grasping her hand, with what he intended should be a pressure of friendship, but which his internal tortures rendered almost intolerable, he hastened down stairs, opened the outward door, and got into the street.

Unknowing and heedless whither he went, with the steps of a man driven by the furies, he traversed first one street, and then another. As he went along, in vain the watchmen reminded him, by their cries, that it was past three o'clock ; he still wandered on, forgetting that it was night, that he had any home, any destination.

His father was discovered! That father, who, notwithstanding his guilt, he had entertained a latent hope, should they ever meet, might produce some excuse, for having been betrayed into an act disgraceful to a man of honour. But when all these filial dreams were blasted by the conviction that he owed his being to the husband of lady Tinemouth ; that his mother was the victim of a profligate : that he had sprung from a man, who was not merely a villain, but the most wanton, the most despicable of villains ; he saw himself bereft of hope, and overwhelmed with shame and horror.

Full of reflections, which none other than a son in such circumstances can conceive, he was lost amidst the obscure alleys of Tottenham-court-road, when loud and frequent cries recalled his attention. A quantity of smoke, with flashes of light, led him to suppose that they were occasioned by a fire ; and, a few steps farther, the tremendous spectacle burst upon his sight.

It was a house, from the windows of which the flames were breaking out with the most alarming rapidity ; whilst the people around were either

standing in stupified astonishment, or uselessly shouting for engines and assistance.

At the moment in which the count arrived, two or three naked wretches, just escaped from their beds, were flying from side to side, making the air echo with their shrieks.

"Will nobody save my children?" cried one of them, approaching Thaddeus, and wringing her hands in an agony, "Will nobody take them from the fire?"

"Where shall I seek them?" replied he.

"Oh! in that room," exclaimed she, pointing, "the flames are already there; they will be burnt! they will be burnt!"

The poor woman was hurrying franticly forward, when the count stopped her, and giving her in charge to a bye-stander, "Take care of this woman," cried he; "I will save her children, if possible." Darting through the open door, in defiance of the smoke and danger, he made his way to the children's room: where, almost suffocated by the sulphurous cloud that surrounded him, he at last found the bed, but it only contained one of the children. This he instantly caught up in his arms, and was hastening down stairs, when the cries of the other, from a distant part of the building, made him hesitate; but, thinking it better to secure one, than to hazard both by lingering, he got into the street just as a post-chaise had stopped to inquire the particulars of the accident. The carriage door being open, and Thaddeus seeing people in it, without saying a word, threw the sleeping infant into their laps, and hastened back into the house, where he hoped to rescue the other before the fire could increase.

The flames having now made a dreadful progress, and scorched his face, hands, and clothes, as he flew from room to room, following the shrieks of the child, who seemed to change its situation with every exertion that he made to reach it. At length, when every moment he expected the house would sink under his feet, he directed his steps, as a last attempt, along a passage, which he had not before observed, and, to his great joy, beheld the object of his search, flying down a back stair-case. The boy sprung into his arms; and Thaddeus, turning round, leaped from one landing place to another, until he found himself in the street, and surrounded by a concourse of people.

He saw the poor mother clasp the rescued child to her breast; and, whilst the spectators were loading her with congratulations, he left the crowd;—and proceeded homewards, with a warmth at his heart, which made him forget, in the joy of a benevolent action, that petrifying shock, which had been occasioned by the vices of one too nearly allied to his being, to be hated without horror.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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